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THE

WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

THE WORKS OF

Jonathan Swift

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL LETTERS, TRACTS, AND POEMS

NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED

WITH NOTES AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Second Edition

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES

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A TALE OF A TUB.

WRITTEN FOR THE

UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT

OF

MANKIND.

Diu multumque desideratum.

—o—

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

WITH

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

Basyma cacabassa eanaa, irraumista diaraba caëota bafobor camelanthi.
IREN. lib. i. c. 18.

——Juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ. LUCRET.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat? HORACE.

TALE OF A TUB.

ANALYTICAL TABLE.

—o—

The Author's Apology.

THE Tale approved of by a great majority among the men of taste. Some treatises written expressly against it; but not one syllable in its defence. The greatest part of it finished in 1696, eight years before it was published. The author's intention when he began it. No irreligious or immoral opinion can fairly be deduced from the book. The clergy have no reason to dislike it. The author's intention not having met with a candid interpretation, he declined engaging in a task he had proposed to himself, of examining some publications that were intended against all religion. Unfair to fix a name upon an author who had so industriously concealed himself. The letter on Enthusiasm,* ascribed by several to

* This celebrated Letter, which was generally supposed to have been written by Dr. Swift; and by him, with as little foundation, ascribed to his friend Colonel Hunter; was the production of the noble author of the "Characteristics;" in which

the same author. If the abuses in law or physic had been the subject of this treatise, the learned professors in either faculty would have been more liberal than the clergy. The passages which appear most liable to objection are parodies. The author entirely innocent of any intention of glancing at those tenets of religion, which he has by some prejudiced or ignorant readers been supposed to mean. This particularly the case in the passage about the three wooden machines. An irony runs through the whole book. Not necessary to take notice of treatises written against it. The usual fate of common answerers to books of merit, is to sink into waste paper and oblivion. The case very different, when a great genius exposes a foolish piece. Reflections occasioned by Dr. King's Remarks on the Tale of a Tub; others, by Mr. Wotton. The manner in which the Tale was first published accounted for. The Fragment not printed in the way the author intended; being the ground-work of a much larger discourse.* The oaths of Peter why introduced. The severest strokes of satire in the treatise are levelled against the custom of employing wit in profaneness or immodesty. Wit the noblest and most useful gift of human nature; and humour the most agreeable. Those who have no share of either, think the blow weak, because they are themselves insensible.

P.S.—The author of the Key wrong in all his conjectures. The whole work entirely by one hand;

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collection it holds the foremost rank. It bears date in September, 1707; and was written with a view to the French prophets, whose enthusiastic extravagances were then at the greatest height.

* In several parts of the apology, the author dwells much on the circumstances of the book having been published while his original papers were out of his own possession. Three editions were printed in the year 1704; a fourth, corrected, in 1705.

the author defying any one to claim three lines in the book.

The Bookseller's Dedication to Lord Somers.

How he finds out that lord to be the patron intended by his author. Dedicators ridiculous, who praise their patrons for qualities that do not belong to them.

The Bookseller to the Reader.

Tells how long he has had these papers, when they were written, and why he publishes them now.

The Dedication to Posterity.

The author, apprehending that time will soon destroy almost all the writings of this age, complains of his malice against modern authors and their productions, in hurrying them so quickly off the scene; and therefore addresses posterity in favour of his contemporaries; assures him they abound in wit and learning, and books; and, for instance, mentions Dryden, Tate, D'Urfey, Bentley, and Wotton.

Preface.

The occasion and design of this work.

Project for employing the beaux of the nation. Of modern prefaces. Modern wit how delicate. Method for penetrating into an author's thoughts.

Complaints of every writer against the multitude of writers, like the fat fellows in a crowd. Our author insists on the common privilege of writers; to be favourably explained, when not understood; and to praise himself in the modern way. This

treatise without satire; and why. Fame sooner gotten by satire than panegyric; the subject of the latter being narrow, and that of the former infinite. Difference between Athens and England, as to general and particular satire. The author designs a panegyric on the world, and a modest defence of the rabble.

Sect. I. The Introduction. A physico-mythological dissertation on the different sorts of oratorial machines. Of the bar and the bench. The author fond of the number Three; promises a panegyric on it. Of pulpits; which are the best. Of ladders; on which the British orators surpass all others. Of the stage itinerant; the seminary of the two former. A physical reason why those machines are elevated. Of the curious contrivance of modern theatres. These three machines emblematically represent the various sorts of authors.

An apologetical dissertation for the Grub-Street writers, against their revolted rivals of Gresham and Will's. Superficial readers cannot easily find out wisdom; which is compared to several pretty things. Commentaries promised on several writings of Grub-Street authors; as Reynard the Fox, Tom Thumb, Dr. Faustus, Whittington and his Cat, the Hind and Panther, Tommy Pots, and the Wise Men of Gotham. The author's pen and person worn out in serving the state. Multiplicity of titles and dedications.

Sect. II. Tale of a Tub. Of a Father and his Three Sons. His will, and his legacies to them. Of the young men's carriage at the beginning: and of the genteel qualifications they acquired in town. Description of a new sect, who adored their creator the tailor. Of their idol, and their system. The three brothers follow the mode against their father's will; and get shoulder-knots, by help of distinctions;

gold-lace, by help of tradition ; flame-coloured satin lining, by means of a supposed codicil ; silver fringe, by virtue of critical interpretation ; and embroidery of Indian figures, by laying aside the plain literal meaning. The will at last locked up. Peter got into a lord's house, and after his death turned out his children, and took in his own brothers in their stead.

SECT. III. A DIGRESSION concerning Critics. Three sorts of Critics ; the two first sorts now extinct. The true sort of Critics' genealogy ; office ; definition. Antiquity of their race proved from Pausanias, who represents them by Asses browsing on vines ; and Herodotus, by Asses with horns ; and by an Ass that frightened a Scythian army ; and Diodorus, by a Poisonous Weed ; and Ctesias, by Serpents that poison with their vomit ; and Terence, by the name of *Malevoli*. The true Critic compared to a Tailor, and to a true Beggar. Three characteristics of a true modern Critic.

SECT. IV. TALE OF A TUB continued. Peter assumes grandeur and titles ; and, to support them, turns projector. The Author's hopes of being translated into foreign languages. Peter's first invention, of *Terra Australis Incognita*. The second of a remedy for Worms. The third, a Whispering-Office. Fourth, an Insurance-Office. Fifth, an Universal Pickle. Sixth, a set of Bulls with leaden feet. Lastly, his pardons to malefactors. Peter's brains turned ; he plays several tricks, and turns out his brother's wives. Gives his brothers bread for mutton and for wine. Tells huge lies : of a Cow's milk, that would fill 3000 churches ; of a Sign-post as large as a man of war ; of a House, that travelled 2000 leagues. The brothers steal a copy of the will ; break open the cellar door ; and are both kicked out of doors by Peter.

Sect. V. A Digression in the modern kind. Our author expatiates on his great pains to serve the public by instructing, and more by diverting. The Moderns having so far excelled the Ancients, the Author gives them a receipt for a complete system of all arts and sciences, in a small pocket volume. Several defects discovered in Homer; and his ignorance in modern invention, &c. Our Author's writings fit to supply all defects. He justifies his praising his own writings, by modern examples.

Sect. VI. Tale of a Tub continued. The Two Brothers ejected, agree in a resolution to reform, according to the will. They take different names; and are found to be of different complexions. How Martin began rudely, but proceeded more cautiously, in reforming his coat. Jack, of a different temper, and full of zeal, begins tearing all to pieces. He endeavours to kindle up Martin to the same pitch; but, not succeeding, they separate. Jack runs mad, gets many names, and founds the sect of Æolists.

Sect. VII. A Digression in praise of Digressions. Digressions suited to modern palates. A proof of depraved appetites; but necessary for modern writers. Two ways now in use to be book-learned; 1. by learning Titles; 2. by reading Indexes. Advantages of this last: and of Abstracts. The number of writers increasing above the quantity of matter, this method becomes necessary and useful. The Reader empowered to transplant this Digression.

Sect. VIII. Tale of a Tub continued. System of the Æolists: they hold wind, or spirit, to be the origin of all things, and to bear a great part in their composition. Of the fourth and fifth animas attributed by them to man. Of their belching, or preaching. Their inspiration from Σκοτία. They use barrels for pulpits. Female officers used for inspiration; and why. The notion opposite to that of a

Deity, fittest to form a Devil. Two Devils dreaded by the Æolists. Their relation with a Northern nation. The Author's respect for this sect.

SECT. IX. DISSERTATION ON MADNESS. Great conquerors of empires, and founders of sects in philosophy and religion, have generally been persons whose reason was disturbed. A small vapour, mounting to the brain, may occasion great revolutions. Examples; of Henry IV., who made great preparations for war, because of his mistress's absence; and of Louis XIV., whose great actions concluded in a fistula. Extravagant notions of several great philosophers, how nice to distinguish from madness. Mr. Wotton's fatal mistake, in misapplying his peculiar talents. Madness the source of conquests and systems. Advantages of fiction and delusion over truth and reality. The outside of things better than the inside. Madness, how useful. A proposal for visiting Bedlam, and employing the divers members in a way useful to the public.

SECT. X. The Author's compliments to the Readers. Great civilities practised between the Authors and Readers; and our Author's thanks to the whole nation. How well satisfied Authors and Booksellers are. To what occasions we owe most of the present writings. Of a paltry scribbler, our Author is afraid of; and therefore desires Dr. Bentley's protection. He gives here his whole store at one meal. Usefulness of this treatise to different sorts of Readers; the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned. Proposal for making some ample Commentaries on this work; and of the usefulness of Commentaries for dark writers. Useful hints for the Commentators of this Treatise.

SECT. XI. THE TALE OF A TUB continued. The Author, not in haste to be at home, shews the differ-

ence between a traveller weary, or in haste, and another in good plight, that takes his pleasure, and views every pleasant scene in his way. The sequel of Jack's adventures; his superstitious veneration for the Holy Scripture, and the uses he made of it. His flaming zeal, and blind submission to the Decrees. His harangue for Predestination. He covers roguish tricks with a show of devotion. Affects singularity in manners and speech. His aversion to music and painting. His discourses provoke sleep. His groaning, and affecting to suffer for the good cause. The great antipathy of Peter and Jack made them both run into extremes, where they often met.

The degenerate ears of this age cannot afford a sufficient handle to hold men by. The senses and passions afford many handles. Curiosity is that by which our Author has held his readers so long. The rest of this story lost, &c.

THE CONCLUSION. Of the proper Seasons for publishing books. Of profound Writers. Of the ghost of Wit. Sleep and the Muses nearly related. Apology for the Author's fits of dulness. Method and Reason the lacquey of Invention. Our Author's great collection of Flowers of little use till now.

A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE MECHANICAL OPERATION OF THE SPIRIT.

THE Author, at a loss what title to give this piece, finds, after much pains, that of *A Letter to a Friend* to be the most in vogue. Of modern excuses for haste and negligence, &c.

SECT. I. Mahomet's fancy of being carried to Heaven by an Ass, followed by many Christians. A great affinity between this creature and man.

That talent of bringing his rider to Heaven, the subject of this Discourse; but for Ass and Rider, the Author uses the synonymous terms of Enlightened Teacher and Fanatic Hearer. A tincture of Enthusiasm runs through all men and all sciences; but prevails most in religion. Enthusiasm defined and distinguished. That which is Mechanical and Artificial is treated of by our Author. Though Art oftentimes changes into Nature: examples in the Scythian Longheads, and English Roundheads.—Sense and Reason must be laid aside to let this Spirit operate. The objections about the manner of the Spirit from above descending upon the Apostles, make not against this Spirit that arises within. The methods by which the Assembly helps to work up this Spirit, jointly with the Preacher.

Sect. II. How some worship a good Being, others an evil. Most people confound the bounds of good and evil. Vain mortals think the Divinity interested in their meanest actions. The scheme of spiritual mechanism left out. Of the usefulness of quilted nightcaps, to keep in the heat, to give motion and vigour to the little animals that compose the brain. Sound of far greater use than sense in the operations of the Spirit, as in Music. Inward light consists of theological monosyllables and mysterious texts. Of the great force of one vowel in canting; and of blowing the nose, hawking, spitting, and belching. The Author to publish an Essay on the Art of Canting, Of speaking through the nose, or snuffling: its origin from a disease occasioned by a conflict betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit. Inspired vessels, like lanterns, have a sorry sooty outside. Fanaticism deduced from the Ancients, in their Orgies, Bacchanals, &c. Of their great lasciviousness on those occasions. The Fanatics of the first

centuries, and those of later times, generally agree in the same principle, of improving spiritual into carnal ejaculations, &c.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

THE Preface informs us, this piece was written in 1697, on account of a famous dispute about Ancient and Modern Learning, between Sir William Temple and the Earl of Orrery on the one side, and Mr. Wotton and Bentley on the other.

War and Invasions generally proceed from the attacks of Want and Poverty upon Plenty and Riches. The Moderns quarrel with the Ancients, about the possession of the highest top of Parnassus; and desire them to surrender it, or to let it be levelled. The answer of the Ancients not accepted. A war ensues; in which rivulets of ink are spilt; and both parties hang out their trophies, books of controversy. These books haunted with disorderly spirits; though often bound to the peace in Libraries. The Author's advice in this case neglected; which occasions a terrible fight in St. James's Library. Dr. Bentley, the Library-keeper, a great enemy to the Ancients. The Moderns, finding themselves 50,000 strong, give the Ancients ill language. Temple, a favourite of the Ancients. An incident of a quarrel between a Bee and a Spider; with their arguments on both sides. Æsop applies them to the present dispute. The order of battle of the Moderns, and names of their leaders. The leaders of the Ancients. Jupiter calls a council of the Gods, and consults the books of Fate; and then sends his orders below. Momus brings the news to Criticism; whose habitation and company is described. She arrives; and sheds her influence

on her son Wotton. The battle described. Paracelsus engages Galen; Aristotle aims at Bacon, and kills Descartes; Homer overthrows Gondibert, kills Denham and Wesley,* Perrault † and Fontenelle.‡ Encounter of Virgil and Dryden; of Lucan and Blackmore; of Creech and Horace; of Pindar and Cowley. The episode of Bentley and Wotton. Bentley's armour. His speech to the modern generals. Scaliger's answer. Bentley and Wotton march together. Bentley attacks Phalaris and Æsop. Wotton attacks Temple in vain. Boyle pursues Wotton; and, meeting Bentley in his way, he pursues and kills them both.

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* Samuel Wesley, rector of Ormesby and Epworth, in Lincolnshire. He died April 25, 1735.

† Charles Perrault, author of a poem, entitled "Le Siècle de Louis le Grand," in which the modern authors are exalted above the ancient; and of several other curious works. He was born in 1626, and died in 1703. He had three brothers, who were all likewise writers of eminence.

‡ The celebrated author of the "Plurality of Worlds;" who died in 1756, when he wanted only a few days of completing his hundredth year.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have saved myself the trouble of this apology; for it is manifest by the reception the following discourse has met with, that those who approve it, are a great majority among the men of taste: yet there have been two or three treatises written expressly against it, beside many others that have flirted at it occasionally, without one syllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember, except by the polite author of a late discourse between a Deist and a Socinian.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live, at least as long as our language and our taste admit no great alterations, I am content to convey some apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished about thirteen years since, 1696, which is eight years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could;

I say real ones, because, under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satire, that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new, the world having been already too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject. The abuses in religion, he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats, and the three brothers, which was to make up the body of the discourse; those in learning, he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world,* and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself; therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years, or graver characters, and which he could have easily corrected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers, for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the sour, the envious, the stupid, and the tasteless, which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful sallies, which, from the grave and the wise, may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no farther than he is guilty, and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those who have neither candour to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly

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* Swift resided at Moor-park in 1696; and unquestionably the companion of Sir William Temple must be considered as "living in the world."

deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner; since that is perhaps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading? Besides, though it was not intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them, by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the church of England, as the most perfect of all others, in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentment lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion they might have found more proper objects to employ them on; *nondum tibi defuit hostis:* I mean those heavy, illiterate scribblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes, who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion: in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors, that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish there were no other instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom out of respect he forbears to name, he might have been

encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described, whose errors, ignorance, dulness, and villainy, he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a manner, that the persons, who are most conceived to be affected by them, would soon lay them aside and be ashamed: but he has now given over those thoughts; since the weightiest men, in the weightiest stations, are pleased to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at those corruptions in religion, which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations, wherein all Christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who hath all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: yet several have gone a step farther, and pronounced another book to have been the work of the same hand with this, which the author directly affirms to be a thorough mistake;* he having as yet never so much as read that discourse: a plain instance how little truth there often is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from a similitude of style, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in Law, or in Physic, he believes the learned professors in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains: especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science: but Religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and they tell us truth: yet surely the corruptions in

* The celebrated Letter on Enthusiasm, published in 1708. It had been submitted by Lord Shaftesbury, to the revisal of Lord Somers, and others; but appeared anonymously.

it may; for we are taught by the tritest maxims in the world, that Religion being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed, that some of those passages in this discourse, which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance of a passage in which Dryden, L'Estrange, and some others I shall not name, are levelled at, who, having spent their lives in faction, and apostacies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of *his merits and sufferings*, and thanks God that he *possesses his soul in patience;* * in other places he talks at the same rate; and L'Estrange often uses the like style; and I believe the reader may find more persons to give

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* In the Tale of a Tub, Dryden is repeatedly mentioned with great disrespect, not only as a translator and original author, but a mean-spirited sycophant of the great. The passage here alluded to occurs in the Essay on Satire, which Dryden prefixed to his version of Juvenal.—"More libels have been written against me than almost any man now living; and I had reason on my side, to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics: let them use it as they please: posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed: that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular; I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet."

The recollection of his contemned Odes still rankled in Swift's bosom, though Dryden died four years before publication of the Tale of a Tub.

that passage an application : but this is enough to direct those who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages, which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings ; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to all which, the author solemnly protests, he is entirely innocent ; and never had it once in his thoughts, that anything he said would in the least be capable of such interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design, the abuses he notes being such as all church-of-England men agree in ; nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the Reformation.

To instance only in that passage about the three wooden machines, mentioned in the introduction ; in the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having something in it of satire, that I suppose they thought was too particular ; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three, whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And, indeed, the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers ; that of four being much more cabalistic, and, therefore, better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers, a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.*

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* It is difficult to form a guess what the fourth machine may have been, by which the quaternion was completed, and the author saved from the accusation of intending to ridicule one of the most solemn parts of our creed. But the fancies of mystical

Another thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book, which the man of taste will observe and distinguish; and which will render some objections that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

This Apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against the ensuing discourse, which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion, after the usual fate of common answerers to books which are allowed to have any merit: they are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer, but fall and die with the

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authors, in favour of particular numbers, were as capricious as those of the fancies of lucky numbers in the lottery: "Not only the number of 7 and 9, from considerations abstruse, have been extolled by most; but all, or most of the other digits, have been as mystically applauded; for the number of one and three have not been only admired by the heathens, but from adorable grounds, the unity of God, and mystery of the Trinity, admired by many Christians. The number of four stands much admired, not only in the quaternity of the elements, which are the principles of bodies, but in the letters of the name of God, which, in the Greek, Arabian, Persian, Hebrew, and Scythian, consisteth of that number; and was so venerable among the Pythagoreans, that they swore by the number four. That of six hath found many leaves in its favour, not only for the days of the creation, but its natural consideration, as being a perfect number, and the first that is completed by its parts; that is, the sixth, the half, the third, 1, 2, 3, which, drawn in a summe, make six. The number of ten hath been as highly extolled, as containing even, odd, long and plain, quadrate and cubical numbers; and Aristotle observed with admiration, that barbarians as well as Greeks did use a numeration into ten, which, being so general, was not to be judged casual, but to have a foundation in nature. So that not only 7 and 9, but all the rest, have their elogies, as may be observed at large in Rhodiginus, and in several writers since: every one extolling a number according to his subject, and as it advantaged the present discourse in hand."—BROWNE'S *Vulgar Errors*, Lond. 1650, p. 178.

leaves in autumn, and are never heard of more. When Dr. Eachard writ his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of these answerers immediately started up, whose memory, if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he was ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece; so we still read Marvell's answer to Parker * with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago: so the Earl of Orrery's remarks will be read with delight, when the dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found:† but these are no enterprises for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider, that, to answer a book effectually, requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning, and judgment, than were employed in the writing of it. And the author assures those gentlemen, who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left, and if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections: and do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouths may be that discharge them? He has seen the productions but of two answerers,

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* Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, wrote many treatises against the dissenters, with insolence and contempt, says Burnet, that enraged them beyond measure; for which he was chastised by Andrew Marvell, under-secretary to Milton, in a little book called the Rehearsal transposed.

† Boyle's Remarks upon Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris.

one of which at first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person,* who, upon some occasions, has discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasion should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which, otherwise, might be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this; he writ against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others: the manner how he handled his subject I have now forgot, having just looked it over, when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title.†

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* Dr. William King, the civilian, author of an Account of Denmark, a Dissertation on Samplers, and other pieces of burlesque on the Royal Society, and the Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry.

† A specimen of King's humour may entertain the reader, although it must be admitted that, as Dryden says of Collier, there is much horse play in his raillery:—"A certain gentleman, that is the nearest to you of any person, was mentioned, upon supposition that the book had wit and learning in it; but when I had displayed it in its proper colours, I must do the company that justice, that there was not one but acquitted you. That matter being dispatched, every one was at their liberty of guessing. One said, he believed it was a journeyman tailor, in Billeter-lane, that was an idle sort of a fellow, and loved writing more than stitching, that was the author; his reason was, 'because he is so desirous to mention his goose and his garret;' but it was answered, 'that he was a member of the society;' and so he was excused. 'But why then,' says another, 'since he makes such a parable upon coats, may it not be Mr. Amy, the coat-seller, who is a poet and a wit?' To which it was replied, that that gentleman's loss had been bewailed in an elegy some years ago. 'Why may it not be Mr. Gumly, the rag-woman's husband, in Turnbull-street?' Says another, 'He is kept by her, and having little to do, and having been an officer in Monmouth's army, since the defeat at Sedgemore, has always been a violent Tory.' But it was urged

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation ;* in the latter of which, he has generally succeeded well enough. And the project at that time was not amiss to draw in readers to his pamphlet, several having appeared desirous that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part, because it is agreed on

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that his style was harsh, rough, and unpolished; and that he did not understand one word of Latin. 'Why, then,' cries another, 'Oliver's porter had an amanuensis at Bedlam, that used to transcribe what he dictated: and may not these be some scattered notes of his master's?' To which all replied, that though Oliver's porter was crazed, yet his misfortune never let him forget that he was a Christian. One said, it was a surgeon's man, that had married a midwife's nurse; but though by the style it might seem probable that two such persons had a hand in it; yet, since he could not name the persons, his fancy was rejected. 'I conjecture,' says another, 'that it may be a lawyer, that——' When, on a sudden, he was interrupted by Mr. Markland, the scrivener, 'No, rather, by the oaths, it should be an Irish evidence.' At last there stood up a sprant young man, that is secretary to a scavenger, and cried, 'What if, after all, it should be a parson! for who may make more free with their trade? What if I know him, describe him, name him, and how he and his friends talk of it, admire it, are proud of it.'—'Hold,' cry all the company; 'that function must not be mentioned without respect. We have enough of the dirty subject; we had better drink our coffee, and talk our politicks.'"—*Remarks on the Tale of a Tub, apud Dr. King's Works*, 1776, I. 217.

It must be remembered to Swift's honour, that this rude and malignant criticism did not prevent his befriending King, when his intimacy with Harley gave him an opportunity of conferring benefits.

* Wotton's Defence of his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning. From the annotations are selected the notes signed W. Wotton. Thus Wotton appears busied to illustrate a work, which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a satire pointed against himself; as captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat.

all hands, that the author had given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unsuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally reverenced for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person; it was observed how he was pleased, and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told Sir William Temple was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt, by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew Porsenna's case; *idem trecenti juravimus.* In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But, his lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist,* it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the Battle of the Books; and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him, in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, further than by assuring the reader, that, for the greater part, the reflecter is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is sure) into that of any reader of taste and candour; he allows two or three at most, there pro-

* Bentley concerning Phalaris and Æsop.

duced, to have been delivered unwarily: for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth, and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the design: what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to be anything else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what design this reflecter was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own: surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity at least, mixed with the design of serving the public, by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who insists upon it, that through the whole book he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances to prove this author's wit is not his own in many places. The first is, that the names of Peter, Martin, and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham.* Whatever wit is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the

* Villiers.

same; which, however, is odd enough, and what he hardly believes: that of Jack being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to shew the author's wit is not his own, is Peter's banter (as he calls it in his Alsatia phrase) * upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have seen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the answerer overthrows this himself; for he allows the Tale was written in 1697; and I think that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary that corruption should have some allegory as well as the rest; and the author invented the properest he could, without inquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find, there is not the least resemblance between the two stories.—The third instance is in these words; "I have been assured, that the battle in St. James's Library is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, entitled, *Combat des Livres*, if I misremember not." In which passage there are two clauses observable; "I have been assured;" and, "if I misremember not." I desire first to know whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic? The matter is a trifle; but, would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer, than the character of a plagiary, which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this as the answerer;

* *Banter* was a word to which Swift had an especial aversion.

and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry, imitating pedant; and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title; but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to shew one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by anybody else.

So that, if ever any design was unfortunately executed, it must be that of this answerer; who, when he would have it observed, that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three instances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world in those criticisms, where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let those who think it worth their while determine.

It is agreed, this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business, as a commentator upon the Tale of a Tub, wherein it cannot be denied that he hath been of some service to the public, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult pas-

sages;* but it is the frequent error of those men, (otherwise very commendable for their labours,) to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them, nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby,† would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse; but *optat ephippia bos piger:* the dull unwieldy, ill-shaped ox, would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plough the ground for the sake of superior beings, and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed, of the noble animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon somebody, I know not who, in the country; to which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are, at best, too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the same time fixes, in print, what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserved it. A man who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day with the first he meets, and lay the last night's injury at his door.

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* Which have accordingly been retained in all subsequent editions.

† Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classic authors for the use of schoolboys.

And thus much for the discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact; of which the reader would believe as little or as much, as he thought good. He had however, a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations; and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface, that they apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed: and they made all the haste they could, which, indeed, was needless, the author not being at all prepared; but he has been told the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the book; and why some of them were left, he knows not: had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages, against which nothing has been ever objected. He would likewise have altered a few of those, that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book, there is a discourse called a Fragment, which he more wondered to see in print than all the rest, having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints, which he once lent a gentleman, who had designed a discourse on somewhat the same subject; he never thought of it afterwards; and it

was a sufficient surprise to see it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended; for it was the ground-work of a much larger discourse; and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one farther objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes, it was necessary to know that Peter did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a profane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the Popish folly of cursing people to hell, and imagine them swearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find, that the severest strokes of satire in his book are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics; of which there is a remarkable instance in the 156th and 157th pages, as well as in several others, though perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alleged. Some overtures have been made, by a third hand, to the bookseller for the author's altering those passages which he thought might require it; but it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this apology without making this one reflection; that as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great

part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible; and where wit has any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it banter, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the bullies in White-Friars, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the production of wit, as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics. But, if this bantering, as they call it, be so despisable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch toward it themselves? To instance only in the answerer already mentioned: it is grievous to see him, in some of his writings, at every turn going out of his way to be waggish, to tell us of a cow that pricked up her tail; and in his answer to this discourse, he says, it is all a farce and a ladle; with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel than to keep out of harm's way, or, at least, not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude: with those allowances above required, this book should be read; after which, the author conceives, few things will remain which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts, when he says they have been all of his side, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark; which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement either to the public or himself.

The author is informed, that the bookseller has

prevailed on several gentlemen to write some explanatory notes; for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intending it, till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

POSTSCRIPT.

—o—

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a prostitute bookseller has published a foolish paper, under the name of Notes on the Tale of a Tub, with some account of the author: and, with an insolence which, I suppose, is punishable by law, has presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther asserts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will easily discover; the gentleman who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author, and using no other liberties besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of *desiderata*. But, if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth, and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.

Treatises written by the same Author, most of them mentioned in the following Discourses; which will be speedily published.

A CHARACTER of the present Set of Wits in this Island.

A panegyrical Essay upon the Number Three.

A Dissertation upon the principal Productions of Grub-Street.

Lectures upon a Dissection of Human Nature.

A panegyric upon the World.

An analytical Discourse upon Zeal, *histori-theo-physilogically* considered.

A general History of Ears.

A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all ages.

A Description of the Kingdom of Absurdities.

A Voyage into England, by a Person of Quality in *terra australis incognita*, translated from the Original.

A critical Essay upon the Art of Canting, philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD SOMERS.

My Lord,

ALTHOUGH the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprice of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though everybody else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book, at all the worse, upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and, at the same time, be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but

chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident: for, upon the covers of these papers, I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin; (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language;) I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who englished it thus, Let it be given to the worthiest: and his comment was, that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, shewed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the description, he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and, at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance gratis towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess; Why, then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person, from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your lordship and themselves. Now, your lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard it is a maxim, that those to whom everybody

allows the second place have an undoubted title to the first.

This infallibly convinced me, that your lordship was the person intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid to furnish me with hints and materials, towards a panegyric upon your lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to me, that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe, they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and everybody else knew as well as themselves: therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and subscribed every word, from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket, to no manner of purpose.

If, by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication, (as my betters have done,) it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach, or scaling a wall; or, to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of *Austria;* or, of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing; or, your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphysics*, and the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old

beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring deserving men; with forty other common topics; I confess, I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few, which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen, or unobserved, by your friends, your enemies * have at length brought to light.

It is true, I should be very loth, the bright example of your lordship's virtues should be lost to after-ages, both for their sake and your own: but chiefly because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late reign;† and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that, as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons' liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present.—Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship upon that score, who having been formerly used

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* See some account of Lord Somers' trial and acquittal, in 1701, vol. III. p. 202.

† King William's, whose memory he defended in the House of Lords against some invidious reflections of the Earl of Nottingham.

to tedious harangues, and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially, when it is offered by one, who is with all respect and veneration,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most obedient

And most faithful servant,

The Bookseller.

THE

BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now six years since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written; for the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he has calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction; however, I am credibly informed, that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after: so that, whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is likely to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question, why I published them no sooner. I forbore upon two accounts; first, because I thought I had better work upon my

own hands; and secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or, as our present writers express themselves, fitted to the humour of the age; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccalini, La Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE POSTERITY.*

—o—

SIR, December, 1697.

I HERE present your highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this the poor production of that refuse of time, which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather; for which, and other reasons, it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes; for

* It is the usual style of decried writers to appeal to Posterity, who is here represented as a prince in his nonage, and Time as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by personating other writers, who sometimes offer such reasons and excuses for publishing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal and be ashamed of.—H.

although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates, with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks, the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge, of a genius less unlimited than yours: but, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your highness is committed,* has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost a universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

It is amazing to me, that this person should have the assurance, in the face of the sun, to go about persuading your highness, that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious, to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you: and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom, I know by long experience, he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that, when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor, upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him

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* *Time*, allegorically described as the tutor of Posterity.

to shew you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs,) by asking your highness, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! who has mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyss of things? it is certain, that in their own nature, they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? who administered them to the posteriors of ——? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness, who is to be the author of this universal ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness, of his nails and teeth: consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting: and then reflect, whether it be possible, for any mortal ink and paper of this generation, to make a suitable resistance. O! that that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maitre du palais** of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page*.†

It were needless to recount the several methods

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* Comptroller. The kingdom of France had a race of kings which they call *les roys faineans*, (from their doing nothing,) who lived lazily in their apartments, while the kingdom was administered by the *mayor de palais*, till Charles Martell, the last mayor, put his master to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand.—H.

† Out of guardianship.—H.

of tyranny and destruction, which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learnt their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die; some he flays alive; others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch; and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart, is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am preparing a petition to your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred and thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to shew, for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons, your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your highness is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess Immortality to be a great and powerful goddess; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must, by an unparalleled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been some

time thinking, the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory, and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places. I inquired after them among readers and booksellers; but I inquired in vain; the memorial of them was lost among men; their place was no more to be found; and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highness, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your highness, that there is a large cloud near the horizon, in the form of a bear; another in the zenith, with the head of an ass; a third to the westward, with claws like a dragon; and your highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth, it is certain they would all be changed in figure and position: new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question,—What is then become of those

immense bales of paper, which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? it ill befits the distance between your highness and me, to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lantern. Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world, but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profess to your highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller, (if lawfully required,) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom Durfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. Rymer, and one Mr. Dennis, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. Bentley, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble,

of wonderful importance, between himself and a bookseller:* he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther, I avow to your highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of William Wotton, B.D., who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor,† (from whom, alas! he must therefore look for little favour,) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work, wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation: their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

In the meantime, I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract, drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction: nor do I doubt in the least, but your highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young princes have already done, by the

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* Bentley, in his controversy with Lord Orrery upon the genuineness of Phalaris's Epistles, has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller about the loan and restitution of a MS.

† Sir William Temple, with whom Wotton was then engaged in the controversy concerning ancient and modern learning.

many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.*

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,

Your Highness's

Most devoted, &c.

Dec. 1697.

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* There were innumerable books printed for the use of the Dauphin of France.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of church and state begin to fall under horrible apprehensions, lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late, upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers, from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution, it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer —that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way

of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised; the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes's Leviathan, which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the leviathan, whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype, the commonwealth. But how to analyze the tub, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed, that, in order to prevent these leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work; into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons; which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few

of the principal schools. There is, first, a large pæderastic school, with French and Italian masters. There is also the spelling school, a very spacious building: the school of looking-glasses: the school of swearing: the school of critics: the school of salivation: the school of hobby-horses: the school of poetry: the school of tops: the school of spleen: the school of gaming: with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools, without an attestation under two sufficient persons' hands, certifying him to be a wit.

But, to return: I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so, my more successful brethren the moderns; who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient: this was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio.* When I went through that necessary and noble course of study, I had the happiness to observe many such egregrious touches, which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting: because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr. What'd'y'call'm, or in a summer's morning: any of the which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly anni-

hilate. Thus, wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-Garden; and such a one, that is nowhere intelligible but at Hyde-Park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene, yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding: because, I cannot imagine why we should be at the expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest, and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous, that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August 1697, should descend to the very bottom of all the sublime, throughout this treatise; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life, that the writer was in upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity, and strict correspondence of ideas, between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed in a garret; at other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and in general, the

whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions, And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum.*

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all modern forms, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do, at the very beginning, address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have perserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus:

For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c.

Another:

The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester, &c.

Another:

When every little would-be wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists, &c.

Another:

To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c.

Another:

Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public; for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers, &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary, in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which, I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank, in Leicester-fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy crowd is here! pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together! z—ds! what squeezing is this! honest friend, remove your elbow. At last a weaver, that stood next him, could hold no longer. A plague confound you, (said he,) for an overgrown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcase, than any five here? is not the place as free for us as for you? bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d—n'd, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all.

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt; particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded, that something very useful and profound is couched underneath: and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of

praising myself, upon some occasions or none, I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority: for it is here to be noted, that praise was originally a pension paid by the world; but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple; since which time, the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that when an author makes his own elogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words, "I speak without vanity;" which I think plainly shews it to be a matter of right and justice. Now I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse, without one grain of satire intermixed: which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy, ready horsed for discipline; first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know anything of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member, as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake; that because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too.

I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers; for it is well known among mythologists, that weeds have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the first monarch of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound: may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt, as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those, whose teeth are too rotten to bite, are best, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty

topics, without the smallest tincture of anything new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the Christian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilent disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satire, which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice; the solution being easy and natural; for the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For, as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, beside new and daily additions; so, all the virtues that have ever been in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but their follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero, or his patron: he may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all pork, with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and, when our ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the blessing; but satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes

bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth, it was the privilege and birth-right of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public, or to expose upon the stage, by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes: but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa;" with any other common-places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*.* And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, farther; it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden against foppery and fornication, and something else: against pride and dissimulation, and bribery, at White-Hall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the inns of court chapel: and in a city pulpit, be as fierce as you please against avarice,

* Horace. Spleen.

hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest: how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play; how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate: how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench: or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate, with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum:* to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards A Panegyric upon the World; to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatise; but finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestic misfortune; in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the

gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent volume is small; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any further attendance at the porch, and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.

A TALE OF A TUB.*

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SECTION I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER has an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of number, as of hell;

——*evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor est.†—VIRGIL.

To this end, the philosopher's way, in all ages, has been by erecting certain edifices in the air: but,

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* *Democritus, dum ridet, philosophatur.*—BENTLEY.

† But to return, and view the cheerful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies.—DRYDEN.

whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation,* I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think of; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators, who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage itinerant. For, as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot, however, be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice, exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the place of sleep; but, in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered

* See the "Clouds" of Aristophanes.

and cushioned, for the repose of old and gouty limbs: *senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly, they have long talked, while others slept; so now they may sleep as long, while others talk.

But if no other argument could occur, to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorial machines, it were sufficient that the admission of them would overthrow a number, which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree, that they force common reason to find room for it, in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting, every genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which has most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.*

* The numbers *seven* and *nine* were supposed to have a certain inherent and fatal power annexed to them, especially in computing the years of human life. Hence the great importance formerly attached to the sixty-third year of human life, which number, being produced by the multiplication of *seven* by *nine*, was termed the Grand Climacteric. The arrival of this æra was dreaded, and it was accounted a favour of fate, and a pledge of longevity, when it was safely passed over.—See MORE's *Vulgar Errors*, Book iv. chap. 12.

Now, the first of these oratorial machines, in place, as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size, I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament; and, best of all, without a cover, (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly, where it is rightfully used,) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing: it is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the early publication of their speeches; which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr. John Dunton, has made a faithful and painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish, in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates. A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.*

* Mr. John Dunton, as we have elsewhere found ourselves required to notice, was a broken bookseller, who commenced author in despair; a sinking in rank from which it may easily be guessed he derived little profit. He published his own memoirs under the modest title of his Life and Errors, in which he characterizes every bookseller, publisher, stationer and printer in London; and brings up the rear of the catalogue with the character of seventeen principal binders. This biography he perhaps substituted for the scheme recommended in the text.

The last engine of orators is the stage itinerant,* erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis.*† It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining attention in public, there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested of any I have yet met with, is this; that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus,‡ continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaded and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

> Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
> Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.§
>
> LUCR. Lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture,

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* The mountebank's stage, whose orators the author determines either to the gallows, or a conventicle.—H.

† In the open air, and in streets where the greatest resort is.—H.

‡ Lucretius, Lib. 2.

§ 'Tis certain then, that voice that thus can wound,
Is all material; body every sound.

from a common observation, that in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself has instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith, to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess there is something yet more refined, in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced; that, whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may fall plumb into the jaws of certain critics, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because, that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up, by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now this physico-logical scheme of oratorial receptacles or machines, contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods, by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the

inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great Britain, as they have spiritualized and refined them, from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood, to give light in the dark; and secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles,* having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The ladder is an adequate symbol of faction and of poetry, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction, because† * * * *Hiatus in MS.* * * * * * * * * * Of *poetry*, because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and because, climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off, before they can reach within many steps of the top: and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the stage itinerant, are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, Six-penny-worth of Wit,

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* The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or worm-eaten.—H.

† Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say anything worth reading, or when he has no mind to enter on the subject, or when it is a matter of little moment; or perhaps to amuse his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, lastly, with some satirical intention.—H.

Thus a former commentator; but it is obvious, that the gap is left to infer the danger of describing the factious partizans' progress to that consummation which is the subject of discussion.

Westminster Drolleries, Delightful Tales, Complete Jesters, and the like; by which the writers of and for *Grub-street*, have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over Time; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hob-nails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the productions of the Grub-street brotherhood, have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior start-up societies to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the common-wealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham,* and of Will's,† to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed,

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* Gresham College was the place where the Royal Society then met, from whence they removed to Crane-Court, in Fleet-street.—N.

† Will's coffee-house, in Covent-Garden, was formerly the place where the poets usually met, which, though it be yet fresh in memory, in some years may be forgotten, and want this explanation.—H.

our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with licence from our president, I humbly offer two answers: first, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair,* including an impossibility in the practice; for, where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second? Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it should be left to decide, which society each book, treatise, or pamphlet, do most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present; for we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers, most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society has already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half ashamed to own us.

This is the utmost I am authorized to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extreme unwilling to inflame a controversy, whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with

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* *Viz.*, About moving the earth.—*Original.*

open arms, whenever they shall think fit to return from their husks and their harlots; which, I think, from the present course of their studies,* they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception, which the writings of our society have formerly received, (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things,) has been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things; whereas, wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out; it is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best: it is a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg; but then lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the grubæan sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts, shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles, after the usual fate of coaches over finely painted and gilt, that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard nor consider the person, or the parts, of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with some-

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* Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.—*Original.*

what less reluctancy, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourselves, may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation, upon the prime productions of our society; which, beside their beautiful externals, for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them, the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open, by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or display by incision.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members: he began with the History of Reynard the Fox,* but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now universally received; nor do I think any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse, of all state arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon several dozens; from some of

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* The "History of Reynart the Foxe" was originally written in German, and as Mr. Douce thinks, was composed long before the 12th century. Hearne calls it "An admirable thing, and the design very good," viz., to represent a wise and politic government. It was translated and printed by Caxton; but, having been often reprinted, had past into a mere popular story book, in which degraded light it is presented in the text. In 1701 it was reprinted, "newly corrected, and purged from all grossness in phrase and matter," with a moral exposition annexed.

which I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled is that of Tom Thumb, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the Metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is Dr. Faustus, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus;* he published it in the nine-hundred-eighty-fourth year of his age;* this writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the *via humida;* and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his Cat is the work of that mysterious rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi, containing a defence of the gemara of the Jerusalem misna,† and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The Hind and Panther. This is the masterpiece of a famous writer now living,‡ intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand school-men, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Pots.§ Another piece, supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The Wise Men of Gotham, *cum appendice.* This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments, bandied

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* The chemists say of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thousand years, and then died voluntarily.—H.

† The gemara is the decision, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish rabbis; and the misna is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law.—H.

‡ Viz., In the year 1697.—*Original.*

§ A popular ballad, then the favourite of the vulgar, now an object of ambition to the collectors of black-letter.

about, both in France and England, for a just defence of the moderns' learning and wit, against the presumption, the pride, and ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author has so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever has been written since upon that dispute, to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise has been lately published by a worthy member of our society.*

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life.† This, indeed, is more than I can justly expect, from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the state, in *pros* and *cons* upon Popish plots, and meal-tubs,‡ and exclusion bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes, and prerogative, and property,§ and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend: from an understanding and a conscience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons, who, as it after-

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* This I suppose to be understood of Mr. Wotton's discourse of ancient and modern learning.—H.

† Here the author seems to personate L'Estrange, Dryden, and some others, who, after having passed their lives in vices, faction, and falsehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and sufferings.—H.

‡ In King Charles the Second's time, there was an account of a Presbyterian plot, found in a tub, which then made much noise.—H.

§ First edition—*popery*.

wards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six and thirty factions. But, finding the state has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.*

But to return. I am assured from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance; that they are of little farther use or value to mankind, beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have, throughout this treatise, closely followed the most applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town, is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles,† having observed the humour of multiplying them, to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed

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* The first edition adds to this sentence—*towards God and towards men.*

† The title-page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles, which the author here speaks of.—*Note by the Author.*

it seems not unreasonable, that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of god-fathers;* which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example; but it seems there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a god-father, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having entreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

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SECTION II.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife,† and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly, which was the eldest.

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* See Virgil translated, &c. He dedicated the different parts of Virgil to different patrons.—H.

† By these three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack, Popery, the Church of England and our Protestant dissenters, are designed. —W. WOTTON.

Their father died while they were young; and upon his deathbed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:

"Sons; because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care, as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat.* Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them; one is, that with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live:† the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit.‡ Here; let me see them on you before I die. So; very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often.§ You will find in my will ‖ (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house like brethren and friends,¶ for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise."

Here the story says, this good father died, and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what

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* The Christian religion.—BENTLEY.

† If well used, will continue the same.—BENTLEY.

‡ *i.e.*, Admits of decent ceremonies according to times and places.—BENTLEY.

§ Keep up to the purity of religion, and if there creeps in any corruption, correct it.—BENTLEY.

‖ The Bible.—BENTLEY.

¶ Unity is here enjoined.—BENTLEY.

adventures they met for the first seven years,* any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil.† On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town: they writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing: they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff: they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps: they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives: they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers downstairs, eat at Locket's,‡ loitered at Will's:§ they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there: dined with lords they never saw: whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word: exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billetdoux of quality: came ever just from court, and were never seen in it: attended the levee *sub dio:* got a list of peers by

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* The first seven centuries.—BENTLEY.

† Their mistresses are the Duchess d'Argent, Mademoiselle de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil, *i.e.*, covetousness, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the ancient fathers inveighed against, as the first corruptions of Christianity.—W. WOTTON.

‡ A noted tavern.

§ See p. 69, *note.*

heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators, who are silent in the house, and loud in the coffeehouse; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence, were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town: but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For, about this time it happened a sect arose,* whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grande monde*, and among everybody of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol,† who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot: he was shewn in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign: whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, Hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already en-

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* This is an occasional satire upon dress and fashion, in order to introduce what follows.—H.

† By this idol is meant a tailor.

livened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad, for being the delight and favourite of the Ægyptian Cercopithecus.* Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day, to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, has not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything: that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature has been, to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro-coat,† or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? as to

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* The Ægyptians worshipped a monkey, which animal is very fond of eating lice, styled here creatures that feed on human gore.—H.

† Alluding to the word microcosm, or a little world, as man has been called by philosophers.—H.

his body, there can be no dispute: but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt; self-love a surtout; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches; which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both?*

These postulata being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest, that they live and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up parliament—, coffee—, play—, bawdy-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a lord-mayor: if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul: that the

* A satire upon the fanatics.—BENTLEY.

soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce;* but the former of daily creation and circumfusion; this last they proved by scripture, because in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion, were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner; embroidery, was sheer wit; gold fringe, was agreeable conversation; gold lace, was repartee; a huge long periwig,* was humour; and a coat full of powder, was very good raillery: all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors, this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other systems either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events, which were the issue of them. I advise therefore the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving these

* Peruke.—Ed. 1.

broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story and proceed.

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventures, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise, and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminish from their coats one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them were, it is true, of very good cloth, and, besides, so neatly sewn, you would swear they were all of a piece; but, at the same time, very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened, that before they were a month in town, great shoulder-knots* came up: † straight all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies' *ruelles* without the *quota* of shoulder-knots. That fellow, cries one, has

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* Innovations.—BENTLEY.

† The first part of the Tale is the history of Peter; thereby Popery is exposed: everybody knows the Papists have made great additions to Christianity; that, indeed, is the great exception which the Church of England makes against them; accordingly Peter begins his pranks with adding a shoulder-knot to his coat. —W. WOTTON.

His description of the cloth of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may seem to import: "The coats their father had left them were of very good cloth, and, besides, so neatly sewn, you would swear they were all of a piece; but, at the same time, very plain, with little or no ornament." This is the distinguishing character of the Christian religion: *christiana religio absoluta et simplex*, was Ammianus Marcellinus's description of it, who was himself a heathen.—W. WOTTON.

no soul; where is his shoulder-knot? Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the play-house, the door-keeper shewed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, says a waterman, I am first sculler. If they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, Friend, we sell no ale. If they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with, Pray send up your message. In this unhappy case, they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot: what should they do? what temper should they find? obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said, he had found an expedient. It is true, said he, there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis* making mention of shoulder-knots: but I dare conjecture, we may find them *inclusive*, or *totidem syllabis*. This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine;* but their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which disappointment, he, who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out, *tertio modo*, or *totidem literis*. This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and picked out S,H,O,U,L,D,E,R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty

* The will.—Ed. 1.

difficulty! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved by a very good argument, that K was a modern, illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. Calendæ* hath in Q. V. C.† been sometimes written with a K, but erroneously; for, in the best copies, it has been ever spelt with a C. And, by consequence, it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a K; but that from henceforward, he would take care it should be written with a C.‡ Upon this all farther difficulty vanished; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*:§ and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best. But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came just from Paris, with fifty yards of gold lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold lace:‖ whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of gold lace, was as scandalous as a ——, and as ill received among the women: what should our three knights do in this momentous affair? they had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots: upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared

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* 'Tis true, said he.—Ed. 1.

† Quibusdam veteribus codicibus; some ancient manuscripts.

‡ In this page the schoolmen are ridiculed, and the Romanists' corrupting and counterfeiting MSS. exposed.—BENTLEY.

§ Jure divino.—BENTLEY.

‖ I cannot tell whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting scripture.—H.

there but *altum silentium.* That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold lace seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere,* and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica,* and especially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione,* which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in everything but itself; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. Brothers, said he, you are to be informed, that of wills *duo sunt genera,* nuncupatory* and scriptory; that in the scriptory will here before us, there is no precept or mention about gold lace, *conceditur:* but, *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur.* For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he heard my father's man say,† that he would advise his sons to get gold lace on their coats, as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it. By G—! that is very true, cries the other; ‡ I remember it perfectly well, said the third.§ And so without more ado got the largest gold lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up all in fashion a pretty

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* By this is meant tradition, allowed by the Papists to have equal authority with the scripture, or rather greater.—H.

† In the first edition after this—*that he heard my father say.*

‡ When the Papists cannot find anything which they want in scripture, they go to oral tradition: thus Peter is introduced dissatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word which he has occasion for in the will; when neither the constituent syllables, nor much less the whole word, were there *in terminis.*—W. Wotton.

§ In this page, Popish traditions and processions are exposed. —Bentley.

sort of flame-coloured satin* for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: An please your worships, said he, my Lord C—— and Sir J. W. had linings out of this very piece last night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left enough to make my wife a pin-cushion, by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Upon this, they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After long search, they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand except a short advice of their father in the will, to take care of fire, and put out their candles before they went to sleep.† This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command (being resolved to avoid farther scruple, as well as future occasion for scandal,) says he that was the scholar, I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will,

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* By the flame-coloured satin, is meant the fire of purgatory; and praying for the dead is set forth as linings.—BENTLEY.

This is purgatory, whereof he speaks more particularly hereafter; but here, only to shew how scripture was perverted to prove it, which was done by giving equal authority with the canon to Apocrypha, called here a codicil annexed. It is likely the author, in every one of these changes in the brothers' dresses, refers to some particular error in the Church of Rome, though it is not easy, I think, to apply them all: but by this of flame-coloured satin, is manifestly intended purgatory; by gold lace may perhaps be understood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches; the shoulder-knots and silver fringe are not so obvious, at least to me; but the Indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romish churches, of God like an old man, of the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child.—H.

† That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to subdue and extinguish their lusts.—H.

and what it contains has equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil: I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously: I have had it by me some time; it was written by a dog-keeper of my grandfather's,* and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured satin. The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn,

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with silver fringe,† and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers, consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words; *item*, I charge and command ‡ my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, &c., with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word, which, in the will, is called fringe, does also signify a broom-stick: § and

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* I believe this refers to that part of the Apocrypha, where mention is made of Tobit and his dog.—H.

† This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and temporal grandeur, positively prohibited in the gospel.

‡ A prohibition of idolatry.—BENTLEY.

§ The next subject of our author's wit is the glosses and interpretations of scripture; very many absurd ones of which are allowed in the most authentic books of the Church of Rome.—W. WOTTON.

He alludes here to the Romanists' distinction between λατρεια and δουλεια.—BENTLEY.

doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech, be reasonably applied to a broom-stick: but it was replied upon him, that his epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broom-stick on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one who spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And, in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and children.* Here they remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion;† that he made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying, that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn, and

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* The images of saints, the blessed Virgin, and our Saviour an infant.—H.

Ibid. Images in the Church of Rome give him but too fair a handle, the brothers remembered, &c. The allegory here is direct.—W. WOTTON.

† *Here they had no occasion to examine the will: they remembered.*—Ed. 1.

were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public.* That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance, and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis.*

But fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions, and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will in a strong box,† brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which, and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver:‡ upon which, the scholar pronounced *ex cathedra,*§ that points were absolutely

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* The excuse made for the worship of images by the Church of Rome, that they were used, not as idols, but as helps to devotional recollection of those whom they represented.

† The Papists formerly forbade the people the use of scripture in the vulgar tongue: Peter therefore locks up his father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy: these countries are named, because the New Testament is written in Greek; and the vulgar Latin, which is the authentic edition of the Bible in the Church of Rome, is in the language of old Italy.—W. WOTTON.

The prohibition of the laity's reading the scripture.—BENTLEY.

‡ He alludes to those gainful rites of the Church of Rome.—BENTLEY.

§ The popes, in their decretals and bulls, have given their sanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the Church of Rome, that are not mentioned in scripture, and are unknown to the primitive church. Peter, accordingly, pro-

jure paterno,* as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses† for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for canonical, and therefore, on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother, so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that, or the next street to it; insomuch as, having run something behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour of a certain lord,‡ to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after the lord died, and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance§ of that house to himself and his heirs; upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.‖

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nounces *ex cathedra*, that points tagged with silver were absolutely *jure paterno;* and so they wore them in great numbers.—W. WOTTON.

* Divino.—BENTLEY.

† Alluding to the false claim, and abuse of power, in the Roman Church.—BENTLEY.

‡ This was Constantine the Great, from whom the popes pretend a donation, of St. Peter's patrimony, which they have never been able to produce.—H.

§ He means the pope's challenge of temporal sovereignty.—BENTLEY.

‖ *Ibid.* The bishops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome at first, by the favour of emperors, whom at last they shut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from Constantine the Great, the better to justify what they did. In imitation of this, Peter, having run something behind-hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain lord, &c.—W. WOTTON.

SECTION III.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.*

ALTHOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold, to present them with a short account of themselves, and their art, by looking into the orginal and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us; and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term was understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, from his taste to a true relish of the

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* The several digressions are written in ridicule of bad critics dull commentators, and the whole fraternity of Grub-street philosophers.—ORRERY.

sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter, or of style, from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These may seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof is a creature as barbarous as a judge, who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic have been meant, the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now the races of those two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort, is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line, from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder; who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis; who begat Etcætera the younger.

And these are the critics, from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers

placed their origin in Heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself, has not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it has been objected, that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should, in conscience, have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. Hercules* most generously did, and has upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries, than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from some convenient altitude; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true ancient genuine critic: which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.

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* *As Hercules.*—Ed. 1.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic; that he is discoverer and collector of writers' faults; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration; that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up, with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers: and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad, does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very act of criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern; and consequently, that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a true critic, agreeable to the definition laid down by me, their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have, for a long time, borne a part in this general error: from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns! whose most edifying volumes

I turn undefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country: these have, with unwearied pains, made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them.* Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later pens; and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made, of art or nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shews, how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by satire, or panegyric upon the critics, in imitation of their masters, the moderns. Now, in the common-places of both these,† I was plentifully instructed, by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found, to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes;

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* In the first edition this marginal note occurs: "*See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.*"

† Satire and panegyric upon critics.

yet, whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers, for urging the silence of authors, against the antiquity of the true critic, though the types are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive how any reader of a modern eye and taste could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph, varying only the story, according to their affections, or their wit. For first; Pausanias is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of critics; and, that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, they were a race of men, who delighted to nibble at the superfluities, and excrescencies of books; which the learned at length observing, took warning, of their own accord, to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; that the Nauplians in Argos * learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing, that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit. But Herodotus,† holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He has been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance

* *Argia.*—Ed. 1.

† *Lib.* 4.—Note in Ed. 1.

and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the western part of Lybia, there were ASSES with horns: upon which relation Ctesias* yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding, that whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures, was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and terrible, as the critics of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the sound; for so Herodotus† tells us expressly in another place, how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror, by the braying of an ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound philologers, that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic, by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time, those authors, who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the true critics of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical: so, Diodorus, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther, than to say, that in the mountains of Helicon, there grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent, as to poison those who offer to smell it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation:

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* *Vide excerpta ex eo apud Photium.*—Note in Ed. 1.

† *Lib.* 4.—Note in Ed. 1.

Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare.*
Lib. 5.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, has been a great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of true critics. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he has set down these remarkable words: Among the rest, says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon anything, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues: these serpents are generally found among the mountains, where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice: whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils.

There was also among the ancients a sort of critics, not distinguished in species from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyros or junior scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students, was, to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be

* Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees, whose blossoms with their odour kill.

nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it has been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic has one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a gray critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli.*

Now, it is certain, the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided, like Themistocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report, that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose; that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it

requires greater layings out, to be free of the critic's company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which, perhaps for a less purchase, would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it, I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and shew how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author,* whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, say of critics, that their writings are the mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer, must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently must needs conclude, that these have always been, and must be for ever the same. For brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflections from its own superficies, without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included, or easily reducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide Bentley's Dissertation, &c.—*Original.*

worthy spirits, who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark, if they stay for a second.

Secondly, the true critics are known, by their talents of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modern critics; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender usage from their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures, already so happily begun.

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SECTION IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I HAVE now, with much pains and study, conducted the reader to a period, where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; insomuch, that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him brother, but *Mr.* PETER;* and then he must be styled *Father* PETER; and sometimes, *My Lord* PETER. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to;† after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to Lord PETER'S invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, with-

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* The Pope.—BENTLEY.

† The Pope's pretension to supremacy is here set forth.—BENTLEY.

out considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice) that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers, for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers, the Eastern Missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases, as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed with great content of mind, upon reflecting, how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is likely to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of Lord Peter, was, to purchase a large continent,* lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great penny-worth, from the discoverers themselves, (though some pretend to doubt whether they had ever been there,) and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.†

The second project I shall mention, was his sove-

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* That is, Purgatory.

† Hereby is meant the imaginary place between heaven and hell.—BENTLEY.

reign remedy for the worms,* especially those in the spleen. The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights:† as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other; he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object: and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.‡

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering office,§ for the public good, and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the colic; as midwives,‖ small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons: in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected, might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

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* Penance and absolution are played upon under the notion of a sovereign remedy for the worms, especially in the spleen, which, by observing Peter's prescription, would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain, &c.—W. WOTTON.

† Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome, which may be made as easy to the sinner as he pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly.—H.

‡ The second project is the application of relics to physical cures.—BENTLEY.

§ By his whispering-office, for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy-counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession; and the priest who takes it, is described by the ass's head. —W. WOTTON.

‖ First edition—*as likewise of all eves-droppers, midwives, &c.*

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was, an office of insurance for tobacco-pipes,* martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows, ————————and rivers: that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire. Whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of puppets and raree-shows;† the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.‡

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal pickle.§ For, having remarked how your common pickle,‖ in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables, Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this pickle to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but, for its many sovereign virtues, was a quite different

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* This I take to be the office of indulgences, the gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the Reformation.

† I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous processions, &c., among the papists.

‡ This relates to images of saints performing vital actions, by secret wires, as puppets seem to do.—BENTLEY.

§ Holy water, he calls a universal pickle, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber.—W. WOTTON.

‖ This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles.—H.

thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlimpimp,* after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by spargefaction,† in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weasels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs, and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of bulls,‡ whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece. Though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, by a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have brazen feet; but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue, or by a decline necessary through a

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* And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, therefore he tells us that his pickle by the powder of pimperlimpimp receives new virtues, though it differs not in sight nor smell from the common pickles, which preserve beef, and butter, and herrings.—W. WOTTON.

† Sprinkling.—H.

‡ The papal bulls are ridiculed by name, so that here we are at no loss for the author's meaning.—W. WOTTON.

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the pope's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all signed with lead, and the seal of the fisherman, and therefore said to have leaden feet and fishes' tails.—H.

long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain, that Lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead.* However, the terrible roaring, peculiar to their lineage, was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils; † which, notwithstanding, many of their detractors took to be a feat of art; to be nothing so terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers.‡ However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace;—

Varias inducere plumas;

and

Atrum definit in piscem.

For these had fishes' tails,§ yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a-roaring to fright naughty boys,‖ and make

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* Alludes to the leaden seal at the bottom of the popish bulls. —BENTLEY.

† These passages, and many others, no doubt, must be construed as antichristian, by the church of Rome. When the chief minister and his minions are exposed, the keener the satire the more liable is it to be interpreted into high treason against the king.—ORRERY.

‡ These are the fulminations of the pope, threatening hell and damnation to those princes who offend him.—H.

§ Alluding to the expression *sub signo piscatoris.*—BENTLEY.

‖ That is, kings who incurred his displeasure.—H.

them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where, it is wonderful to recount, (and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it,) an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and piss, and fart, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both, it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day, usually call sprights and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars.* They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.†

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* Heretics or schismatics, as the pope calls protestants.—BENTLEY.

† The allusion to the pope's bulls reminds us of the ludicrous comparison concerning them, made to the Sieur de la Noue, by an alchemist, who had spent his fortune in quest of the philosopher's stone. De la Noue, meeting him in great distress, began thus to upbraid him with his folly:—

"'Well, my yong maister,' said I, 'you are now in good case to learn to flye, for you have nothing to loade you or hinder your lightnesse.'—'Oh, sir,' said he, 'you should rather take pitie of those that unawares have made shipwrecke.'—'Truely so I doe,' said I, 'sith I see you so penitent; neither shall the helpe of my purse bee denyed you to furnish you in some lawfull vocation;

I must needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach, and profound invention. Whenever it happened, that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up, and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form.*

"TO all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or some of

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but now shewe me unfaynedly what light or certaintie is there in your precepts?'—'Our pamphlets,' said he, 'are full of riddles and obscuritie, and our long labours and continuall expences, doe, in the ende, bring forth but untimely birthes and phantasies.'—'Have you not,' replyed I, 'any example, either olde or newe, of any that hath found out the secret?'—'I know,' said he, 'but one that ever attained thereto.'—'I pray you,' said I, 'tell me who that was.'—'It is,' said he, 'he.'—'Who?' said I, 'for I cannot know him unlesse you otherwise name him unto me.'—'It is *he*,' said he.—'Why,' said I, 'do you then mock me?'—'Well,' said he, 'then I must needs tell you. It is the Holy Father, who hath taught all our blowers that they are but doultes, which in many yeares doe multiply all their somewhat into nothing. Where himselfe yearely in France only transformeth and multiplieth fortie pounds of lead, which may be worth two crownes, into 4000 pounds of golde, which may be worth 600,000 crowns, and then maketh attraction thereof even into Rome.'—'Truely,' said I, 'I will give you tenne crowns the more for breaking your minde so plainly unto me: but I would wish you not to use much such speech in this towne, least our maisters of Sorbonne immediately denounce you an heretick of seventeene carects and a halfe.'"—DE LA NOUE'S *Politicke and Militarie Discourses*. London, 1587, 4. p. 305.

* This is a copy of a general pardon, signed *servus servorum*.—H.

Ibid. Absolution *in articulo mortis*, and the tax *cameræ apostolicæ*, are jested upon in Emperor Peter's letter.—W. WOTTON.

Ibid. The form of the pope's general pardon exposed.—BENTLEY.

you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c., for which this shall be your sufficient warrant: and if you fail hereof, G— d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Your most humble

man's man,

Emperor PETER.

The wretches, trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those, whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all, who are not *verè adepti*, may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain, that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at, if, by this time, Lord Peter was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that

at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself God Almighty,* and sometimes monarch of the universe. I have seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats,† and clap them all on his head three story high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle,‡ and an angling-rod in his hand. In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot;§ and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth, which has ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Meantime his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade*‖ was, to

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* The Pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of Christ, but by several divines is called God upon earth, and other blasphemous titles are given him.—H.

Ibid. Exposes his titles.—BENTLEY.

† The triple mitre or crown.—BENTLEY.

‡ The keys of the church. The church is here taken for the gate of Heaven; for the keys of Heaven are assumed by the Pope in consequence of what our Lord said to Peter. "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven."—H.

Ibid. The Pope's universal monarchy, and his triple crown and fisher's ring.—W. WOTTON.

§ Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiss his slipper escape reflection.—W. WOTTON.

‖ This word properly signifies a sudden jerk, or lash of a horse, when you do not expect it.—H.

kick both their wives one morning out of doors and his own too; and in their stead, gave orders to pick up the first three strollers that could be met with in the streets.* A while after he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals.† Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. Beef, said the sage magistrate, is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard. When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf: Bread, says he, dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, inclusive, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard: and, to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm; through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread. Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. Come, brothers, said Peter, fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton;‡ or hold, now my hand is

* Divorced the married priests, and allowed concubines.—BENTLEY.

† The Pope's refusing the cup to the laity, persuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Christ.—H.

‡ Transubstantiation. Peter turns his bread into mutton, and according to the popish doctrine of concomitants, his wine too, which in his way he calls palming his damned crusts upon the brothers for mutton.—W. WOTTON.

Ibid. This page and the two following contain a representation

in, I will help you. At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife, he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. My lord, said he, I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake. What, says Peter, you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with. None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart. How, said Peter, appearing in great surprise, I do not comprehend this at all.—Upon which, the younger interposing to set the business aright; My lord, said he, my brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship has promised us to dinner. Pray, said Peter, take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece, I will carve you another: though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder. What then, my lord, replied the first, it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while? Pray, sir, says Peter, eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present: but the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance: By G—, my lord, said he, I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread. Upon which the second put in his word: I never saw a piece of mutton in my

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of the absurdities of transubstantiation, which the Pope will not suffer to be disputed.—BENTLEY.

life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelve-penny loaf. Look ye, gentlemen, cries Peter in a rage, to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument; by G—, it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall market; and G— confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwise. Such a thundering proof as this left no farther room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. Why, truly, said the first, upon more mature consideration—Ay, says the other, interrupting him, now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason. Very well, said Peter; here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both, with all my heart. The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his lordship. That you shall, said Peter; I am not a person to refuse you anything that is reasonable: wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a-piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your damned vintner's brewings. Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at Lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased: for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate farther, would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all

its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture,* which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him. One time he swore he had a cow† at home, which gave as much milk at a meal, as would fill three thousand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old sign-post,‡ that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men-of-war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains, Z——ds, said Peter, where's the wonder of that? by G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone§ travel over sea

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* *i.e.*, The Reformation.—BENTLEY.

† The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin Mary's milk, among the papists, under the allegory of a cow which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches.—W. WOTTON.

Ibid. This page alludes to the positiveness and impostures of the Romish church.

‡ By the sign-post is meant the cross of our Blessed Saviour; and if all the wood that is shewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity would sufficiently justify this sarcasm.

§ The chapel of Loretto. He falls here only upon the ridiculous inventions of popery: the church of Rome intended by these things to gull silly, superstitious people, and rook them of their money; the world had been too long in slavery, our ances-

and land, (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait,) above two thousand German leagues. And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a lie in his life; and at every word; by G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth: and the D—l broil them eternally, that will not believe me.

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first, they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them damned sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will,* and took a *copia vera*, by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded, that whatever they got, should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which, their next enterprise was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink,† to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will, they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next work‡ was to discard their

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tors gloriously redeemed us from that yoke. The church of Rome therefore ought to be exposed, and he deserves well of mankind that does expose it.—W. WOTTON.

Ibid. The chapel of Loretto, which travelled from the Holy Land to Italy.—H.

* Translated the scriptures into the vulgar tongues.—H.

† Administered the cup to the laity at the communion.—H.

‡ Allowed the marriages of priests.—H.

concubines, and send for their wives. While all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring Lord Peter would please procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow.* But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture, in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king.† In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels,‡ and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicked them both out of doors,§ and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

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SECTION V.

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

We, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able

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* The beginning of the Reformation.—Bentley.

† Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money, but sent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remission is to be obtained.—H.

‡ By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power, which those princes who were bigotted to the Romish superstition, employed against the reformers—H.

§ The Pope shuts all who dissent from him out of the church.—H. *Ibid.* Excommunicates all the Protestants.—Bentley.

to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O universe! is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary;

——Quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.

To this end, I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcase of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained; till at last it smelt so strong, I could preserve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to shew a complete anatomy thereof, to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors enclose digressions in one another, like a nest of boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery, that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction and diversion. And I have farther proved, in my said several readings, (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on certain gentlemen of my admirers to be very importunate,) that as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed; his epidemical diseases being fastidiosity, amorphy, and oscitation; whereas, in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and,

accordingly, throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together, with a layer of *utile*, and a layer of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice town wits,* of most refined accomplishments, are in grave dispute, whether there have been ever any ancients or not: in which point, we are likely to receive wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modern, Dr. Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous modern has ever yet attempted a universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am, however, forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprize was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O. Brazile.† The method he proposed was, by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the modern learned,

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* The learned person, here meant by our author, has been endeavouring to annihilate so many ancient writers, that, until he is pleased to stop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any ancients in the world.—*Original.*

† There was a belief that the inhabitants of the Isle of Arran could at certain times, distinguish an enchanted island, called by them O Brazil. Mr. Southey conjectures, that this belief was founded upon some optical delusion, similar to that which produces, in the bay of Naples, the aërial palaces of the Fata Morgana. There is a pamphlet upon the subject in the Musæum; but it is merely a silly satire upon the Welch nation.—SOUTHEY'S *History of Brazil*, p. 22. I have seen a broadside sheet, giving a pretended account of the discovery and disenchantment of the island of O Brazil, which seems to be entirely different from that in the Musæum, though equally unworthy of notice.

present them with it, not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-skin, and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil *in balneo Mariæ*, infusing quintessence of poppy Q.S., together with three pints of Lethe, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass vial, hermetically sealed, for one-and-twenty days. Then you begin your Catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the vial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain, (where there is any,) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medullas, *excerpta quædams, florilegias*, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper.

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this arcanum, that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt, never achieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called Homer; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and, for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if, by chance, any of them are left. For whereas we are assured he designed his work for a complete body of all knowledge,* human, divine, political, and

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* Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est.—*Xenoph. in coniv.—Original.*

mechanic, it is manifest he has wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a cabalist as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or Anthroposophia Theomagica.* He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem.* His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application, usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a save-all. For want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax the author with; I mean, his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the Church of England.† A defect, indeed, for which both he, and all the ancients, stand most justly censured, by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatise of Ancient and Modern Learning: a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings

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* A treatise written about fifty years ago, by a Welsh gentleman of Cambridge. His name, as I remember, Vaughan, as appears by the answer to it written by the learned Dr. Henry More. It is a piece of the most unintelligible fustian, that perhaps was ever published in any language.—*Original.*

† Mr. Wotton, (to whom our author never gives any quarter), in his comparison of ancient and modern learning, numbers divinity, law, &c., among those parts of knowledge wherein we excel the ancients.—H.

of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments, for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But, beside these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts, it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood: but I challenge any of his admirers to shew me, in all his writings, a complete account of the spleen; does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of political wagering? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon tea? And as to his method of salivation without mercury, so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned, certain discoveries, that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a

great many more, my new help for smatterers, or the art of being deep-learned and shallow-read. A curious invention about mouse-traps. A universal rule of reason, or every man his own carver; together with a most useful engine for catching of owls. All which, the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible, into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing: because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded, among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one, whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have said upon this occasion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege, of being the last writer; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath: this has saved me many a threepence; for my curiosity was

fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric: Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin. Such is exactly the fate, at this time of prefaces, epistles, advertisements, introductions, prolegomenas, apparatuses, to the readers.* This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He has often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers of our age, do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication, (which is the usual modern stint,) as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed critics and wits, by reading nothing else. Into which two factions, I think, all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort; and therefore, having the modern inclination, to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknow-

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* To the Reader's.—Ed. 1.

ledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and a universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself, and candour to them, I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

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SECTION VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

We left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this, the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune, to drop suddenly off. Whereas the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains; in imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear, and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance

of his two brothers, at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together;* where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, the two brothers, at every period, duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole, exactly after their father's model.

But, here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN,† and the other took the appellation of JACK.‡ These two had lived in much friendship and agreement, under the tyranny

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* The reformers agreed one with another at first.—BENTLEY.

† Martin Luther. ‡ John Calvin.

of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune, being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same: but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But, here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but, of necessity, be a little subject. Because, memory being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other; upon which account, we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion;* never pulling off any, as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together, which amounted in time to a medley the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to a degree, that upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen: but an infinite quantity of lace and ribbons, and fringe, and embroidery, and points; I mean only those tagged with silver,‡ for the rest fell off.

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* The Romish ceremonies multiplied so fast, that there was little of religion left besides the form.—BENTLEY.

† Points tagged with silver are those doctrines that promote the greatness and wealth of the church, which have been therefore woven deepest into the body of popery.—H.

Now this material circumstance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune has ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers were just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state, prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand; at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of fringe.* But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while: he knew very well there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work; having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent, in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with silver (as we have observed before) the judicious workman had, with much sagacity, double sewn, to preserve them from falling†. Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a great quantity of gold-lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced.‡ For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close,

* Alluding to the commencement of the Reformation in England, by seizing on the abbey lands.

† The dissolution of the monasteries occasioned several insurrections, and much convulsion, during the reign of Edward VI.

‡ The abolition of the worship of saints was the second grand step in English reformation.

as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wisest course was to let it remain, resolving in no case whatsoever, that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will. And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries, produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared, at best, only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour, he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word that has been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physi-logical account of zeal, shewing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and thence, in a hot summer, ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement; having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of

this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. What, said he, a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes; palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton; and, at last, kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against. Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately; and in three minutes made more despatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand, that zeal is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a-tearing; and Jack, who doated on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened, that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with packthread and a skewer.* But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand, and sedatest constitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung them into the kennel,† and furiously thus continued his career:

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* The reformers in Scotland left their established clergy in an almost beggarly condition, from the hasty violence with which they seized on all the possessions of the Romish church.

† The presbyterians, in discarding forms of prayers, and unnecessary church ceremonies, disused even those founded in scripture.

Ah, good brother Martin, said he, do as I do, for the love of God;* strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not, for a hundred pounds, carry the least mark about me, that might give occasion to the neighbours of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal. But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider, that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter,† but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember, Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should, by all means, avoid such a thought as that of taking measures for good and evil, from no other rule than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats: yet it was no less penal, and strict, in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensible, it would certainly be so, rather to the advance of unity, than increase of contradiction.

MARTIN had still proceeded as gravely as he began, and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, the true ultimate end of ethics; but

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* The presbyterians were particularly anxious to extend their church government into England. This was the bait held out by the English parliament, to prevail on the Scots to invade England in 1643, and it proved successful.

† Peter's.—Ed. 1.

Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as in scholastic disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes, so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam: so it happened here that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity, and made him fly out, and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that which most afflicted him, was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt; or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish; or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of Exchange women;* or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the mobile. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of rags, and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to

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* The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal Exchange were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women; the same use was made of a building called the New Exchange in the Strand; this edifice has been pulled down; the shopkeepers have removed from the Royal Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent streets; and there are now no remains of Exchange women, but in Exeter change, and they are no longer deemed the first ministers of fashion.—H.

pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments * as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction. To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimseys that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the bald;† sometimes, Jack with a lantern;‡ sometimes, Dutch Jack;§ sometimes, French Hugh;‖ sometimes, Tom the beggar;¶ and sometimes, Knocking Jack of the north.** And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he has given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of Æolists; who, with honourable commemora-

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* The fox in the fable, who, having been caught in a trap, and lost his tail, used many arguments to persuade the rest to cut off theirs, that the singularity of his deformity might not expose him to derision.—H.

† That is, Calvin, from *calvus*, bald.—H.

‡ All those who pretend to inward light.—H.

§ Jack of Leyden, who gave rise to the Anabapists.—H.

‖ The Hugonots.

¶ The Gueuses, by which name some Protestants in Flanders were called.—H.

** John Knox, the reformer of Scotland.—H.

tion, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account.

—Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.

—o—

SECTION VII.

A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nutshell; but it has been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nutshell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions: the late refinements in knowledge, running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in soups and olios, fricassees, and ragouts.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations; and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold to pronounce the example itself, a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish, was at first introduced, in compliance to a depraved and

debauched appetite, as well as to a crazy constitution: and to see a man hunting through an olio, after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest, the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us, as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared, and fed, and clothed by invention, it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects, than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country, which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till, provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter, and more prudent method, to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished

way of using books at present, is two-fold; either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For, to enter the palace of learning at the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste, and little ceremony, are content to get in by the backdoor. For the arts are all in flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge, by throwing their wit on the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood, by the wise man's rule, of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot. Beside all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned, and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms, the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for

them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this present, a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature, to furnish and adorn any one particular subject, to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who has given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow, that any species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of modern wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the present age, and which, of all others, has borne the most and the fairest fruit. For, though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for modern use. Therefore we may affirm to our own honour, that it has, in some sort, been both invented and brought to perfection by the same hands. What I mean, is, that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits, of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, beside what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pigmies;* whose stature did not exceed above two foot; *sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia.* Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently

* Ctesiæ fragm. apud Photium.

appeared; and although this vein has bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians,* who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk: yet I am under an apprehension it is near growing dry, and past all recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should, if possible, be provided, or else, that we must even be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument, that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter for a constant supply. What remains therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large indexes, and little compendiums? quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet critics, and commentators, and lexicons, carefully must. But above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers, and observandas, are to be nicely dwelt on, by some called the sieves and boulters of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in pearls or meal; and consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what staid behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For, what though his head be empty, provided his common-place book be full; and if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from

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* Herodot. L. 4.

himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise, that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf; there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library: but, when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature; for want of which, the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress, in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion?

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the guild. A happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian * eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, that in the regions, far to the north, it was hardly possibly for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return, with great alacrity, to pursue a more important concern.

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* Herodot. L. 4.

SECTION VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.*

THE learned Æolists† maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath, which had kindled, and blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out:—

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

That is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima mundi;* that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world; for, examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima;* what are all these but several appellations for wind, which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption? Farther, what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus* and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent* or *recipient* organs.

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* Inspiration, being grossly abused by fanatics, is, upon that view, exposed in this section.—BENTLEY.

† All pretenders to inspiration whatsoever.—H.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two-and-thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight: that since wind had the master share, as well as operation, in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore man is in the highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animas* or winds, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal necessity as well as ornament with the other three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in the four corners of the world: which gave occasion to that renowned *cabalist Bumbastus*,* of placing the body of a man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that man brings with him into the world, a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improveable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and ren-

* This is one of the names of Paracelsus: he was called Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bumbastus.—H.

der it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests among them, in vast numbers, with their mouths * gaping wide enough against a storm. At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies, their vessels. When, by these and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquirements, into their disciples' chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them, to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning puffeth men up: and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; *ergo*, learning is nothing but wind. For this reason, the philosophers among them did, in their schools, deliver to their pupils, all their doctrines and opinions, by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic, by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence, to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth, having first, by their turbulence and convulsions within, caused an earthquake in man's

* This is meant of those seditious preachers, who blow up the seeds of rebellion, &c.—H.

little world, distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of relievo ; at such junctures all their belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And, to render these yet more complete, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches, were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped, as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria*,* was the almighty North,† an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis, in Greece, had likewise in the highest reverence : *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant.*‡ This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed, by the profounder Æolists, to possess one peculiar habitation, or, (to speak in form,) a *cœlum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called, Σκοτια, or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed, that from a region of the like denomination, the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original ; whence in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration, fetch-

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* Latria is that worship which is paid only to the supreme Deity. —H.

† The more zealous sectaries were the presbyterians of the Scottish discipline.

‡ Pausan. L. 8.

ing it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain bladders, and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner.* It is well known among the learned, that the virtuosoes of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea voyages: and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented; although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirollus.† It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top; into this barrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration, from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon, you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, issuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the wind, in breaking forth, deals with his face‡ as it does with that of the sea, first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last bursting

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* The original of tub-preaching described.—BENTLEY.

† An author who writ *De Artibus perditis*, &c., of arts lost, and of arts invented.—H.

‡ This is an exact description of the changes made in the face by enthusiastic preachers.—H.

it into a foam. It is in this guise the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples; of whom, some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.

It is from this custom of the priests, that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very ancient in the world. Because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous effluviums of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same influence on the people.* It is true, indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from a cardinal into a spiritual ecstasy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of female priests† is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern Æolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors, the sibyls.

And whereas the mind of a man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, does never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extremes, of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy

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* The oracles delivered by the Pythoness and other priestesses of Apollo.

† Quakers, who suffer their women to preach and pray.—H.

commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till, having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near * the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other; with the same course and wing, he falls down plumb into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the east into the west; or like a straight line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes overshot, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; † or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which has stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true; that, as the most uncivilised parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a god, or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a devil. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough; for it is with men, whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of a preci-

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* Near, for nearly.—S.

† It was an ancient belief that birds of paradise had no feet, but always continued on the wing until their death.

pice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil, it has been the usual method of mankind, to single out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom, and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the chameleon,* sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster, called Moulinavent,† who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.‡

Thus furnished, and set out with gods, as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Æolists, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether this system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack; or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with

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* The author seems to mean latitudinarians, persons too indifferent to religion, either to object to, or to receive with interest, any modification of its doctrines.

† A wind-mill.—BENTLEY.

‡ Infidels here meant.—BENTLEY.

certain additions and emendations, suited to the times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men for whom I have a peculiar honour; and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beside the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

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SECTION IX.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE, AND IMPROVEMENT OF MADNESS, IN A COMMONWEALTH.

NOR shall it any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or phrensy. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world, under the influence of single men; which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest; the advance and progress of

new schemes in philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating, of new religions; we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons, whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions, from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles, at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons; and it is of no import where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me: and then it will follow, that, as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed, so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it has been already said) are of as various original as those of the skies, yet the crops they produce differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince* raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers, or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations, towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians everywhere forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the pope, and setting up the reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia to subdue the Turk, and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state-surgeon,† gathering the nature of the disease by these symptoms, attempted to cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour; nor did anything want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze? what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine? It was afterwards discovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and, before emission, she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque;* for,

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* This was Harry the Great of France.—H.

† Ravillac, who stabbed Henry the Great in his coach.—H.

Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia amore :
Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire.—LUCR.

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the semen, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain : the very same principle that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

——Teterrima belli
Causa——

The other instance* is what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king, who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns ; beat armies, and be beaten ; drive princes out of their dominions ; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon, massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this phenomenon. At last, the vapour [or spirit, which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body, so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis*,† and gathering there into a tumour, left the

* This is meant of the French king, Lewis XIV.—H.

† Paracelsus, who was so famous for chemistry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which, when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or western civet, the back parts of man, (according to his division mentioned by the author, page 142,) being the west.—H.

rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is where those exhalations fix, and of so little from whence they proceed. The same spirits, which in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the anus, conclude in a fistula.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impossible to be known: from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples. Because it is plain, that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason; agreeing for the most part in their several models, with their present undoubted successors in the academy of modern Bedlam; whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place. Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy, and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For what man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the

empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped, that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would, by certain clinamina, unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, wrapped and drawn within his own vortex. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my phenomenon of vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions, for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name beside that of madness or phrensy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass, that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And, I think, the reason is easy to be assigned: for there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which, in several individuals, is exactly of the same tuning. This, if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it, whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for, if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct, to distinguish and adapt this noble talent, with respect to the differences of persons and

times. Cicero understood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen, (who, it seems, in those days were as arrant rascals as they are now,) has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.** For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when, in another, you might be treated as a philosopher. Which I desire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton: a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs, as well as performances; whether you will consider his notions or his looks, surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind, for the propagation of a new religion. O, had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use, the base detracting world would not then have dared to report, that something is amiss, that his brain has undergone an unlucky shake; which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in!

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of enthusiasm, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the

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* Epist. ad Fam. Trebatio. In the same epistle the orator jokes his friend upon his disinclination to behold the war-chariots of the British.

springhead to have been as troubled and muddy as the current: of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that without its help, the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former postulatum being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour, as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur des Cartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch: and I desire the reader to attend with the utmost perpensity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Hic multa * * * * * *
desiderantur. * * * * * *
* * * And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion, that if the moderns mean

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* Here is another defect in the manuscript; but I think the author did wisely, and that the matter, which thus strained his faculties, was not worth a solution; and it were well if all metaphysical cobweb problems were no otherwise answered.—H.

by madness, only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties, then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, philosophy, and in religion. For the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposes its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons, or his visions; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties, after his particular notions, because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes is himself: and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For, if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And, first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expense to furnish. Nor is mankind

so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past and things conceived: and so the question is only this; whether things, that have place in the imagination, may not as properly be said to exist, as those that are seated in the memory; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us, that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! how shrunk is everything, as it appears in the glass of nature! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom, the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world, or the playhouse.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity; so far preferable is that wisdom, which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy, which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses, to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch; these never examine farther

than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporeal beings, which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside has been infinitely preferable to the in: whereof I have been further convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen: but I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself, that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic. And he, whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon

his senses from the superficies of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state, of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madness. It is certain, that, according to the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapours; therefore, as some kinds of phrensy give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other species, which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain: now, it usually happens, that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish, and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home, and fling it all out of the windows. By which, are mystically displayed the two principal branches of madness, and which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes, over hastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is, to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means, it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument, in a commonwealth. Thus one man, choosing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulf, thence * proceeds a hero, and is called the saviour of his country: another achieves the same enterprize, but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory: upon so nice a distinction, are we taught

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* From thence.—Ed. 1.

to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love; that of Empedocles with hatred and contempt. Thus also it is usually conceived, that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman for the good of the public; but this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour long misapplied, called by the Latins, *ingenium par negotiis;* * or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of phrensy, never in its right element, till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Christopher Musgrave, Sir John Bowls, John How, Esq., and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who shall be empowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state, * * * * *,† civil, and military; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piece-meal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming

* Tacit.—Note in Ed. 1.

† Ecclesiastical.—H.

at the mouth, and emptying his piss-pot in the spectators' faces? let the right worshipful the commissioners of inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling in a sound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here mislaid! let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and threepence in his pocket,* and away with him to Westminster-Hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *ecce cornuta* † *erat ejus facies.* He walks duly in one pace, entreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of fire, and shoplifters, and court-customers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory: a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing: a huge idolator of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to everybody, that he never keeps it:

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* A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together, from any of the inns of court to Westminster.

† Cornutus is either horned or shining, and by this term Moses is described in the vulgar Latin of the Bible.—H.

one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound: extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals; Sir, says he, give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song: but give me the penny first. (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a song.) What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel, (first stopping your nose,) you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure, which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last re-infunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who, having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath: he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member; who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you not to be afraid of this professor, for he will do you no hurt: to him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber, and the orator of the place gives you

to understand, that this solemn person is a tailor run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not farther enlarge.——Hark in your ear—I am strangely mistaken, if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely, as to insist upon the vast number of beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by such a reformation; but what is more material, beside the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold as to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shewn, and shall enforce by this one plain instance; that even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person, whose imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed from long experience, to be a very light rider, and easily shaken off; upon which account, my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this, or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which, perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderness usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

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SECTION X.

A FARTHER DIGRESSION.

IT is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of authors and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to his Majesty, and both houses of Parliament; to the Lords of the King's Most Honourable Privy-council; to the reverend the Judges; to the clergy, and gentry, and yeomanry of this land; but in a more especial manner to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffeehouse, and Gresham-college, and Warwick-lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland-yard, and Westminster-hall, and Guildhall: in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy, that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask

an author how his last piece has succeeded; why, truly, he thanks his stars, the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain: and yet, by G—, he wrote it in a week, at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs; as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the rest, to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: he blesses his God the thing takes wonderfully, he is just printing the second edition, and has but three left in his shop. You beat down the price: sir, we shall not differ; and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please; and pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will, I shall, upon your account, furnish them all at the same rate.

Now, it is not well enough considered, to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings, which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning: but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly) I doubt, the number of authors and of writings would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philosopher: It is certain, (said he,) some grains of folly are of course annexed, as part of the composition of human nature, only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or embossed: and we need not go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we

remember it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.

There is in this famous island of Britain a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called second parts; and usually passes under the name of the author of the first. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen, this nimble operator will have stolen it, and treat me as inhumanly as he has already done Dr. Blackmore, Lestrange, and many others, who shall here be nameless; I therefore fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great rectifier of saddles,* and lover of mankind, Dr. Bentley; begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most modern consideration: and if it should so happen, that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of a second part, must, for my sins, be clapped by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own house, till the true beast thinks fit to call for it.

In the meantime I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are to circumscribe, within this discourse, the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore, hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat, may be given to the

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* Alluding to the trite phrase, "place the saddle on the right horse."—Bentley is ridiculed by Boyle, for making use of some such low and vernacular forms of expression.

poor; and the dogs * under the table may gnaw the bones. This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomach, by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes, the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to stare; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several

* By dogs, the author means common injudicious critics, as he explains it himself before in his Digression upon Critics.—H.

conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Meantime, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their Majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing, which we mysterious writers can seldom reach, till we have gotten into our graves: whether it is, that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the stock is in the earth: or, whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured, among the rest, to pursue after the scent of a carcase: or, whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful, in the proportion they are dark; and therefore, the true illuminated * (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifery has delivered them of meanings, that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random,

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* A name of the Rosicrucians. These were fanatic alchemists, who, in search after the great secret, had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end: it was a kind of theological philosophy made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan platonism, Christian quietism, and the Jewish cabala.—WARBURTON *on the Rape of the Lock.*

when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few innuendoes, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And, first,* I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by seven, and divided by nine. Also, if a devout brother of the rosy cross will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables, according to prescription, in the second and fifth section; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference, the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of Bythus and Sigé,† and be sure not to forget the qualities of Achamoth; *à cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, à risu lucida, à tristitia solida, et à timore*

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* This is what the cabalists among the Jews have done with the Bible, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it.—*Original.*

† I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of Achamoth, and its qualities, as here set down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he discovered by searching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author, which he has placed in the title-page, and refers to the book and chapter; the curious were very inquisitive, whether those barbarous words, *basyma cacabasa, &c.*, are really in Irenæus, and upon inquiry, it was found they were a sort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to such a book as this of our author.—W. Wotton.

mobilis; wherein Eugenius Philalethes * hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

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SECTION XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

AFTER so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in writing it is as in travelling; if a man is in haste to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there,) and his horse be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I advise him clearly to make the straightest

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* *Vid. Anima magica abscondita.*

To the treatise mentioned above, p. 122, called Anthroposophia Theomagica, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica abscondita,* written by the same author, Vaughan, under the name of Eugenius Philalethes, but in neither of those treatises is there any mention of Achamoth, or its qualities, so that this is nothing but amusement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *à cujus lacrymis, &c.*, are, as we have said, transcribed from Irenæus, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's designs was to set curious men a-hunting through indexes, and inquiring for books out of the common road.—W. WOTTON.

and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty: but then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best; he spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every step: all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation, turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight; when his purse is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be d——n'd; he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children run out to gaze; a hundred * noisy curs run barking after him, of which, if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge; but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, nor is any ground lost by the blow, which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore, his next care must be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a scheme of notions, that may best fit

* By these are meant what the author calls the true critics.—H.

his understanding, for a true relish of what is to ensue.

JACK had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently, as to give rise to that epidemic sect of Æolists, but succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen.* Nor do I at all question, but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such, whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

JACK had provided a fair copy of his father's will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and, resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions, about the management and wearing their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect, yet he began to entertain a fancy that the

* The following passage refers to the practice of the fanatics in perverting scripture.—BENTLEY.

matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. Gentlemen, said he, I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine.* In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the necessary, as well as the most paltry occasions of life.† He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or, if anything lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder, as would lie on a silver-penny; they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will,‡ and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from that.§ Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side, he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither

* The fanatics affect scripture phrases, &c.—BENTLEY.

† The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using scripture phrases on all occasions.—H.

‡ The Protestant dissenters use scripture phrases in their serious discourses and composures, more than the Church-of-England men; accordingly, Jack is introduced making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL.—W. WOTTON.

§ The fanatics pretend that nothing is lawful but what is expressly commanded in scripture.—BENTLEY.

was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind, to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage * near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber, is not known) which seemed to forbid it.

He made it a part of his religion, never to say grace to his meat; † nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a Christian. ‡

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snap-dragon, § and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and, by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which, issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils and his mouth, made his head

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* I cannot guess the author's meaning here, which I would be very glad to know, because it seems to be of importance.—*Original.*

Ibid. Incurring the penalty in such cases usually annexed, wants no explanation. He would not make himself clean, because, having consulted the will, (*i.e.*, the New Testament,) he met with a passage near the bottom, (*i.e.*, in the 11th verse of the last chapter of the Revelations,) "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still," which seemed to forbid it. "Whether foisted in by the transcriber," is added, because this paragraph is wanting in the Alexandrian MS. the oldest and most authentic copy of the New Testament.—H.

† The slovenly way of receiving the sacrament among the fanatics.—H.

‡ This is a common phrase to express eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective against that indecent manner among some people in receiving the sacrament; so in the lines before, which is to be understood of the dissenters refusing to kneel at the sacrament.—H.

Ibid. The fanatics against all set forms.—BENTLEY.

§ I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unless it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthusiasts.—*Original.*

Ibid. They pretend to illumination.—BENTLEY.

appear in a dark night, like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his majesty's liege subjects. Therefore, he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say, that a wise man was his own lantern.

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets,* and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices, who looked on, that he submitted with entire resignation, as to a trip, or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging fall, or a bloody nose. It was ordained, said he, some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and, therefore, nature† thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business might have been a great deal worse: for how many a confounded slip is daily got by a man with all his foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best, when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore, blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop, or a film, can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies when

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* Unconditional or absolute predestination burlesqued.—BENTLEY.

† Providence.—Ed. 1.

they scour the streets, exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped, if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther; if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune * either forgot, or did not think it convenient, to twitch me by the elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the present age, or posterity, to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you, to the very brink of destruction: but, alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall, to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Laurcalco,† who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights, which conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit or a noisome bog.

This I have produced as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who has since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Babel, by others Chaos; who had an ancient temple of Gothic

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* Providence.—Ed. 1.

† *Vide* Don Quixote.

structure upon Salisbury plain, famous for its shrine, and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play,* he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was, that those who understood his pranks, would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh, or to listen, he would, of a sudden, with one hand, out with his gear, and piss full in their eyes, and with the other, all bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned,† and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat;‡ and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it out.

In all revolutions of government,§ he would make his court for the office of hangman general; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard,‖ than a long prayer.

He had a tongue so musculous and subtile, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence.¶ He was also the first in these kingdoms, who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and erected, he

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* The villainies and cruelties, committed by enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers.—H.

Ibid. The fanatics' feigned sanctity; but real roguery.—BENTLEY.

† They affected differences in habit and behaviour.—H.

‡ The fanatics opposing reasonable customs.—BENTLEY.

§ They are severe persecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion.—H.

‖ Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, to seek the Lord, when they resolved to murder the king.—H.

¶ Their cant and affected tones.—BENTLEY.

carried his art to such perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.

He was troubled with a disease, reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula; and would run dog-mad at the noise of music,* especially a pair of bagpipes.† But he would cure himself again, by taking two or three turns in Westminster-hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding-school, or the Royal-Exchange, or a state coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no colours, but mortally hated all, and, upon that account, bore a cruel aversion against painters;‡ insomuch, that, in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones to pelt at the signs.

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occasion to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into water,§ though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears;‖ it was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaster of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervour of which, he could set

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* This is to expose our dissenters' aversion against instru mental music in churches.—W. WOTTON.

† Organs.—BENTLEY.

‡ They quarrel at the most innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the statues and paintings in all the churches in England.—H.

§ Baptism of adults by plunging.

‖ Fanatic preaching, composed either of hell and damnation, or a fulsome description of the joys of heaven; both in such a dirty nauseous style, as to be well resembled to pilgrim's salve.—H.

himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street, and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, Worthy sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps.* To another, Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the arse: Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders. And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. Observe this stroke, (said he, shewing his bare shoulders,) a plaguy janizary gave it me this very morning at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a plaster: had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the Pope and the French king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides, that he hath not (God bless us!) already swallowed up man, woman, and child.

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion,† or antipathy, which Jack and his

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* The fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer.—H.

† The papists and fanatics, though they appear the most averse against each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as hath been observed by learned men.—*Original.*

Ibid. The agreement of our dissenters and the papists, in that which Bishop Stillingfleet called the fanaticism of the Church of

brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear against each other. Peter had lately done some rogueries, that forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other: and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds, they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another: yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend; for, the phrensy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape and size, and their mien. Insomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulder, and cry, Mr. Peter, you are the king's prisoner. Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms, Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee, pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms. This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention, which he

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Rome, is ludicrously described, for several pages together by Jack's likeness to Peter, and their being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent meeting when they least intended it.—W. WOTTON.

had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? however, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress, without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat, he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but at the same time went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a heathen philosopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery, there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes; so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting; which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.

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Desunt nonnulla. * * * * * *

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The old Sclavonian proverb said well, that it is with men as with asses; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good hold at their ears. Yet I think we may affirm, that it has been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors, with great allowances to times and persons: for, if we look into primitive records, we shall find, that no revolutions have been so great, or so frequent, as those of human ears. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ;* and how can it be otherwise, when, in the latter centuries, the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far as to mock our skilfullest tenure? For, if the only slitting of one ear in a stag has been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest, why should we wonder at the greatest consequences, from so many loppings and mutilations, to which the ears of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward. Besides, it is held by naturalists, that, if there be a protuberancy of parts, in the superior region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferior: and, therefore, in that truly pious age, the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in exposing their ears to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us,* that, when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes a eunuch; and the females were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them:

* Lib. de aëre, locis, et aquis.

whereof those who had already used the means, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect: others, who stood candidates for benevolence, found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protrusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescencies, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been marks of grace;* but especially that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxysms turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other: from which custom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of holding forth.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel king had not arisen,† who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard: upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my general history of ears; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the falling state of ears

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* As if they had been cloven tongues.—Ed. 1.

† This was King Charles the Second, who, at his restoration, turned out all the dissenting teachers that would not conform.—H.

in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest, how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast, must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough, may discover several handles, whereof the six * senses afford one a-piece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few rivetted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and, of all others, affords the firmest grasp: curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient and a grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which as soon as he has once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore, I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforesaid handle, a firm hold upon my gentle readers, it is with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them, in the persual of what remains, to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs, which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endea-

* Including Scaliger's.—*Original.*

vours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account, how Peter got a protection out of the King's Bench; and of a reconcilement* between Jack and him, upon a design they had, in a certain rainy night, to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, shewed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city; how he got upon a great horse,† and eat custard.‡ But the particulars of all these, with several others, which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendship that has passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly modern, least of all others to be omitted.

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* In the reign of King James the Second, the Presbyterians, by the king's invitation, joined with the Papists, against the Church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test. The king, by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience, which both Papists and Presbyterians made use of; but, upon the Revolution, the Papists being down of course, the Presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of King James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This I believe the author means by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself.

† Sir Humphry Edwyn, a Presbyterian, when lord-mayor of London, in 1697, had the insolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the ensigns of his office.

‡ Custard is a famous dish at a lord-mayor's feast.

THE CONCLUSION.

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GOING too long, is a cause of abortion, as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short; and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble jesuit,* who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions; and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time, when a book that misses its tide, shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackarel a week after the season. No man has more nicely observed our climate, than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a tittle what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost, when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanack upon it, he gave me to understand, that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were, the bulk and the subject; and found it would never take but after a long vacation, and then only in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward, and said, I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter, (but not in verse,) or a small treatise

* Pere d'Orleans.—*Original.*

upon the ——, it would run like wildfire. But, if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr. Bentley, which, I am sure, will turn to account.*

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that, when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author, he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Durfey's last play should be in course, I would as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of courteous readers; and have often observed, with singular pleasure, that a fly, driven from a honey-pot, will immediately, with very good appetite, alight, and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and I know very well, the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers as with wells; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there; and often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom, besides dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and half underground, it shall pass, however, for wondrous deep, upon no wiser a reason, than because it is wondrous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors; which is to write upon nothing; when the subject is utterly exhausted, to

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* When Dr. Prideaux brought the copy of his Connection of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him it was a dry subject, and the printing could not safely be ventured unless he could enliven it with a little humour.—H.

let the pen still move on; by some called the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loath to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which has sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva:* for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze, or to sleep out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have anyways contributed to the repose of mankind, in times* so turbulent and unquiet as these. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a wit as some would suppose. For, among a very polite nation in Greece, there were the same temples built and consecrated, to Sleep and the Muses; between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty

* This was written before the peace of Ryswick, which was signed in September, 1697.

weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing, in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make invention the master, and to give method and reason the office of its lackeys. The cause of this distribution was, from observing in my peculiar case, to be often under a temptation of being witty upon occasions, where I could be neither wise, nor sound, nor anything to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way, to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For I have observed, that, from a laborious collection of seven hundred and thirty-eight flowers, and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested with great reading into my book of commonplaces, I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force, into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment, (to discover a secret,) I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found, among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which has passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since, by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities

to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover, that the issues of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore, I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both, to resume my pen.

THE HISTORY OF MARTIN.

Giving an Account of his Departure from Jack, and their setting up for themselves, on which account they were obliged to travel and meet many Disasters, finding no shelter near Peter's Habitation: Martin succeeds in the North: Peter thunders against Martin for the Loss of the large Revenue he used to receive from thence. Harry Huff sent Martin a Challenge to Fight, which he received; Peter rewards Harry for the pretended Victory, which encouraged Harry to huff Peter also. With many other extraordinary Adventures of the said Martin in several Places with many considerable Persons.

*With a Digression concerning the Nature, Usefulness, and Necessity of Wars and Quarrels.**

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HOW Jack and Martin, being parted, set up each for himself. How they travelled over hills and dales, met many disasters, suffered much from the good cause, and struggled with difficulties and wants, not having where to lay their head; by all which they

* This History was inserted in the former editions of the Tale of a Tub, under the title of "What follows after Sect. IX. in the Manuscript;" but in subsequent editions was omitted, by the

afterwards proved themselves to be right father's sons, and Peter to be spurious. Finding no shelter near Peter's habitation, Martin travelled northwards, and finding the Thuringians * and neighbouring people disposed to change, he set up his stage first among them; where, making it his business to cry down Peter's powders, plasters, salves, and drugs, which he had sold a long time at a dear rate, allowing Martin none of the profit, though he had been often employed in recommending and putting them off; the good people, willing to save their pence, began to hearken to Martin's speeches.† How several great lords took the hint, and on the same account declared for Martin; particularly one, who, not having enough of one wife, wanted to marry a second; and

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Dean's direction, in order to remove the censure of those who put a construction on it foreign to his design. As in these cooler times the whole allegory has been justly esteemed, the reader will doubtless be pleased at our having preserved this part of it from oblivion.—N.

To this notice it may be added, that the hints or fragments of allegory, here thrown out, are not in unison with the former part of the Tale, either in political principle or in the conduct of the fable. The tones of many passages is decidedly not only *Whig-gish*, but of the Low Church, and the author is forced, somewhat awkwardly, to introduce *two* Martins instead of *one;* the first representing the sect of Luther, the second the Church of England. The fragment does not appear in the first edition; and to me has much more the appearance of a rough draught, thrown aside and altered, than of any continuation of the original story.

* The States in the North of Germany, who adopted the Lutheran religion.

† The well-known commencement of Luther's revolt against the Church of Rome, is here insinuated. He was an Augustin friar; and it was to his order that the commission of publishing papal indulgences had hitherto been entrusted; but Leo X. having transferred this charge to the Dominicans, Luther received from John Stanpitz, Vicar-General of the Augustins, authority to preach against these indulgences,—a subject which soon carried him much farther than either he or his superior had probably anticipated.

knowing Peter used not to grant such licences but at a swinging price, he struck up a bargain with Martin, whom he found more tractable, and who assured him he had the same power to allow such things. How most of the other northern lords, for their own private ends, withdrew themselves and their dependants from Peter's authority, and closed in with Martin. How Peter, enraged at the loss of such large territories, and consequently of so much revenue, thundered against Martin, and sent out the strongest and most terrible of his bulls to devour him; but, this having no effect, and Martin defending himself boldly and dexterously, Peter at last put forth proclamations, declaring Martin, and all his adherents, rebels and traitors, ordaining and requiring all his loving subjects to take up arms, and to kill, burn, and destroy all and every one of them, promising large rewards, &c., upon which ensued bloody wars and desolation.

How Harry Huff,* Lord of Albion, one of the greatest bullies of those days, sent a cartel to Martin, to fight him on a stage, at cudgels, quarter-staff, back-sword, &c. Hence the origin of that genteel custom of prize-fighting, so well known and practised to this day among those polite islanders, though unknown everywhere else. How Martin, being a bold blustering fellow, accepted the challenge; how they met and fought, to the great diversion of the spectators; and, after giving one another broken heads, and many bloody wounds and bruises, how they both drew off victorious; in which their example has been frequently imitated by great clerks and others, since that time. How Martin's friends applauded his victory; and how Lord Harry's friends complimented

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* Henry VIIIth's controversy with Luther in behalf of the Pope.

him on the same score; and particularly Lord Peter, who sent him a fine feather for his cap,* to be worn by him and his successors, as a perpetual mark for his bold defence of Lord Peter's cause. How Harry, flushed with his pretended victory over Martin, begun to huff Peter also, and at last downright quarrelled with him about a wench.† How some of Lord Harry's tenants, ever fond of changes, began to talk kindly of Martin, for which he mauled them soundly; as he did also those that adhered to Peter. How he turned some out of house and hold, others he hanged or burnt, &c.

How Harry Huff, after a good deal of blustering, wenching, and bullying, died, and was succeeded by a good-natured boy,‡ who, giving way to the general bent of his tenants, allowed Martin's notions to spread everywhere, and take deep root in Albion. How, after his death, the farm fell into the hands of a lady, who was violently in love with Lord Peter.§ How she purged the whole country with fire and sword, resolved not to leave the name or remembrance of Martin. How Peter triumphed, and set up shops again, for selling his own powders, plasters, and salves, which were now called the only true ones, Martin's being all declared counterfeit. How great numbers of Martin's friends left the country, and, travelling up and down in foreign parts, grew acquainted with many of Jack's followers, and took a liking to many of their notions and ways, which they afterwards brought back into Albion, now under another landlady, more moderate and more cunning than the

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* The title of "Defender of the Faith."

† The English reformation, brought about by Henry's love for Ann Bullen.

‡ Edward VI.

§ Queen Mary, and her persecution of the Protestants.

former.* How she endeavoured to keep friendship both with Peter and Martin, and trimmed for some time between the two, not without countenancing and assisting at the same time many of Jack's followers; but, finding no possibility of reconciling all the three brothers, because each would be master, and allow no other salves, powders, or plasters, to be used but his own, she discarded all three, and set up a shop for those of her own farm, well furnished with powders, plasters, salves, and all other drugs necessary, all right and true, composed according to receipts made by physicians and apothecaries of her own creating, which they extracted out of Peter's, and Martin's, and Jack's receipt-books; and of this medley or hodgepodge, made up a dispensatory of their own; strictly forbidding any other to be used, and particularly Peter's, from which the greatest part of this new dispensatory was stolen.† How the lady, farther to confirm this change, wisely imitating her father, degraded Peter from the rank he pretended as eldest brother; and set up herself in his place, as head of the family, and ever after wore her father's old cap, with the fine feather he had got from Peter for standing his friend; which has likewise been worn with no small ostentation, to this day, by all her successors, though declared enemies to Peter.‡ How Lady Bess and her physicians, being told of many defects and imperfections in their new medley dispensatory, resolve on a farther alteration, and to purge it from a great deal of Peter's

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* Queen Elizabeth, under whose reign the Calvinists or Puritans, as they were called, gained footing in England.

† The Church of England, whose doctrines are compounded from those of the Reformed Churches, while her hierarchy resembles that of Rome.

‡ Claimed the title of Head of the Church, and retained that of Defender of the Faith.

trash, that still remained in it; but were prevented by her death. How she was succeeded by a north-country farmer, who pretended great skill in the managing of farms, though he could never govern his own poor little farm, nor yet this large new one after he got it.* How this new landlord, to shew his valour and dexterity, fought against enchanters, weeds, giants, and wind-mills, and claimed great honour for his victories, though he oft-times b-sh-t himself when there was no danger.† How his successor, no wiser than he, occasioned great disorders by the new methods he took to manage his farms. How he attempted to establish, in his northern farm, the same dispensatory used in the southern, but miscarried, because Jack's powders. pills, salves, and plasters, were there in great vogue.

How the author finds himself embarrassed for having introduced into his history a new sect, different from the three he had undertaken to treat of, and how his inviolable respect to the sacred number *three*, obliges him to reduce these four, as he intends to do all other things, to that number;‡ and for that end to drop the former Martin, and to substitute in his place Lady Bess's institution, which is to pass under the name of Martin in the sequel of this true history. This weighty point being cleared, the author goes on, and describes mighty quarrels between Jack and Martin;§ how sometimes the one had the better, and sometimes the other, to the great desolation of both farms, till at last both sides concur to hang up

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* James I., who piqued himself, like Frederick of Prussia, but with somewhat less reason, upon understanding *son metier de roi.*

† The absurd publications of James, respecting Dæmonologie, &c.

‡ "A panegyrical Essay upon the Number THREE," is among the treatises advertised at the beginning of the Tale of a Tub.

§ Great Civil War.

the landlord, who pretended to die a martyr for Martin, though he had been true to neither side, and was suspected by many to have a great affection for Peter.*

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A DIGRESSION ON THE NATURE, USEFULNESS, AND NECESSITY OF WARS AND QUARRELS.

THIS being a matter of great consequence, the author intends to treat it methodically, and at large, in a treatise apart, and here to give only some hints of what his large treatise contains. The state of war natural to all creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have and we want. Every man, duly sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself; and every creature, finding its own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take everything its nature requires. Brutes much more modest in their pretensions this way than men; and mean men more than great ones. The higher one raises his pretentions this way, the more bustle he makes about them; and the more success he has, the greater hero. Thus greater souls, in proportion to their superior merit, claim a greater right to take everything from meaner folks. This the true foundation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary to establish subordination, and to

* At a future period of his life, Swift would hardly have written thus of Charles I., the martyr of the Church of England.

found cities, kingdoms, &c., as also to purge bodies politic of gross humours. Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home. War, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politic. A comparison of these three. The author is to write a panegyric on each of them.—The greatest part of mankind loves war more than peace. They are but few and mean-spirited that live in peace with all men. The modest and meek of all kinds, always a prey to those of more noble or stronger appetites. The inclination to war universal: those that cannot, or dare not, make war in person, employ others to do it for them. This maintains bullies, bravoes, cut-throats, lawyers, soldiers, &c. Most professions would be useless, if all were peaceable. Hence brutes want neither smith nor lawyers, magistrates nor joiners, soldiers nor surgeons. Brutes, having but narrow appetites, are incapable of carrying on, or perpetuating war against their own species, or of being led out in troops and multitudes to destroy one another. These prerogatives proper to man alone. The excellency of human nature demonstrated by the vast train of appetites, passions, wants, &c., that attend it. This matter to be more fully treated in the author's Panegyric on Mankind.

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THE HISTORY OF MARTIN.

How Jack, having got rid of the old landlord, set up another to his mind,* quarrelled with Martin, and turned him out of doors. How he pillaged all his shops, and abolished the whole dispensatory. How

* Cromwell.

the new landlord laid about him, mauled Peter, worried Martin, and made the whole neighbourhood tremble. How Jack's friends fell out among themselves, split into a thousand parties, turned all things topsyturvy,. till everybody grew weary of them; and at last, the blustering landlord dying, Jack was kicked out of doors, a new landlord brought in, and Martin re-established.* How this new landlord let Martin do what he pleased, and Martin agreed to everything his pious landlord desired, provided Jack might be kept low. Of several efforts Jack made to raise up his head, but all in vain; till at last the landlord died, and was succeeded by one who was a great friend to Peter, who, to humble Martin, gave Jack some liberty.† How Martin grew enraged at this, called in a foreigner, and turned out the landlord; in which Jack concurred with Martin, because this landlord was entirely devoted to Peter, into whose arms he threw himself, and left his country.‡ How the new landlord secured Martin in the full possession of his former rights, but would not allow him to destory Jack, who had always been his friend. How Jack got up his head in the north, and put himself in possession of a whole canton,§ to the great discontent of Martin, who, finding also that some of Jack's friends were allowed to live and get their bread in the south parts of the country, grew highly discontent with the new landlord he had called in to his assistance. How this landlord kept Martin in order, upon which he fell into a raging fever, and swore he would hang himself, or join in with Peter, unless Jack's children were all turned out to starve.‖

* Restoration.
† Indulgence to sectaries during the reign of James II.
‡ Revolution.
§ Presbytery established in Scotland.
‖ Clamour that the church was in danger from the dissenters.

Of several attempts made to cure Martin, and make peace between him and Jack, that they might unite against Peter; but all made ineffectual by the great address of a number of Peter's friends, that herded among Martin's, and appeared the most zealous for his interest. How Martin, getting abroad in this mad fit, looked so like Peter in his air and dress, and talked so like him, that many of the neighbours could not distinguish the one from the other; especially when Martin went up and down strutting in Peter's armour, which he had borrowed to fight Jack. What remedies were used to cure Martin's distemper, * * * *

Here the author being seized with a fit of dulness, (to which he is very subject,) after having read a poetical epistle addressed to ***, it entirely composed his senses, so that he has not writ a line since.

N.B.—Some things that follow after this are not in the MS. but seen to have been written since, to fill up the place of what was not thought convenient then to print.

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A PROJECT

FOR THE UNIVERSAL BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

THE author, having laboured so long, and done so much, to serve and instruct the public, without any advantage to himself, has at last thought of a project, which will tend to the great benefit of all mankind, and produce a handsome revenue to the author. He intends to print by subscription, in 96 large volumes in *folio*, an exact description of *Terra*

Australis incognita * collected with great care and pains from 999 learned and pious authors, of undoubted veracity. The whole work, illustrated with maps and cuts agreeable to the subject, and done by the best masters, will cost but one guinea each volume to subscribers; one guinea to be paid in advance, and afterwards a guinea on receiving each volume, except the last. This work will be of great use for all men, and necessary for all families, because it contains exact accounts of all the provinces, colonies, and mansions of that spacious country, where, by a general doom, all transgressors of the law are to be transported; and every one having this work, may choose out the fittest and best place for himself, there being enough for all, so as every one shall be fully satisfied.

The author supposes that one copy of this work will be bought at the public charge, or out of the parish rates, for every parish-church in the three kingdoms, and in all the dominions thereunto belonging. And that every family that can command ten pounds per annum, even though retrenched from less necessary expenses, will subscribe for one. He does not think of giving out above nine volumes yearly; and considering the number requisite, he intends to print at least 100,000 for the first edition. He is to print proposals against next term, with a specimen, and a curious map of the capital city, with its twelve gates, from a known author, who took an exact survey of it in a dream.† Considering the great care and pains of the author, and the usefulness of the work, he hopes every one will be ready, for their

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* By this title it will be remembered the author points out the future state.

† St. John's vision of the New Jerusalem is here alluded to, and not very decently.

own good as well as his, to contribute cheerfully to it, and not grudge him the profit he may have by it, especially if it comes to a third or fourth edition, as he expects it will very soon.

He doubts not but it will be translated into foreign languages, by most nations of Europe, as well as of Asia and Africa, being of as great use to all those nations as to his own; for this reason, he designs to procure patents and privileges for securing the whole benefit to himself, from all those different princes and states; and hopes to see many millions of this great work printed, in those different countries and languages, before his death.

After this business is pretty well established, he has promised to put a friend on another project, almost as good as this, by establishing insurance offices everywhere, for securing people from shipwreck, and several other accidents in their voyage to this country; and these offices shall furnish, at a certain rate, pilots well versed in the route, and that know all the rocks, shelves, quicksands, &c., that such pilgrims and travellers may be exposed to. Of these he knows a great number ready instructed in most countries; but the whole scheme of this matter he is to draw up at large, and communicate to his friend.

Here ends the manuscript.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE

FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY,

BETWEEN THE

ANCIENT AND THE MODERN BOOKS

IN SAINT JAMES'S LIBRARY.

A TRUE ACCOUNT, &c.

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THE following *jeu d'esprit*, which appeared in the same volume with the Tale of a Tub, has relation to two keen and memorable controversies, which, at this time, divided the literary world, and, in some respects, were mingled with each other.

The first was the grand comparison between ancient and modern learning, a controversy which passed from France to Britain. Fontenelle and Perrault were the first modern authors who dared to assume to their own times a superiority over the ancients. The former denied the ancients any preference in philosophy and mathematics; and, upon much more questionable grounds, placed the moderns upon a level with them in poetry and oratory. Perrault supported Fontenelle in these conclusions, and claimed, moreover, for his own age, and for the French academy, the superiority in painting and architecture. He even pitched upon the champions whose strength he measured against those of antiquity; and it was with something like a sacred horror, that men of learning heard him compare the Bishop of Meaux to Thucydides; Bourdaloue to Nicias; Balsac to Cicero; Voiture to Pliny; Boileau * to Horace; and Corneille to all the Grecian and Roman dramatists. This juxtaposition of personages brought down a torrent of ridicule upon Perrault, before which he shrank, and finally retracted his opinions. The controversy, meanwhile,

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* Boileau, feeling more like a scholar than an author, assailed, with the following epigram, those who had raised him to a level with Horace;

Quelq'un vint l'autre jour se plaindre au Dieu des vers
Qu'en certain lieu de l'univers
L'on traite d'auteurs froids, de poëtes steriles,
Les Homères et les Virgiles:
"Cela ne sauroit être, l'on se moque de vous,"
Reprit Apollon en courroux:

had been kindled in England, where some writers asserted the cause which Fontenelle and Perrault had abandoned. This doctrine was as unpalatable to the English scholars as it had been to those of France; and Sir William Temple, the most distinguished among them, by rank, talents, and the high offices of state which he had discharged, published, in answer, his Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning. Mr. Wotton ventured to reply to this treatise, and received some assistance from Dr. Bentley, of a nature to be hereafter mentioned; and thus standing the warfare about 1697, Swift's powers of satire were naturally exerted against Bentley and Wotton, in behalf of his patron. With what justice these learned persons are turned into such unqualified ridicule, must be greatly doubted by those who consider the controversy. That we have far exceeded the ancients in the knowledge necessary for the exercise of all useful arts, and in the philosophical principles on which these arts depend, cannot be disputed by their warmest admirers. On the other hand, it must be allowed, that, in poetry, oratory, and other exertions of the imagination, those who came first to the harvest-field reaped the richest part of the crop. We do not properly state Milton to have been inferior in genius to Homer, when we give precedence to the latter as the more original poet; for, although the same field was open to both, it is obvious that the modern must either avoid the track which had been occupied by his predecessor, or be contented to subject himself to the charge of having walked in his footsteps. Accordingly, in measuring the strength of the ancients and moderns, Swift has not failed to match the combatants in such a manner, as fully to avail himself of this advantage. Davenant and Wesley are overthrown by Homer, and Dryden by Virgil; but we have not the issue of the combat between Aristotle and Bacon; nor are we informed which of the ancient charioteers wounds the author of the discovery of the circulation of the blood. It is also remarkable, that Milton's name does not occur through the treatise, and that

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" *Où peut-on avancer une telle infamie?*
Est ce chez les Hurons, chez les Topinambous? "
C'est à Paris. C'est donc à l'Hôpital de fous;
Non, c'est au Louvre en pleine Academie.

Racine made another upon the same occasion, more particularly directed against Perrault;

D'ou vient, que Ciceron, Platon, Virgile, Homere,
Et tous ces grands auteurs que l'univers revere,
Traduits en vos ecrits nous paroissent si sots,
Perrault? C'est qu'en pretant a ces esprits sublimes
Vos façons de parler, vos bassesses, vos rymes,
Vous les faites tous paroître des Perraults.

the author has drawn no comparison between the ancient and modern dramatists.

A more private and petty subject of controversy, but which, perhaps, on that very account, was conducted with yet greater animosity, was involved in the grand comparative discussion of ancient and modern learning. About 1624, the Honourable Mr. Boyle, a young gentleman of high promise at Christ Church, was engaged in a new edition of the Epistles of Phalaris. While thus occupied, he applied to Dr. Bentley, then keeper of the King's Library, for the use of a manuscript of his author which was there deposited. This, according to Mr. Boyle's statement, was reluctantly lent, and hastily withdrawn—usage of which he complained in the preface to his edition of Phalaris. Nearly three years afterwards, when Mr. Wotton published his "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning," Dr. Bentley supplied an appendix, in which he denied the authenticity of the Fables of Æsop, and of the Epistles of Phalaris, not without sharply retorting upon the honourable editor for the misemployment of his time in publishing a spurious author, and for the reflections he had thrown out in his preface touching the manuscript. This dissertation also affected Sir William Temple, as it vilified and degraded, as spurious, an author upon whose merit he had founded considerably in his controversy with Wotton. To these reflections Boyle answered in the treatise known by the title of Boyle against Bentley, to which Dr. Atterbury, and many of the Christ Church wits, are said to have contributed. Dr. Bentley retorted in another volume, which has been called Bentley against Boyle. The fashion of the day gave the victory to Boyle, and his more learned, though less popular rival, was for a short time the butt of general ridicule. At one time, he was painted in the brazen bull of the tyrant to whose epistles he had denied authenticity, still bellowing forth, however, "I had rather be *roasted* than *boyled*." On another occasion, Garth thus compliments his antagonist, at his expense, in the following lines:

> So diamonds take a lustre from their foil,
> And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.

Swift too, whose patron, Temple, did not escape some touches of Bentley's lash, has retaliated in his behalf, with an unsparing hand. Yet, after all that wit could allege, it has, I believe, been long an admitted point among scholars, that Bentley had decidedly the best of the argument; nor can we, who look back upon it at the distance of an hundred years, discern the least inferiority in his mode of conducting the warfare.

THE

BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following Discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B.D., with an Appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that appendix, the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle, now Earl of Orrery, to which Mr. Boyle replied at large, with great learning and wit; and the doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of Sir Willaim Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. James's Library. looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons what is here meant only of books, in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned,

we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

—o—

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But, if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned, from long experience, never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke: for anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but, of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters, because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit, without knowledge, being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and, by a skilful hand, may be soon whipped into froth; but, once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT, &c.

WHOEVER examines, with due circumspection, into the annual records of time,* will find it remarked, that war is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches: —the former of which assertions may be soon granted, but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter; for pride is nearly related to beggary and want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both: and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels, are lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of dogs,

* Riches produce pride; pride is war's ground, &c. *Vide* Ephem. de Mary Clarke; opt. edit.—now called Wing's Sheet Almanack, and printed by J. Roberts, for the Company of Stationers.—H.

which, in its original, seems to be an institution of the many, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case), jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen, till some one, of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize: upon which naturally arises plenty of heartburning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of those republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that poverty or want, in some degree or other, (whether real or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case), has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms, and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at; for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as

not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been time out of mind in quiet possession of certain tenants, called the Ancients; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the ancients, complaining of a great nuisance; how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the *east;** and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the ancients would remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance in their place; or else the said ancients will give leave to the moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the ancients made answer, how little they expected such a message as this from a colony, whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore, to talk with them of a removal or surrender, was a language they did not understand. That if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help; but desired them to consider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded

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* Sir William Temple affects to trace the progress of arts and sciences from east to west. Thus the moderns had only such knowledge of the learning of Chaldæa and Egypt as was conveyed to them through the medium of Grecian and Roman writers.

them. That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did, or did not know, how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the ancients: to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the moderns with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but, on the other, by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must here be understood, that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded, by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are, gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom to suit, in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the *Grecians*, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance; (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late, in the art of war;) so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do, on both sides, hang out their trophies too, whichever

comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as, disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives,* for passengers to gaze at; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his soul transmigrates there to inform them. This at least is the more common opinion; but I believe it is with libraries as with other cemeteries; where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to dust, or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later: and therefore books of controversy being, of all others, haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and, for fear of a mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this: When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain library, and had lodg-

* Their title-pages.—*Original.*

ings appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled than he went to visit his master Aristotle; and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead: but, to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all *polemics* of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial book had not arose of late years, instinct with a more malignant spirit, from the war above mentioned between the learned, about the higher summit of *Parnassus*.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore I advised that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last, between the ancient and modern books, in the king's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in everybody's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars, I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The guardian of the regal library,* a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his humanity,† had been a fierce champion for the moderns; and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed, with his own hands, to knock down two of the ancient chiefs,‡ who guarded a small pass on the superior rock; but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre; a quality to which those of the modern party are extreme subject; for, being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion

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* Dr. Bentley was appointed Royal Librarian, 23d December, 1693, upon the death of his predecessor, Mr. Justell. He had already distinguished himself by his learning, and by his excellent sermons, preached at Boyle's Lectures, for which he received the thanks of the trustees.

† The dispute concerning the loan of the manuscript of Phalaris, led Mr. Boyle, the editor, thus to express himself in his preface:—

"*Collatas etiam* (*Epistolas, viz.*) *curavi usque ad Epistolam XL., cum manuscripto in Bibliothecâ Regiâ, cujus mihi copium ulteriorem Bibliothecarius pro singulari suâ humanitate negavit.*"—This was the sparkle which kindled so hot a flame. Dr. Bentley does not quite clear himself of having been a little churlish concerning the manuscript, and even of having expressed an opinion very unworthy of his good sense and learning, that when collated, it was lessened in value, *and no better than a squeezed orange.*—The answer, could the supposed deterioration in value be admitted, would be, that both the orange and manuscript were put to their proper use. But a manuscript, of which the value is ascertained by collation, is in fact more precious than when it remains a matter of undefined curiosity.

‡ Dr. Bentley aided Wotton in his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning, by proving that the works of Phalaris and Æsop, authors extolled by Sir William Temple, were in reality spurious.

bore a cruel rancour to the ancients: which he resolved to gratify, by shewing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when, at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the ancients, was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of moderns, into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap Des Cartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters, and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side, and Withers on the other.

Meanwhile those books that were advocates for the moderns, chose out one from among them to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries: whereof the foot were in general but sorrily armed, and worse clad: their horses large, but extremely out of case and heart; however, some few, by trading

among the ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high; hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reason, that the priority was due to them, from long possession; and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and, above all, their great merits toward the moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder, how the ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain, (if they went to that,) that the moderns were much the more ancient* of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the ancients, they renounced them all. It is true, said they, we are informed, some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you; but the rest, infinitely the greater number, (and especially we French and English,) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing. Plato was by chance up on the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed aloud, and in his pleasant way swore, by —— he believed them.

Now, the moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates, who had begun

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* According to the modern paradox.—*Original.*

the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Temple * happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the ancients; who, thereupon, drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive; upon which, several of the moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the ancients, was, of all the moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification.† After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out, upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person, by swallows from above, or to his palace, by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane

* The allies were those who espoused the cause of ancient learning, in preference to the modern. The mode in which Temple opposes them to each other is in some points the foundation of this satire.

† Fortification was one of the arts, upon the improvement of which the argument in favour of the moderns was founded by their advocates.

in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub,* with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth, and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight,) A plague split you, said he, for a giddy son of a whore; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d—d? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your arse?—Good words, friend, said the bee, (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll,) I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born. —Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad

* Supposed to be the tutelar deity of the flies.

against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners.—I pray have patience, said the bee, or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house.—Rogue, rogue, replied the spider, yet, methinks you should have more respect to a person, whom all the world allows to be so much your betters. —By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to shew my improvements in the mathematics*) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and

* The improvements in mathematical science were (very justly) urged by those who contended for the excellence of modern learning.

my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence, enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture, and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is plain, the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel, by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all, but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax.

This dispute was managed with such eagerness,

clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply; and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who * had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained them fast among a shelf of moderns. Where, soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure; and when it was ended, swore in the loudest key, that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the shelves. The disputants, said he, have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con.* It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them, and we shall

* Bentley, who denied the antiquity of Æsop, and the authenticity of the fables ascribed to him, which he supposed to have been composed by Maximus Planudes.

find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For, pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in the behalf of you his brethren, and himself, with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture, and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate, retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer; that, if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out, in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains) the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got, has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the

two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books, upon the close of this long descant of Æsop: both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew, under their several ensigns, to the farthest parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders; and nothing less than the fear impending from the enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command from Tasso and Milton, to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse* were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux.† There came the bowmen‡ under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such, that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into meteors; or, like the cannon-ball, into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stink-pot-flingers from the snowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vast body of dragoons, of different nations, under the leading of Harvey,§ their great aga: part armed

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* The epic poets were presented as full-armed horsemen; the lyrical bards as light horse.

† More commonly known by the name of Boileau.—H.

‡ The philosophers, whether physical or metaphysical, are thus classed.

§ The celebrated discoverer of the circulation of the blood; concerning which, Sir William Temple, with very little candour, thus expresses himself: "There is nothing new in astronomy to vie with the ancients, unless it be the Copernæan system; nor in

with scythes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Cambden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest were a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place, came infinite swarms of calones,* a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and ragamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder, all without coats† to cover them.

The army of the ancients was much fewer in number; Homer led the horse, and Pindar the

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physic, unless Harvey's circulation of the blood. But whether either of these be modern discoveries, or derived from old fountains, is disputed: nay it is so too, whether they are true or no; for though reason may seem to favour them more than the contrary opinions, yet sense can very hardly allow them; and, to satisfy mankind, both these must concur. But if they are true, yet these two great discoveries have made no change in the conclusions of astronomy, nor in the practice of physic, and so have been of little use to the world, though, perhaps, of much honour to the authors."—*Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning*, *apud Works*, III. 454.

* Calones. By calling this disorderly rout calones, the author points both his satire and contempt against all sorts of mercenary scribblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of sedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work; they are styled calones, because they are the meanest and most despicable of all writers; as the calones, whether belonging to the army, or private families were the meanest of all slaves or servants whatsoever.—H. Sir Roger L'Estrange was distinguished by his activity in this dirty warfare in the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

† These are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.—H.

light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that had passed between the two parties below; for among the gods, she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the milky way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus,* the patron of the moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt; the covers of celestial turkey leather; and the paper such as here on earth might pass almost for vellum. Jupiter having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly, there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter: these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or

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* Momus is named as the presiding deity of the moderns, probably on account of the superiority claimed for them in works of humour.

less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other, through a large hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men accidents or events; but the gods call them second causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Meanwhile, Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-strong, yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass: her teeth fallen out before, her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall: her spleen was so large, as to stand prominent, like a dug of the first rate; nor wanted excrescencies in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen

increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. Goddess, said Momus, can you sit idly here while our devout worshippers, the moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies? who then hereafter will ever sacrifice, or built altars, to our divinities? Haste, therefore, to the British isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party.

Momus, having thus delivered himself, staid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage, and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy: It is I, (said she,) who gave wisdom to infants and idiots; by me, children grow wiser than their parents; by me, beaux become politicians, and school-boys judges of philosophy; by me, sophisters debate, and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffeehouse wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter, or his language; by me, striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart ancients dare oppose me?—But come, my aged parent, and you, my children dear, and thou, my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful smell, which from thence reaches my nostrils.

The goddess and her train having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of

Britain; but, in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-Garden! And now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosoes, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breast: for, at the head of a troop of modern bowmen, she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton; to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread. Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass: her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters: her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form: and that which before was a cover of skin, did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. Brave Wotton, said the goddess, why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour, and opportunity of this day? away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately. Having

spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens, which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle! Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold. * *

* * * * * *Hic pauca*
* * * * * *desunt.*
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They bore the wounded aga* on their shields to his chariot * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
Desunt * * * * * *
nonnulla. * * * * * *
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Then Aristotle, observing Bacon † advance with a

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* Doctor Harvey. It was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate that he was wounded: other moderns are spared by the hiatus that follows, probably for similar reasons.—H.

† The author, in naming Bacon, does a piece of justice to

furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant modern, and went whizzing over his head; but Des Cartes it hit; the steel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bowman round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own vortex.*

Ingens hiatus * * * * *
hic in MS. * * * * *

* * * when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach; he rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first, and whom he slew last! First, Gondibert† advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid, sober gelding, not so famed for his speed as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field till he had spoiled Homer of his armour: madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength! Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground, there to be trampled

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modern philosophy which Temple had omitted. "I know of no new philosophers that have made entries on that noble stage for fifteen hundred years past, unless Des Cartes and Hobbes should pretend to it; of whom I shall make no critique here, but only say, that, by what appears of learned men's opinions in this age, they have by no means eclipsed the lustre of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, or others of the ancients."—*Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning.*—Neither Swift nor Temple mention the discoveries of Newton, though the Principia were published in 1657.

* Alluding to his absurd system.

† An heroic poem by Sir William Davenant, in stanzas of four lines.

and choked in the dirt. Then, with a long spear, he slew Denham, a stout modern, who from his father's * side, derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Wesley,† with a kick of his horse's heel; he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse, Virgil appeared, in shining armour, completely fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-gray steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when, behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size, appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and, lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together; for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which

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* Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good and very indifferent; so that his detractors said he was not the real author of Cooper's Hill. See "Session of the Poets," in Dryden's Miscellanies.—H.

† Mr. Wesley, who wrote the Life of Christ in verse, &c. A wretched scribbler.

appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau, from within the penthouse of a modern periwig; and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good ancient; called him father, and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related.* Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented, (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes,) though his was of gold,† and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the modern yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * *Alter hiatus*
* * * * * *in MS.*
* * * * * * *

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore, a famous modern, (but one of the mercenaries,) strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen, and turned off the point. Brave modern, said Lucan, I perceive some god protects you,* for never did

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* Alluding to the Preliminary Dissertations in Dryden's Virgil.
† *Vid.* Homer.—*Original.*
‡ His skill as a physician atoned for his dulness as a poet.—H.

my arm so deceive me before; but what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other. Lucan then bestowed the modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle.* * * * * *

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Pauca desunt. * * * * *

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Creech: but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening aloud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father, Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed, and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew —, and —, Oldham, and —, and Afra† the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce ancient, imitating his address, his pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and, passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen

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* The respect with which Swift treats Blackmore, in comparison to his usage of Dryden, shews, as plainly as his own Ode to the Athenian Society, that he was at this period incapable of estimating the higher kinds of poetry.

† Mrs. Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems. —H.

cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went, by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield, that had been given him by Venus.* And now both heroes drew their swords; but the modern was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifting up his hand in the posture of a suppliant, Godlike Pindar, said he, spare my life, and possess my horse, with these arms, beside the ransom which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your prisoner. Dog! said Pindar, let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcass shall be left for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. With that he raised his sword, and, with a mighty stroke, cleft the wretched modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses' feet; the other half was borne by the frighted steed through the field. This Venus† took, washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amaranth; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot. * * *

* * * * *Hiatus valde de-*
* * * * *flendus in MS.*
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* His poem called "The Mistress."—H.

† I do not approve the author's judgment in this, for I think Cowley's Pindarics are much preferable to his Mistress.—H.

THE EPISODE OF BENTLEY AND WOTTON.*

DAY being far spent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain, whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all the moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality, of most malignant nature, was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left.† Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace where the modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour, vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government,

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* As the Account of the Battle of the Books is an allegorical representation of Sir William Temple's Essay, in which the ancients are opposed to the moderns, the account of Bentley and Wotton is called an episode, and their intrusion represented as an under-action.—H.

† The person here spoken of is famous for letting fly at everybody without distinction, and using mean and foul scurrilities.—WOTTON.

proved frequently of great service to their cause, but, at other times, did more mischief than good; for, at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley; grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with everybody's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the modern generals to understand, that he conceived, with great submission, that they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d—d cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that, if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs,* the ancients, would, long before this, have been beaten out of the field. You, said he, sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant modern, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe till you all swear to me, that whomsoever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess. Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger, bestowing him a sour look, Miscreant prater! said he, eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature; thy learning makes thee more barbarous, thy study of humanity more inhuman; thy converse among poets, more grovelling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest shall certainly be thy own; though, I hope, that vile carcass will first become a prey to kites and worms.

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* *Vid.* Homer. de Thersite.—*Original.*

Bentley durst not reply; but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew, in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton; resolving, by policy or surprise, to attempt some neglected quarter of the ancients' army.* They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived, with fear, toward the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they

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* This episode is founded upon Bentley's having subjoined to Wotton's Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning, his own disquisition concerning the authenticity of the Fables of Æsop, and the Epistles of Phalaris. These authors had been highly extolled by Temple, in the following passage:—

"It may, perhaps, be farther affirmed, in favour of the ancients, that the oldest books we have are still in their kind the best. The two most ancient that I know of, in prose, are Æsop's Fables, and Phalaris's Epistles, both living near the same time, which was that of Cyrus and Pythagoras. As the first has been agreed by all ages since for the greatest master in his kind, and all others of that sort have been but imitations of his original, so I think the Epistles of Phalaris have more race, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have ever seen, either ancient or modern. I know several learned men have not esteemed them genuine; and Politian, with some others, have attributed them to Lucian: but I think he must have little skill in painting, that cannot find out this to be an original;—such diversity of passions, upon such variety of actions and passages of life and government, such freedom of thought, such boldness of expression, such bounty to his friends, such scorn of his enemies, such honour of learned men, such esteem of good, such knowledge of life, such contempt of death, with such fierceness of nature and cruelty of revenge, could never be represented but by him that possessed them; and I esteem Lucian to have been no more capable of writing than of acting what Phalaris did. In all one writ, you find the scholar and the sophist; and, in all the other, the tyrant and the commander."—TEMPLE, *ut supra*, Vol. III. p. 463.

might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier, they with tails depressed, and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow; meanwhile, the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcass half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection, when, at a distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off, in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and, in his van, Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep: Bentley would fain have despatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast.* But then the

* Bentley united the question concerning Phalaris with the debate about ancient and modern learning, by the following Proemium, as he calls it, addressed to Wotton, and levelled against Sir William Temple, being the *telum imbelle* which he is presently represented in the text as launching against that ally of the ancient cause:—

"Sir, I remember that, discoursing with you upon this passage of Sir W. T., (which I have here set down,) I happened to say, That, with all deference to so great an authority, and under a just awe of so sharp a censure, I believe it might even be demonstrated that the Epistles of Phalaris are spurious, and that

goddess Affright interposing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. For Phalaris* was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed, that, as he and the ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild

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we have nothing now extant of Æsop's own composing. This casual declaration of my opinion, by the power of that long friendship that has been between us, you improved into a promise, that I would send you my reasons in writing, to be added to the new edition of your book; believing it, as I suppose, a considerable point in the controversy you are engaged in. For, if it once be made out that those writings your adversary so extols are supposititious, and of no very long standing, you have then his and his party's own confession, that some of the later pens have outdone the old ones in their kinds. And to others, that have but a mean esteem of the wit and style of those books, it will be a double prejudice against him in your favour, that he could neither discover the true time nor the true value of his authors. These, I imagine, were your thoughts when you engaged me to this that I am now doing. But I must take the freedom to profess, that I wrote without any view or regard to your controversy, which I do not make my own, nor presume to interpose in it. It is a subject so nice and delicate, and of such a mixt and diffuse nature, that I am content to make the best use I can of both ancients and moderns, without venturing with you upon the hazard of a wrong comparison, or the envy of a true one. That some of the oldest books are best in their kinds, the same person having the double glory of invention and perfection, is a thing observed even by some of the ancients.—*Dion. Chrysost. Orat.* XXXIII. p. 397. But then the authors they give this honour to are Homer and Archilochus; one the father of heroic poem, the other of epode and trochaic. But the choice of Phalaris and Æsop, as they are now extant, for the two great inimitable originals, is a piece of criticism of a peculiar complexion, and must proceed from a singularity of palate and judgment."—BENTLEY'S *Dissertations upon the Epistles of Phalaris.* Lond. 1777, 8, p. 3.

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.—H.

ass broke loose, ran about, trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He, in the meantime, had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet, that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped, and, parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and, in the channel, held his shield betwixt the modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all not to draw too deep or far from the spring.

At the fountain-head, Wotton discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton observing him, with quaking knees, and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself: O that I could kill this destroyer of our army, what renown should I purchase among the chiefs! but to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance,* what modern of us dare? for

* *Vid.* Homer.—*Original.*

he fights like a god, and Pallas, or Apollo, are ever at his elbow. But, O mother! if what Fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils. The first part of this prayer, the gods granted at the intercession of his mother and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from Fate was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and, brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the goddess, his mother, at the same time, adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hizzing, and reached even to the belt of the averted ancient, upon which lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch upon him, nor heard it fall; and Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin, flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of ———, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge.* Boyle, clad in a suit of armour, which had

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* Boyle alleges in his preface, as his principal reason for entering into the controversy about Phalaris, his respect for Sir William Temple, who had been coarsely treated by Bentley.

"But I was chiefly induced to observe these measures, by the regard I had for the most accomplished writer of the age, whom I never think of without calling to mind those happy lines of Lucretius:—

———*Quem tu, dea, tempore in omni*
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

A character, which, I dare say, Memmius did not better deserve

been given him by all the gods,* immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise, he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet, much

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than Sir William Temple. He had openly declared in favour of the Epistles; and the nicety of his taste was never, I think, disputed by such as had any themselves. I quoted his words with that respect which is due to everything that comes from him; but must now beg his pardon for it: for I have, by this means, I find, drawn him into a share of Dr. Bentley's displeasure, who has hereupon given himself the trouble of writing almost fourscore pages solemnly to disprove that one of Sir William's, which he has prefixed to his appendix; and which, to give him my opinion of his whole book at once, is the only good page there.

"I am, therefore, the rather inclined to give Dr. Bentley's reflections a due examination, on Sir William Temple's account, upon whom I so unhappily occasioned this storm of criticism to fall. In truth, for a man who has been so great an ornament to learning, he has had a strange usage from some who are retainers to it. He had set the world a pattern of mixing wit with reason, sound knowledge with good manners, and of making the one serve to recommend and set off the other; but his copy has not been at all followed by those that have writ against him in a very rough way, and without that respect which was due both to his character and their own.

"I will not pretend to determine on which side in those disputes the truth lies; only thus much I will venture to say of 'em, that, let Sir W. T. be as much out in some of his opinions as he's represented to be, yet they who read both sides, will be apt to fall in with Tully's opinion of Plato, and say, *Cum illo ego mehercle errare malim, quàm cum istis scriptoribus vera sentire.*"—BENTLEY'S *Dissertations on Phalaris, examined by the Hon. Charles Boyle, Esq.* London, 1698, 8, preface, p. 3.

* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by Dean Aldrich, Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the Christ-Church wits.—H.

provoked at the offensive noise which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-eared animal. So Wotten fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course, when his lover, Bentley, appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris, his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilt; rage sparkled in his eyes, and, leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways: and, as a woman in a little house that gets a painful livelihood by spinning; * if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign. So Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends; finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in phalanx. First Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast; but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and, as this pair of friends compacted, stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the

* This is also after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority.—H.

weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body, in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopped or spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton, who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate.* As when

* Notwithstanding what is here stated, Wotton was treated with much more delicacy by Boyle, than was his friend Bentley, as appears from the following quotation:—

"I hope Mr. Wotton will let the public know, that he neither engaged his friend to write upon the subject in this manner, nor approved of these discourses when written, which the world will presume him to have done, till the contrary appears, and till he has disclaimed Dr. Bentley's attempt as publicly as he seems now to countenance and avow it. 'Tis a little strange, that Mr. Wotton in a second edition of his book, which he had discreetly taken care to purge of most things that looked like ill manners in himself, should be prevailed upon to allow a place to the ill manners of another man. But I hear, and I am not unwilling to think, that Mr. Wotton received this present at a venture from Dr. Bentley, and let it be printed without giving himself the trouble of reading it. And I the rather fall in with this account, because I find Mr. Wotton in his book zealously vindicating the age from the imputation of pedantry, and assuring us, that though the citation of scraps of Latin, and a nauseous ostentation of reading, were in fashion fifty or sixty years ago, yet all that is now in a great measure disused, which I suppose he would never have done in some of the last pages of his book, if he had then known of the dissertation that immediately follows it.

"A gentleman of my acquaintance was observing to me what a motley unequal work these two pieces make, as they now lie together: Mr. Wotton, (says he,) in his reflections, takes in the whole compass of ancient and modern learning, and endeavours to shew wherein either of 'em has been defective, and wherein they have excelled. A large design, fit for the pen of my Lord Bacon! and in the well executing of which, any one man's life would be usefully spent! Dr. Bentley comes after him, with a dissertation half as big as his book, to prove that three or four small pieces, ascribed to some of the ancients, are not so ancient as they pretend to be; a very inconsiderable point, and which a wise man would grudge the throwing away a week's thought upon, if he could gain it! And what then shall we say of him that has spent two or three years of his life to lose it? Mr. W.'s motive

a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he, with iron skewer, pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to the ribs; so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair! few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And, now * * * * *

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Desunt cætera.

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for writing was, as he tells us, a piece of public service that he hoped he might do the world; Dr. Bentley's plainly a private pique, and such as 'twas utterly unfit for him to act upon, either as a scholar or a Christian, much more as he was one in holy orders, and that had undertaken the public defence of religion. Mr. W. (continued he) is modest and decent; speaks generally with respect of those he differs from, and with a due distrust of his own opinions: Dr. Bentley is positive and pert; has no regard for what other men have thought or said, and no suspicions that he is fallible. Mr. W.'s book has a vein of learning running through it, where there is no ostentation of it: Dr. Bentley's appendix has all the pomp and show of learning, without the reality. In truth, (said he,) there is scarce anything, as the book now stands, in which that and the appendix agree, but in commending and admiring Dr. Bentley; in which they are so very much of a piece, that one would think Dr. Bentley had writ both the one and the other."—BOYLE'S *Examination, ut supra*, p. 23.

A DISCOURSE

CONCERNING THE

MECHANICAL OPERATION

OF

THE SPIRIT.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

THE BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

—o—

THE following Discourse came into my hands perfect and entire; but there being several things in it which the present age would not very well bear, I kept it by me some years, resolving it should never see the light. At length, by the advice and assistance of a judicious friend, I retrenched those parts that might give most offence, and have now ventured to publish the remainder. Concerning the author I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture whether it be the same with that of the two foregoing pieces, the original having been sent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine, to whose judgment I entirely submit it.

A DISCOURSE, &c.

For T. H., Esquire, at his Chambers in the Academy of the Beaux Esprits in New England.*

—o—

SIR,

IT is now a good while since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world should be informed in; for, to tell you a secret, I am able to contain it no longer. However, I have been perplexed, for some time, to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end I have been three days coursing through Westminster-hall, and St. Paul's Churchyard, and Fleet-street, to peruse titles; and I do not find any which holds so general a vogue, as that of a Letter to a Friend: nothing is more com-

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* Supposed to be Col. Hunter, for some time believed to be the author of the Letter of Enthusiasm, mentioned in the Apology for the Tale of a Tub.

This Discourse is not altogether equal to the former, the best parts of it being omitted; whether the bookseller's account be true, that he durst not print the rest, I know not; nor indeed is it easy to determine, whether he may be relied on in anything he says of this or the former treatises, only as to the time they were writ in; which, however, appears more from the discourses themselves than his relation.—H.

mon than to meet with long epistles, addressed to persons and places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether so necessary or convenient: such as, a neighbour at next door, a mortal enemy, a perfect stranger, or a person of quality in the clouds; and these upon subjects, in appearance, the least proper for conveyance by the post; as long schemes in philosophy; dark and wonderful mysteries of state; laborious dissertations in criticism and philosophy; advice to parliaments, and the like.

Now, sir, to proceed after the method in present wear: for let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this letter, as soon as ever it comes to your hand. I desire you will be my witness to the world how careless and sudden a scribble it has been; that it was but yesterday when you and I began accidentally to fall into discourse on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the post is in such haste, I have had no manner of time to digest it into order, or correct the style; and if any other modern excuses for haste and negligence shall occur to you in reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, sir, in your next letter to the Iroquois virtuosi, do me the favour to present my humble service to that illustrious body, and assure them I shall send an account of those phenomena, as soon as we can determine them at Gresham.

I have not had a line from the literati of Topinambou these three last ordinaries.

And now, sir, having dispatched what I had to say of form, or of business, let me entreat you will suffer me to proceed upon my subject; and to pardon me, if I make no farther use of the epistolary style till I come to conclude.

SECTION I.

It is recorded of Mahomet, that, upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to Heaven upon nothing but his ass. Now this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, has been since taken up by a great number of devout Christians; and doubtless with very good reason. For, since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward: for, though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease, yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfied with any other machine beside this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular respect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be most admirably held forth in all its qualities, as well as operations; and therefore, whatever in my small reading occurs, concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to set it down by way of common-place; and when I have occasion to write upon human reason, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my memorandums before me, and insert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications ascribed to this distinguished brute, by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent of bearing his rider to Heaven has been recorded for a part of his character, except in the two ex-

amples mentioned already; therefore I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For, towards the operation already mentioned, many peculiar properties are required both in the rider and the ass; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means, to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the letter as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory; though in such a manner, that the judicious reader may without much straining, make his applications as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from henceforward, instead of the term ass, we shall make use of gifted or enlightened teacher; and the word rider we will exchange for that of fanatic auditory, or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us, is to examine by what methods this teacher arrives at his gifts, or spirit, or light; and by what intercourse between him and his assembly, it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person; but to calculate them for universal nature and mankind in general. And of such catholic use I esteem this present disquisition; for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed, as that of a fanatic strain, or tincture of enthusiasm; which, improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised

upon the rest, has been able to produce revolutions of the greatest figure in history; as will soon appear to those who know anything of Arabia, Persia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has possessed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge; where it is hard to assign one art or science which has not annexed to it some fanatic branch: such are, the philosopher's stone; the grand elixir;* the planetary worlds; the squaring of the circle; the *summum bonum;* Utopian commonwealths; with some others of less or subordinate note: which all serve for nothing else, but to employ or amuse this grain of enthusiasm, dealt into every composition.

But if this plant has found a root, in the fields of empire and of knowledge, it has fixed deeper, and spread yet farther, upon holy ground: wherein, though it has passed under the general name of enthusiasm, and perhaps arisen from the same original, yet has it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often mistaken for each other. The word, in its universal acceptation, may be defined, a lifting-up of the soul, or its faculties, above matter. This description will hold good in general, but I am only to understand it as applied to religion; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the soul, or transporting it beyond the sphere of matter. The first is the immediate act of God, and is called prophecy or inspiration. The second is the immediate act of the Devil, and is termed possession. The third is the product of natural causes, the effect of strong imagination, spleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore shall not employ my inquiry.

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* Some writers hold them for the same, others not.— *Original.*

But the fourth method of religious enthusiasm, or launching out of the soul, as it is purely an effect of artifice and mechanic operation, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any writer; because, though it is an art of great antiquity, yet, having been confined to few persons, it long wanted those advancements and refinements which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so epidemic, and fallen into so many cultivating hands.

It is, therefore, upon this mechanical operation of the spirit that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our British workmen. I shall deliver to the reader the result of many judicious observations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole course and method of this trade, producing parallel instances, and relating certain discoveries, that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said, that there is one branch of religious enthusiasm which is purely an effect of nature; whereas the part I mean to handle is wholly an effect of art, which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and constitutions more than others. Besides, there is many an operation which, in its original, was purely an artifice, but through a long succession of ages has grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us, that among our ancestors, the Scythians, there was a nation called Long-heads; which at first began, by a custom among midwives and nurses, of moulding, and squeezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means nature, shut out at one passage, was forced to seek another, and finding room above, shot upward in the form of a sugar-loaf; and, being diverted that way for some generations, at last found it out of herself, needing no assistance from the nurse's hand. This was the original of the Scythian Long-heads, and thus did custom, from being a second nature, proceed to be

a first. To all which there is something very analogous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted posterity of that refined people. For, in the age of our fathers, there arose a generation of men in this island, called Round-heads,* whose race is now spread over three kingdoms ; yet, in its beginning, was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissars, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort, which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that nature at last took the hint and did it of herself; so that a round-head has been ever since as familiar a sight among us as a long-head among the Scythians.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from art into nature, and one that is natural from its beginning : secondly, between an effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For the first and the last of these I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed, in general, upon the following fundamental: that the corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit; because the senses in men are so many avenues to the fort of reason, which, in this operation, is

* The fanatics in the time of Charles I., ignorantly applying the text, "Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair, cut theirs very short. It is said, that the queen once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired who that round-headed man was, and that from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called round-heads.—H.

wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuse the senses, or else to justle them out of their stations; and, while they are either absent, or otherwise employed, or engaged in a civil war against each other, the spirit enters, and performs its part.

Now, the usual methods of managing the senses upon such conjunctures are, what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but, having had the honour to be initiated into the mysteries of every society, I desire to be excused from divulging any rites, wherein the profane must have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection must, if possible, be removed. For it is positively denied by certain critics, that the spirit can, by any means, be introduced into an assembly of modern saints; the disparity being so great, in many material circumstances, between the primitive way of inspiration and that which is practised in the present age. This they pretend to prove from the second chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both, it appears, first, That the apostles were gathered together with one accord, in one place; by which is meant a universal agreement in opinion and form of worship; a harmony, say they, so far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the same. Secondly, The spirit instructed the apostles in the gift of speaking several languages; a knowledge so remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither understand propriety of words or phrases in their own. Lastly, say these objectors, the modern artists do utterly exclude all approaches of the spirit, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering

themselves so close and so industriously a-top: For they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the cloven tongues never sat upon the apostles' heads while their hats were on.

Now, the force of these objections seems to consist in the different acceptation of the word spirit; which, if it be understood for a supernatural assistance, approaching from without, the objectors have reason, and their assertions may be allowed; but the spirit we treat of here proceeding entirely from within, the argument of these adversaries is wholly eluded. And upon the same account, our modern artificers find it an expedient of absolute necessity, to cover their heads as close as they can, in order to prevent perspiration, than which nothing is observed to be a greater spender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther shew in a convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the phenomenon of spiritual mechanism, it is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the spirit, the assembly has a considerable share as well as the preacher. The method of this arcanum is as follows: they violently strain their eyeballs inward, half-closing the lids; then, as they sit, they are in a perpetual motion of see-saw, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the sound at equal height, choosing their time in those intermissions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice, in any part of it, so singular and improbable as not to be traced in distant regions from reading and observation. For, first, the Jauguis,* or enlightened saints of India, see all their visions by help of an acquired straining and pressure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of see-saw on a beam, and swinging by session upon a cord, in order to raise artificial ecstasies, has

* Bernier, Mem. de Mogol.—*Original.*

been derived to us from our Scythian* ancestors, where it is practised at this day among the women. Lastly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland, with a considerable improvement; and it is granted, that this noble nation has, of all others, admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated least from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is usual for a knot of Irish men and women, to abstract themselves from matter, bind up all their senses, grow visionary and spiritual, by influence of a short pipe of tobacco handed round the company, each preserving the smoke in his mouth till it comes again to his turn to take it in fresh; at the same time there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by instinct, as occasion requires; and they move their bodies up and down to a degree, that sometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Meanwhile you may observe their eyes turned up, in the posture of one who endeavours to keep himself awake; by which, and many other symptoms among them, it manifestly appears that the reasoning faculties are all suspended and superseded, that imagination has usurped the seat, scattering a thousand deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digression, I shall describe the methods by which the spirit approaches. The eyes being disposed according to art, at first you can see nothing; but, after a short pause, a small glimmering light begins to appear and dance before you: then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to ascend very fast, till you are perfectly dosed and flustered, like one who drinks too much in a morning. Meanwhile the preacher is also at work; he begins a loud hum,

* Guagnini Hist. Sarmat.—*Original.*

which pierces you quite through ; this is immediately returned by the audience, and you find yourself prompted to imitate them by a mere spontaneous impulse, without knowing what you do. The *interstitia* are duly filled up by the preacher, to prevent too long a pause, under which the spirit would soon faint and grow languid.

This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the spirit, with relation to that part which is borne by the assemby ; but in the methods of the preacher to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

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SECTION II.

You will read it very gravely remarked, in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference, in point of religion, between the wild Indians and us, lies in this, that we worship God, and they worship the devil. But there are certain critics who will by no means admit of this distinction, rather believing, that all nations whatsoever adore the true God, because they seem to intend their devotions to some invisible power, of greatest goodness and ability to help them ; which, perhaps, will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the divinity. Others again inform us, that those idolators adore two principles, the principle of good, and that of evil ; which, indeed, I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea has been managed by the

Indians and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may deserve well to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftener upon their knees by their fears, and we by our desires; that the former set them a-praying, and us a-cursing. What I applaud them for is, their discretion in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several districts, nor ever suffering the liturgy of the white God to cross, or to interfere with that of the black. Not so with us, who pretending, by the lines and measures of our reason, to extend the dominion of one invisible power, and contract that of the other, have discovered a gross ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and most horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their divinity to the *cœlum empyræum*, adorned with all such qualities and accomplishments as themselves seem most to value and possess; after they have sunk their principle of evil to the lowest centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curses, furnished him with viler dispositions than any rake-hell of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and saucer eyes: I laugh aloud to see these reasoners, at the same time, engaged in wise dispute about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; seriously debating, whether such and such influences come into men's minds from above, or below; whether certain passions and affections are guided by the evil spirit or the good:

> Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
> Discernunt avidi.—

Thus do men establish a fellowship of Christ with Belial, and such is the analogy they make between

cloven tongues and cloven feet. Of the like nature is the disquisition before us: it has continued these hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our English enthusiastic preachers were possession or inspiration; and a world of argument has been drained on either side, perhaps to little purpose. For, I think, it is in life as in tragedy, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpose the assistance of preternatural power, without an absolute and last necessity. However, it is a sketch of human vanity, for every individual to imagine the whole universe is interested in his meanest concern. If he has got cleanly over a kennel, some angel unseen descended on purpose to help him by the hand; if he has knocked his head against a post, it was the devil, for his sins, let loose from hell on purpose to buffet him. Who, that sees a little paltry mortal, droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good sense, that either Heaven or Hell should be put to the trouble of influence or inspection, upon what he is about? therefore I am resolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear, that this mystery of vending spiritual gifts is nothing but a trade, acquired by as much instruction, and mastered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will best appear, by describing and deducting the whole process of the operation, as variously as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

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Here the whole scheme of spiritual mechanism was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and observation; but it was * * *
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thought neither safe nor convenient to print it. * * *

hath been conical, the person, whose nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon politics: and so of the rest.

I shall now discourse briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is best governed, toward the composition and improvement of the spirit; for, without a competent skill in tuning and toning each word, and syllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, misses entirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himself to continual pains for new supplies, without success. For it is to be understood, that, in the language of the spirit, cant and droning supply the place of sense and reason, in the language of men: because, in spiritual harangues, the disposition of the words according to the art of grammar has not the least use, but the skill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the syllables; even as a discreet composer, who, in setting a song, changes the words and order so often, that he is forced to make it nonsense before he can make it music. For this reason, it has been held by some, that the art of canting is ever in greatest perfection, when managed by ignorance; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the best musical instruments were made from the bones of an ass. And the profounder critics upon that passage are of opinion, the word, in its genuine signification, means no other than a jaw-bone; though some rather think it to have been the *os sacrum;* but in so nice a case I shall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to pick from it whatever they please.

The first ingredient toward the art of canting is, a competent share of inward light; that is to say, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polysyllables, and mysterious texts from holy writ, applied and digested by those methods and mechani-

cal operations, already related: the bearers of this light resembling lanterns compact of leaves from old Geneva bibles; which invention, Sir Humphrey Edwin,* during his mayoralty, of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the Scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths.

Now, the art of canting consists in skilfully adapting the voice to whatever words the spirit delivers, that each may strike the ears of the audience with its most significant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the disposition of words to a sentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeable to the modern refinements in music, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon syllables and letters. Thus, it is frequent for a single vowel to draw sighs from a multitude; and for a whole assembly of saints to sob to the music of one solitary liquid. But these are trifles; when even sounds inarticulate are observed to produce as forcible effects. A master workman shall blow his nose so powerfully as to pierce the hearts of his people, who were disposed to receive the excrements of his brain with the same reverence as the issue of it. Hawking, spitting, and belching, the defects of other men's rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For the spirit being the same in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty to draw the principles of this famous art within the compass of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may

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* A Presbyterian, who, ascending to the dignity of Lord Mayor of London, went in his official character to a meeting-house.

one day oblige the world with my critical essay upon the art of canting; philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

But, among all improvements of the spirit, wherein the voice has borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of conveying the sound through the nose, which, under the denomination of snuffling,* has passed with so great applause in the world. The originals of this institution are very dark: but, having been initiated into the mystery of it, and leave being given me to publish it to the world, I shall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at least improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was established upon solid reasons, and has flourished in this island ever since with great lustre. All agree that it first appeared upon the decay and discouragement of bagpipes, which having long suffered under the mortal hatred of the brethren, tottered for a time, and at last fell with monarchy. The story is thus related.

As yet snuffling was not, when the following adventure happened to a Banbury saint. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the wicked, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and strangely pricked forward by the inward; an effect very usual among the modern inspired. For some think that the spirit is apt to feed on the flesh, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe there is a perpetual game at leap-frog between both; and sometimes the flesh is uppermost, and sometimes the spirit; adding,

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* The snuffling of men who have lost their noses by lewd courses, is said to have given rise to that tone, which our dissenters did too much affect.—W. WOTTON.

that the former, while it is in the state of a rider, wears huge Rippon spurs; and, when it comes to the turn of being bearer, is wonderfully headstrong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the saint felt his vessel full extended in every part; (a very natural effect of strong inspiration;) and the place and time falling out so unluckily that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture, he was forced to open an inferior vent. In short, he wrestled with the flesh so long, that he at length subdued it, coming off with honourable wounds all before. The surgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the disease, driven from its post, flew up into his head; and, as a skilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges to prevent pursuit; so the disease, repelled from its first station, fled before the rod of Hermes to the upper region, there fortifying itself; but, finding the foe making attacks at the nose, broke down the bridge, and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturalists observe, that there is in human noses an idiosyncracy, by virtue of which, the more the passage is obstructed, the more our speech delights to go through, as the music of a flageolet is made by the stops. By this method, the twang of the nose becomes perfectly to resemble the snuffle of a bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of British ears; whereof the saint had sudden experience, by practising his new faculty with wonderful success, in the operation of the spirit; for, in a short time, no doctrine passed for sound and orthodox, unless it were delivered through the nose. Straight every pastor copied after this original; and those who could not otherwise arrive to a perfection, spirited by a noble zeal, made use

of the same experiment to acquire it; so that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the saints owe their empire to the snuffling of one animal, as Darius did his to the neighing of another; and both stratagems were performed by the same art; for we read how the Persian beast acquired his faculty by covering a mare the day before.*

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this subject is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, that there is, in the commonwealth of artificial enthusiasm, some real foundation for art to work upon, in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals seem to want. Observe but the gesture, the motion, and the countenance of some choice professors, though in their most familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the rest of human creatures. Remark your commonest pretender to a light within, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is without; as lanterns, which, the more light they bear in their bodies, cast out so much the more soot, and smoke, and fuliginous matter, to adhere to the sides. Listen but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it, you will imagine you are hearing some ancient oracle, and your understanding will be equally informed. Upon these, and the like reasons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural spirit possessing the heads of the modern saints; and some will have it to be the heat of zeal working upon the dregs of ignorance, as other spirits are produced from lees by the force of fire. Some again think, that, when our earthly tabernacles are disordered

* Herodot.

and desolate, shaken and out of repair, the spirit delights to dwell within them; as houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to decay.

To set this matter in as fair a light as possible, I shall here very briefly deduce the history of fanaticism from the most early ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point wherein the chief professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on that, and assign it for the great seed or principle of the spirit.

The most early traces we meet with of fanatics in ancient story are among the Egyptians, who instituted those rites known in Greece by the names of Orgia, Panegyres, and Dionysia; whether introduced there by Orpheus or Melampus we shall not dispute at present, nor in all likelihood at any time for the future.* These feasts were celebrated to the honour of Osiris, whom the Grecians called Dionysius, and is the same with Bacchus: which has betrayed some superficial readers to imagine, that the whole business was nothing more than a set of roaring, scouring companions, overcharged with wine; but this is a scandalous mistake, foisted on the world by a sort of modern authors, who have too literal an understanding; and, because antiquity is to be traced backwards, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a sort of conjuring. These are the men who pretend to understand a book by scouring through the index; as if a traveller should go about to describe a palace, when he had seen nothing but the privy; or like certain fortune-tellers in North America, who have a way of reading a man's destiny by peeping into his breech.

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* Diod. Sic. L. 1, Plut. de Iside et Osiride.

For, at the time of instituting these mysteries, there was not one vine in all Egypt,* the natives drinking nothing but ale; which liquor seems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progress, not only to the Egyptian Osiris,† but to the Grecian Bacchus; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they visited or subdued. Besides, Bacchus himself was very seldom, or never drunk; for it is recorded of him, that he was the first inventor of the mitre,‡ which he wore continually on his head, (as the whole company of bacchanals did,) to prevent vapours and the headach after hard drinking. And for this reason, say some, the scarlet whore, when she makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always sober herself, though she never balks the glass in her turn, being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her triple mitre. Now, these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition Osiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the bacchanalian ceremonies were so many types and symbols. From which account§ it is manifest, that the fanatic rites of these bacchanals cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was, in their processions, an entire mixture and confusion of sexes; they affected to ramble about hills and deserts; their garlands were of ivy and vine, emblems of cleaving and clinging;

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* Herod. L. 2. † Diod. Sic. L. 1 and 3.
‡ Id. L. 4.
§ See the particulars in Diod. Sic. L. 1 and 3.

or of fir, the parent of turpentine. It is added, that they imitated satyrs, were attended by goats, and rode upon asses, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its appurtenances; which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity, stripped of all its types,* was performed *in puris naturalibus*, the votaries not flying in coveys, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the institutors of these mysteries, who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to communicate his orgies to them;† which others explained, by telling us he had castrated himself upon grief for the loss of his wife.

Omitting many others of less note, the next fanatics we meet with of any eminence, were the numerous sects of heretics appearing in the five first centuries of the Christian era, from Simon Magus and his followers to those of Eutyches. I have collected their systems from infinite reading, and, comparing them with those of their successors, in the several ages since, I find there are certain bounds set even to the irregularity of human thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere even in their wildest ravings, so there is one fundamental point wherein they are sure to meet, as lines in a centre, and that is, the community of women. Great were their solicitudes in this matter, and they never failed

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* Dionysia Brauronia.

† *Vid* V. Photium in excerptis è Conone.

of certain articles, in their schemes of worship, on purpose to establish it.

The last fanatics of note were those which started up in Germany a little after the reformation of Luther, springing as mushrooms do at the end of a harvest; such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuster, and many others, whose visions and revelations always terminated in leading about half a dozen sisters a-piece, and making that practice a fundamental part of their system.* For human life is a continual navigation, and if we expect our vessels to pass with safety through the waves and tempests of this fluctuating world, it is necessary to make a good provision of the flesh, as seamen lay in store of beef for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief survey of some principal sects among the fanatics in all ages, (having omitted the Mahometans and others, who might also help to confirm the argument I am about,) to which I might add several among ourselves, such as the family of

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* When the Reformation had opened to all men the perusal of the Holy Scripture, it was a natural consequence, that among the ignorant and enthusiastic, were found many disposed to hurry from Christianity into heresies of their own device. John of Leyden is well known as the leader of those enthusiastic Anabaptists who seized the city of Munster, in 1533, and made it for many months a scene of cruelty, blasphemy, and extravagance. Neuster, or Nestorius, was head of a sect who also baptized adults, and expected a reign of the saints upon earth. David George was founder of the heretics called Familists, for whom he laid down a number of blasphemous tenets, maintaining particularly, that all the previous doctrines of Moses, of the prophets, and of the gospel itself, were only provisions *ad interim*, for the regulation of religion, until the coming of him the said David George, who assumed the title and prerogatives of the true Messias. Most of these heretics added gross debauchery to their enthusiasm, and some of them would not allow their female disciples to be clothed, because they said they were the Naked Truth.—See JESSOP'S *Discovery of the Errors of the Anabaptists.*

love, sweet singers of Israel, and the like : and, from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines about women, wherein they have so unanimously agreed, I am apt to imagine, that the seed or principle which has ever put men upon visions in things invisible, is of a corporeal nature : for the profounder chemists inform us, that the strongest spirits may be extracted from human flesh. Besides, the spinal marrow being nothing else but a continuation of the brain, must needs create a very free communication between the superior faculties and those below ; and thus the thorn in the flesh serves for a spur to the spirit. I think it is agreed among physicians, that nothing affects the head so much as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found, by daily practice, to run frequently up into madness. A very eminent member of the faculty assured me, that, when the Quakers first appeared, he seldom was without some female patients among them for the *furor* —— Persons of a visionary devotion, either men or women, are, in their complexion, of all others the most amorous ; for zeal is frequently kindled from the same spark with other fires, and, from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raise that of a gallant. If we inspect into the usual process of modern courtship, we shall find it to consist in a devout turn of the eyes, called ogling ; an artificial form of canting and whining by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a shrug or a hum, a sigh or a groan ; the style compact of insignificant words, incoherences, and repetition. These I take to be the most accomplished rules of address to a mistress ; and where are these performed with more dexterity than by the saints ? Nay, to bring this argument yet closer, I have been informed by certain sanguine brethren of the first class, that, in the height and orgasmus of

their spiritual exercise, it has been frequent with them ******; immediately after which, they found the spirit to relax and flag of a sudden with the nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a conclusion. This may be farther strengthened by observing, with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by visionary or enthusiastic preachers, though ever so contemptible in their outward mien; which is usually supposed to be done upon considerations purely spiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reason to think the sex hath certain characteristics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings than we ourselves can possibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that, however spiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upward toward heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intense a contemplation is not the business of flesh and blood; it must, by the necessary course of things, in a little time let go its hold, and fall into matter. Lovers for the sake of celestial converse are but another sort of Platonics, who pretend to see stars and heaven in ladies' eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the same pit is provided for both; and they seem a perfect moral to the story of that philosopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the constellations, found himself seduced by his lower parts into a ditch.

I had somewhat more to say upon this part of the subject; but the post is just going, which forces me in great haste to conclude,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

Pray burn this letter as soon as it comes to your hands.

ABSTRACT

OF THE

HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE INVASION OF IT BY JULIUS CÆSAR,
TO THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND.

ABSTRACT, &c.

—o—

In the following abstract of English history, we see little or nothing of Swift's peculiar genius. It is neither composed with much depth of observation, nor with a bias to the establishment of any political theory, being merely a compendious view of historical facts, abridged from the ancient chronicles, without much inquiry into their truth or accuracy, and without any philosophical views concerning their causes or consequences. But if the history itself wants point and peculiarity, the dedication exhibits enough of both. Count Gyllenborg, it must be remembered, had been ambassador from Sweden, during the halcyon days of Oxford's ministry. Upon the accession of George I., he became the active agent of his master Charles XII. in preparing a general insurrection of the Jacobites in England and Scotland, to be seconded by that adventurous monarch, at the head of an invading army of 12,000 men. The conspiracy being discovered, Count Gyllenborg was arrested and sent out of Britain. It was only three years after these circumstances had taken place, that Swift inscribed to him a historical work of importance, expressing, at the same time, his resolution to have dedicated it to Charles himself had he been alive, and insinuating by a very bitter and ironical parenthesis, his contempt for the monarch who then occupied the English throne. It will remain for the reader to conjecture whether Swift disbelieved the conspiracy, whether he desired its success, or whether he had only a general disposition to make common cause with all who were in opposition to the existing powers, without minutely inquiring upon what principle their enmity was founded. According as the reader shall adopt his creed, he will find it easy to fill up the blank at the end of the dedication.

TO THE

COUNT DE GYLLENBORG.

SIR, Dublin, in Ireland, Nov. 2, 1719.

IT is now about sixteen years since I first entertained the design of writing a History of England, from the beginning of William Rufus, to the end of Queen Elizabeth; such a History, I mean, as appears to be most wanted by foreigners, and gentlemen of our own country; not a voluminous work, nor properly an abridgement, but an exact relation of the most important affairs and events, without any regard to the rest. My intention was to inscribe it to the king, your late master, for whose great virtues I had ever the highest veneration, as I shall continue to bear to his memory. I confess it is with some disdain that I observe great authors descending to write any dedications at all; and, for my own part, when I looked round on all the princes of Europe, I could think of none who might deserve that distinction from me beside the king your master; (for I say nothing of his present Britannic majesty, to whose person and character I am an utter stranger, and likely to continue so;) neither can I be suspected of flattery on this point, since it was

some years after that I had the honour of an invitation to his court before you were employed as his minister in England, which I heartily repent that I did not accept; whereby, as you can be my witness, I might have avoided some years' uneasiness, and vexation, during the last four years of our late excellent queen, as well as a long melancholy prospect since, in a most obscure, disagreeable country, and among a most profligate and abandoned people.

I was diverted from pursuing this History, partly by the extreme difficulty, but chiefly by the indignation I conceived at the proceedings of a faction which then prevailed; and the papers lay neglected in my cabinet until you saw me in England; when you know how far I was engaged in thoughts and business of another kind. Upon her majesty's lamented death, I returned to my station in this kingdom; since which time, there is not a northern curate among you who has lived more obscure than myself, or a greater stranger to the commonest transactions of the world. It is but very lately that I found the following papers, which I had almost forgotten. I publish them now for two reasons; first, for an encouragement to those who have more youth,* and leisure, and good temper than I, toward pursuing the work as far as it was intended by me, or as much farther as they please; the second reason is, to have an opportunity of declaring the profound respect I have for the memory of your royal master, and the sincere regard and friendship I bear to yourself; for I must bring to your mind how proud I was to distinguish you among all the foreign ministers with whom I had the honour to be acquainted. I am a witness of the zeal you showed, not only for the honour and interest of your master,

* The author was then in his fifty-second year.—D. S.

but for the advantage of the Protestant religion in Germany, and how knowingly and feelingly you often spoke to me on that subject. We all loved you, as possessed of every quality that could adorn an English gentleman, and esteemed you as a faithful subject to your prince, and an able negotiator; neither shall any reverse of fortune have power to lessen you either in my friendship or esteem: and I must take leave to assure you farther, that my affection toward persons has not been at all diminished by the frown of power upon them. Those whom you and I once thought great and good men continue still so in my eyes and heart; only with a******

Cætera desiderantur.

ABSTRACT

OF THE

HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE INVASION OF IT BY JULIUS CÆSAR, TO WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

THE most ancient account we have of Britain is, that the island was full of inhabitants, divided into several petty kingdoms, as most nations of the world appear to have been at first. The bodies of the Britons were painted with a sky-coloured blue, either as a ornament, or else for terror to their enemies. In their religion they were heathens, as all the world was before Christ, except the Jews.

Their priests were called druids: these lived in hollow trees, and committed not their mysteries to writing, but delivered them down by tradition, whereby they were in time wholly lost.

The Britons had wives in common, so many to a particular tribe or society; and the children were in common to that society.

About fifty years before Christ, Julius Cæsar, first Roman emperor, having conquered Gaul, or France,

invaded Britain, rather to increase his glory than conquests; for, having overcome them in one or two battles, he returned.

The next invasion of Britain by the Romans (then masters of most of the known world) was in the reign of the emperor Claudius; but it was not wholly subdued till that of Nero. It was governed by lieutenants, or deputies, sent from Rome, as Ireland is now by deputies from England, and continued thus under the Romans for about 460 years; till, that empire being invaded by the Goths and Vandals, the Romans were forced not only to recall their own armies, but also to draw from hence the bravest of the Britons, for their assistance against those barbarians.

The Roman conquests in this island reached no farther northward than to that part of Scotland where Stirling and Glasgow are seated. The region beyond was held not worth the conquering: it was inhabited by a barbarous people, called Caledonians and Picts, who, being a rough fierce nation, daily infested the British borders. Therefore the Emperor Severus built a wall from Stirling to Glasgow, to prevent the invasions of the Picts: it is commonly called the Picts' Wall.

These Picts and Caledonians, or Scots, encouraged by the departure of the Romans, do now cruelly infest and invade the Britons by sea and land; the Britons choose Vortigern for their king, who was forced to invite the Saxons (a fierce Northern people) to assist him against those barbarians. The Saxons came over, and beat the Picts in several battles; but, at last, pick quarrels with the Britons themselves, and, after a long war, drive them into the mountains of Wales and Cornwall, and establish themselves in seven kingdoms in Britain, now called England. The seven kingdoms are usually styled the Saxon Heptarchy. A.D. 455.

About this time lived King Arthur, (if the whole story be not a fable,) who was so famous for beating the Saxons in several battles. A.D. 460.

The Britons received Christianity very early, and, as is reported, from some of the disciples themselves; so that, when the Romans left Britain, the Britons were generally Christians. But the Saxons were heathens, till Pope Gregory the Great sent over hither Austin the monk, by whom Ethelbert, king of the South Saxons, and his subjects, were converted to Christianity; and the whole island soon followed the example. A.D. 600.

After many various revolutions in this island among the kingdoms of the Saxons, Egbert, descended from the West-Saxon kings, became sole monarch of England. A.D. 800.

The language in Britain was British, (now called Welsh,) or Latin; but, with the Saxons, English came in, although extremely different from what it is now. The present names of towns, shires, &c., were given by them; and the whole kingdom was called England, from the Angles, who were a branch of the Saxons.

As soon as the Saxons were settled, the Danes began to trouble and invade them, as they (the Saxons) had before done the Britons.

These Danes came out of Germany, Denmark, and Norway; a rough, warlike people, little different from the Saxons, to whom they were nigh neighbours.

After many invasions from the Danes, Edgar, King of England, sets forth the first navy. He was entitled "King of all Albion," (an old name of this island), and was the first absolute monarch. He made peace with the Danes, and allowed them to live in his dominions mixt with the English.

In this prince's time there were five kings in Wales, who all did him homage for their country.

These Danes began first to make their invasions here about the year 800; which they after renewed at several times, and under several leaders, and were as often repulsed. They used to come with vast numbers of ships, burn and ravage before them, as the cities of London, Winchester, &c. Encouraged by success and prey, they often wintered in England, fortifying themselves in the northern parts, from whence they cruelly infested the Saxon kings. In process of time they mixed with the English, (as was said before,) and lived under the Saxon government: but Ethelred, then A.D. 978. King of England, growing weary of the Danish insolence, a conspiracy is formed, and the Danes massacred in one day all over England.

Four years after, Sweyn, King of Denmark, to revenge the death of his subjects, invades England; and after battles fought, and much cruelty exercised, he subdues the whole kingdom, forcing Ethelred to fly into Normandy.

Sweyn dying, his son Canutus succeeds in the kingdom; but Ethelred returning with an army, Canutus is forced to withdraw to Denmark for succour.

Ethelred dies, and his son Edmund Ironside succeeds; but, Canutus returning with fresh forces from Denmark, after several battles, the kingdom is parted between them both. Edmund dying, his sons are sent beyond sea by Canutus, who is now sole King of England.

Hardicanute, the last Danish king, dying without issue, Edward, son of Ethelred, is chosen king. For his great holiness, he was surnamed the Confessor, and sainted after his death. He was the first of our princes that attempted to cure the king's evil by

touching. He first introduced what is now called the Common Law. In his time began the mode and humour among the English gentry, of using the French tongue and fashions, in compliance with the king, who had been bred up in Normandy.

The Danish government in England lasted but twenty-six years, under the three kings.

Edward the Confessor married the daughter of Earl Godwin, an English nobleman of great power, but of Danish extraction; but, wanting issue, he appointed Edgar Atheling, grandson to his brother, to succeed him, and Harold, son of Earl Godwin, to be governor of the young prince. But, upon Edward's death, Harold neglected Edgar Atheling, and usurped the crown for himself.

Edward, while he was in Normandy, met so good reception, that it was said he made a promise to that duke, that, in case he recovered his kingdom, and died without issue, he would leave it to him. Edward dying, William, Duke of Normandy, sends to Harold to claim the crown; but Harold, now in possession, resolves to keep it. Upon which Duke William, having prepared a mighty fleet and army, invades England, lands at Hastings, and sets fire to his fleet, to cut off all hope from his men of returning. To Harold he sent his messenger, demanding the kingdom and his subjection: but Harold returned him this answer, "That unless he departed his land, he would make him sensible of his just displeasure." So Harold advanced his forces into Sussex, within seven miles of his enemy. The Norman duke, to save the effusion of blood, sent these offers to Harold: "either wholly to resign the kingdom to him, or to try the quarrel with him in single combat." To this Harold did not agree.

Then the battle joined. The Normans had gotten the worst, if it had not been for a stratagem they in-

vented, which got them the day. In this engagement Harold was killed, and William, Duke of Normandy, became King of England, under the name of William the Conqueror. A.D. 1066.

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THE

REIGN OF WILLIAM THE SECOND,

SURNAMED RUFUS.

At the time of the Conqueror's death, his eldest son Robert, upon some discontent with his father, being absent in France, William, the second son, made use of this juncture, and without attending his father's funeral, hastened to England; where, pursuant to the will of the deceased prince, the nobility, although more inclined to favour Robert, were prevailed with to admit him king; partly by his promises to abate the rigour of the late reign, and restore the laws and liberties which had been then abolished, but chiefly by the credit and solicitations of Lanfranc; for that prelate had formerly a share in his education, and always a great affection for his person. At Winchester he took possession of his father's treasure: * in obedience to whose command, as well as to ingratiate himself with the people, he distributed it among the churches and religious houses, and applied it to the redeeming of prisoners, and other acts of popularity.

In the meantime Robert returned to Normandy,

* Which was sixty thousand pounds in silver, beside gold, jewels, and plate.—Brompton.

took possession of that duchy, with great applause, and content of his people; and, spited at the indignity done him by his father, and the usurpation of his brother in consequence thereof, prepared a great fleet and army to invade England; nor did there want any occasion to promote his interest, if the slowness, the softness, and credulity of his nature, could have suffered him to make a right improvement of it.

Odo, Bishop of Baieux, of whom frequent mention is made in the preceding reign, a prelate of incurable ambition, either on account of his age or character, being restored to his liberty and possessions in England, grew into envy and discontent, upon seeing Lanfranc preferred before him by the new king in his favour and ministry. He therefore formed a conspiracy with several nobles of Norman birth to depose the king, and sent an invitation to Robert to hasten over. Meantime the conspirators, in order to distract the king's forces, seized on several parts of England at once; Bristol, Norwich, Leicester, Worcester, Shrewsbury, Bath, and Durham, were secured by several noblemen: Odo himself seized Rochester, reduced the coasts of Kent, and sent messages to Robert to make all possible speed.

The king, alarmed at these many and sudden defections, thought it the best course to begin his defence by securing the good will of the people. He redressed many grievances, eased them of certain oppressive taxes and tributes, gave liberty to hunt in his forest, with other marks of indulgence, which, however forced from him by the necessity of the time, he had the skill or fortune so to order as they neither lost their good grace nor effect; for immediately after he raised great forces both by land and sea, marched into Kent, where the chief body of his enemies was in arms, recovered Tun-

bridge and Pevensey, in the latter of which Odo himself was taken prisoner, and forced to accompany the king to Rochester. This city refused to surrender at the king's summons, Odo undertook to prevail with the obstinacy of the inhabitants; but being admitted into the town, was there detained, either by a real or seeming force; however, the king, provoked at their stubbornness and fraud, soon compelled them to yield, retook his prisoner, and forcing him for ever to abjure England, sent him into Normandy.

By these actions, performed with such great celerity and success, the preparations of Duke Robert were wholly disappointed; himself, by the necessity of his affairs, compelled to a treaty with his brother upon the terms of a small pension, and a mutual promise of succeeding to each other's dominions on failure of issue, forced to resign his pretensions, and return with a shattered fleet to Normandy.

About this time died Archbishop Lanfranc; by whose death, the king, loosed from that awe and constraint he was under, soon began to discover those irregularities of his nature, which till then he had suppressed and disguised, falling into those acts of oppression and extortion that have made his name and memory infamous. He kept the see of Canterbury four years vacant, and converted the revenues to his own use, together with those of several other bishoprics and abbeys, and disposed of all church preferments to the highest bidder. Nor were his exactions less upon the laity, from whom he continually extorted exorbitant fines for pretended transgression of certain penal laws, and entertained informers to observe men's actions, and bring him intelligence.

It is here worth observation, that these corrupt

proceedings of the prince have, in the opinion of several learned men, given rise to two customs, which are a long time grown to have the force of laws. For, first, the successors of this king continuing the custom of seizing on the accruing rents in the vacancy of sees and abbeys, it grew in process of time to be exacted as a right, or acknowledgment to the king as founder; whence the revenues of vacant bishoprics belong at this day to the crown. The second custom had an original not unlike. Several persons, to avoid the persecutions of the king's informers, and other instruments of oppression, withdrew themselves and their effects to foreign countries; upon which the king issued a proclamation, forbidding all men to leave the kingdom without his licence; from whence, in the judgment of the same authors, the writ *ne exeat regno* had its beginning.

By these and the like arbitrary methods, having amassed great treasures, and finding all things quiet at home, he raised a powerful army to invade his brother in Normandy; but upon what ground or pretext, the writers of that age are not very exact; whether it were from a principle frequent among unjust princes, That old oppressions are best justified by new; or whether, having a talent for sudden enterprises, and justly apprehending the resentment of Duke Robert, he thought it the wiser course to prevent injuries, than to revenge them. In this expedition he took several cities and castles from his brother, and would have proceeded farther, if Robert had not desired and obtained the assistance of Philip, King of France, who came with an army to his relief. King William, not thinking it safe or prudent to proceed farther against his enemy, supported by so great an ally, yet loth to lose the fruits of his time and valour, fell upon a known and old

expedient, which no prince ever practised oftener, or with greater success, and that was, to buy off the French king with a sum of money. This had its effect; for that prince, not able to oppose such powerful arms, immediately withdrew himself and his forces, leaving the two brothers to concert the measures of a peace.

This was treated and agreed with great advantages on the side of King William; for he kept all the towns he had taken, obliged his brother to banish Edgar Atheling out of Normandy, and for a farther security brought over with him to England the duke himself to attend him in his expedition against Malcolm King of Scotland, who, during his absence, had invaded the borders. The king, having raised great forces both by sea and land, went in person to repel the inroads of the Scots; but the enterprise was without success; for the greatest part of his fleet was destroyed by a tempest, and his army very much diminished by sickness and famine, which forced him to a peace of little honour; by which, upon the condition of homage from that prince, the King of England agreed to deliver him up those twelve towns (or manors) in England, which Malcolm had held under William the Conqueror; together with a pension of twelve thousand marks.

At this time were sown the seeds of another quarrel between him and Duke Robert, who soliciting the king to perform some covenants of the last peace, and meeting with a repulse, withdrew in great discontent to Normandy.

King William, in his return from Scotland, fell dangerously sick at Gloucester, where, moved by the seasonable exhortations of his clergy, or rather by the fears of dying, he began to discover great marks of repentance, with many promises of amendment and retribution, particularly for his injuries to

the church. To give credit to which good resolutions, he immediately filled several vacant sees, giving that of Canterbury to Anselm, a foreigner of great fame for piety and learning. But as it is the disposition of men who derive their vices from their complexions, that their passions usually beat strong and weak with their pulses, so it fared with this prince; who, upon recovery of his health, soon forgot the vows he had made in his sickness, relapsing with greater violence into the same irregularities of injustice and oppression, whereof Anselm, the new archbishop, felt the first effects. This prelate, soon after his promotion, offered the king a sum of money by way of present; but took care it should be so small, that none might interpret it to be a consideration of his late preferment. The king rejected it with scorn; and as he used but little ceremony in such matters, insisted in plain terms for more. Anselm would not comply; and the king enraged, sought all occasions to make him uneasy; until at length the poor archbishop, tired out with perpetual usurpations, (or at least what was then understood to be such,) upon his jurisdiction, privileges, and possessions, desired the king's licence for a journey to Rome, and upon a refusal, went without it. As soon as he was withdrawn, the king seized on all his revenues, converting them to his own use, and the archbishop continued an exile until the succeeding reign.

The particulars of this quarrel between the king and archbishop are not, in my opinion, considerable enough to deserve a place in this brief collection, being of little use to posterity, and of less entertainment; neither should I have mentioned it at all, but for the occasion it gives me of making a general observation, which may afford some light into the nature and disposition of those ages. Not only this

king's father and himself, but the princes for several successions, of the fairest character, have been severely taxed for violating the rights of the clergy, and perhaps not altogether without reason. It is true, this character has made the lighter impression, as proceeding altogether from the party injured, the contemporary writers being generally churchmen: and it must be confessed that the usurpations of the church and court of Rome, were in those ages risen to such heights, as to be altogether inconsistent either with the legislature or administration of any independent state; the inferior clergy, both secular and regular, insisting upon such immunities as wholly exempted them from the civil power; and the bishops removing all controversies with the crown by appeal to Rome; for they reduced the matter to this short issue, That God was to be obeyed rather than men; and consequently the Bishop of Rome, who is Christ's representative, rather than an earthly prince. Neither does it seem improbable, that all Christendom would have been in utter vassalage, both temporal and spiritual, to the Roman see, if the Reformation had not put a stop to those exorbitancies, and in a good measure opened the eyes of those princes and states, who still adhere to the doctrines and discipline of that church.

While the king continued at Gloucester, Malcolm, King of Scotland, came to his court, with intentions to settle and confirm the late peace between them. It happened that a controversy arose about some circumstances relating to the homage which Malcolm was to pay; in the managing whereof King William discovered so much haughtiness and disdain, both in words and gestures, that the Scottish prince, provoked by such unworthy treatment, returned home with indignation; but soon came back at the head of a powerful army, and, entering Northumber-

land with fire and sword, laid all waste before him. But as all enterprises have in the progress of them a tincture of those passions by which they were spirited at first, so this invasion, begun upon private revenge, which is a blind ungovernable passion, was carried on with equal precipitation, and proved to be ruinous in the event; for Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, to prevent the destruction of his own country where he had great possessions, gathering what forces he could suddenly raise, and without waiting any directions from the king, marched against the Scots, who were then set down before Alnwick Castle: there, by an ambush, Malcolm and his eldest son Edward were slain, and the army, discouraged by the loss of their princes, entirely defeated. This disaster was followed in a few days by the death of Queen Margaret, who, not able to survive her misfortunes, died for grief. Neither did the miseries of that kingdom end, till, after two usurpations, the surviving son of Malcolm, who had fled to England for refuge, was restored to his crown by the assistance of King William.

About this time the hidden sparks of animosity between the two brothers, buried, but not extinguished, in the last peace, began to flame out into new dissensions: Duke Robert had often sent his complaints to the king for breach of articles, but without redress; which provoked him to expostulate in a rougher manner, till at length he charged the king in plain terms with injustice and perjury; but no men are found to endure reproaches with less temper than those who most deserve them: the king, at the same time filled with indignation, and stung with guilt, invaded Normandy a second time, resolving to reduce his brother to such terms as might stop all farther complaints. He had already taken several strong holds, by force either of arms or of

money, and intending entirely to subdue the duchy, gave orders to have twenty thousand men immediately raised in England, and sent over to him. The duke, to defend himself against these formidable preparations, had recourse again to his old ally the King of France, who very readily advanced with an army to his assistance, as an action wherein he could every way find his own account; for, besides the appearance of glory and justice by protecting the injured, he fought indeed his own battle, by preserving his neighbouring state in the hands of a peaceful prince, from so powerful and restless an enemy as the King of England; and was largely paid for his trouble into the bargain: for King William, either loth to engage in a long and dangerous war, or hastened back by intelligence of some troubles from Wales, sent officers to his army, just ready to embark for Normandy, that upon payment of ten shillings a-man they might have leave to return to their own homes. This bargain was generally accepted: the money was paid to the King of France, who immediately withdrew his troops; and King William, now master of the conditions, forced his brother to a peace upon much harder terms than before.

In this passage there are some circumstances which may appear odd and unaccountable to those who will not give due allowances for the difference of times and manners; that an absent prince, engaged in an unjust war with his own brother, and ill-beloved at home, should have so much power and credit, as by his commission to raise twenty thousand men on a sudden, only as a recruit to the army he had already with him; that he should have a fleet prepared ready, and large enough to transport so great a number; that upon the very point of embarking he should send them so disgraceful an offer; and that so great a number of common soldiers should

be able and willing to pay such a sum of money, equal to at least twelve times as much in our times, and after being thus deluded and spoiled at once, they should peaceably disband and retire to their several homes. But all this will be less difficult to comprehend, when we reflect on the method of raising and supporting armies, very different from ours, which was then in use, and so continued for many ages after. All men who had lands *in capite* were bound to attend the king in his wars, with a proportioned number of soldiers, who were their tenants on easy rents in consideration of military service. This was but the work of a few days, and the troops consisted of such men as were able to maintain their own charges either at home or abroad; neither was there any reason to apprehend that soldiers would ever become instruments for introducing slavery, who held so great a share in the property.

The king, upon his return from Normandy, made an unsuccessful expedition against the Welsh, who upon the advantages of his absence had, according to their usual custom, made cruel inroads upon the adjoining counties of Chester, Shrewsbury, and Hereford. Upon the king's approach they fled into their fastnesses among the mountains, where he pursued them for some time with great rage and vexation, as well as the loss of great numbers of his men, to no purpose. From hence he was recalled by a more formidable enemy nearer home: for Robert, Earl of Northumberland, overrating his late services against the Scots, as much perhaps and as unjustly as they were undervalued by the king, refused to come to his court, which, in those days, was looked on as the first usual mark of discontent in a nobleman; and was often charged by princes as a formal accusation. The earl having disobeyed the king's summons, and concerted matters with other

accomplices, broke out into open rebellion, with intentions to depose King William, and set up Stephen, Earl of Albemarle, son of a sister to William the Conqueror: but all was prevented by the celerity of this active prince; who, knowing that insurrections are best quelled in their beginnings, marched with incredible speed, and surprised the rebels at Newcastle, took the castles of Tinmouth and Bamburgh; where the obstinacy of the defendants provoked him, contrary to his nature, to commit cruelties upon their persons, by cutting off their hands and ears, and other the like inhumanities. The earl himself was taken prisoner as he endeavoured to make his escape; but suffered no other punishment than to be confined for the rest of his life.*

About this time began the Holy War for the recovering of Palestine; which having not been the enterprise of any one prince or state, but that wherein most in Christendom had a share, it cannot with justice be silently passed over in the history of any nation.

Pope Urban the Second, in a council at Clermont, made a pathetic exhortation, shewing with what danger and indignity to Christendom, the Turks and Saracens had, for some ages, not only overrun all Asia and Africa, where Christianity had long flourished; but had also made encroachments into Europe, where they had entirely subdued Spain, and some other parts; that Jerusalem, the holy city, where our Saviour did so many miracles, and where his sepulchre still remained, to the scandal of the Christian name, lay groaning under the tyranny of infidels; that the swords which Christian princes had drawn against each other, ought to be turned against the common enemy of their name and religion; that

* Which was thirty years.—D. S.

this should be reckoned an ample satisfaction for all their past sins; that those who died in this expedition should immediately go to heaven, and the survivors would be blessed with the sight of our Lord's sepulchre.

Moved by these arguments, and the influence of the person who delivered them, several nobles and prelates immediately took upon them the cross; and the council dissolving in this high fit of zeal, the clergy, upon their return home, prevailed so far in their several countries, that in most parts of Europe some great prince or lord became a votary for the Holy Land; as Hugh the Great, brother to the King of France; Godfrey, Duke of Lorrain; Reimond, Count of Toulouse; Robert, Duke of Normandy, and many others. Neither ought it to be forgotten, that most of these noble and generous princes wanting money to maintain the forces they had raised, pawned their dominions to those very prelates who had first engaged them in this enterprise: doubtless a notable mark of the force of oratory in the churchmen of those ages, who were able to inspire that devotion into others, whereof they seemed so little sensible themselves.

But a great share in the honour of promoting this religious war, is attributed to the zeal and industry of a certain French priest, commonly called Peter the Hermit; who being at Jerusalem upon pilgrimage some time before, and entering often into private treaty with the patriarch of that city, came back fully instructed in all the measures necessary for such a war: to these was joined the artifice of certain dreams and visions that might pass for divine admonition; all which, added to the piety of his exhortations, gave him such credit with the pope, and several princes of Christendom, that he became in his own person the leader of a great army against

the infidels, and was very instrumental for engaging many others in the same design.

What a spirit was thus raised in Christendom among all sorts of men, cannot better be conceived than from the vast numbers of these warlike pilgrims; who, at the siege of Nice, are said to have consisted of 600,000 foot, and 100,000 horse; and the success at first was answerable to the greatness of their numbers, the valour of their leaders, and the universal opinion of such a cause; for, besides several famous victories in the field, not to mention the towns of less importance, they took Nice, Antioch, and at last Jerusalem, where Duke Godfrey was chosen king without competition. But zeal, with a mixture of enthusiasm, as I take this to have been, is a composition only fit for sudden enterprises, like a great ferment in the blood, giving double courage and strength for the time, until it sink and settle by nature into its old channel; for, in a few years, the piety of these adventurers began to slacken, and give way to faction and envy, the natural corruptions of all confederacies: however, to this spirit of devotion there succeeded a spirit of honour, which long continued the vein and humour of the times; and the Holy Land became either a school, wherein young princes went to learn the art of war, or a scene wherein they affected to show their valour, and gain reputation when they were weary of peace at home.

The Christians held possession of Jerusalem above eighty years, and continued their expeditions to the Holy Land almost as many more, with various events; and after they were entirely driven out of Asia, the popes have almost in every age endeavoured in vain to promote new croisadoes; neither does this spirit seem extinct among us even to this day; the usual projects of sanguine men for

uniting Christendom against the Turk, being without doubt a traditional way of talk derived to us from the same fountain.

Robert, in order to furnish himself out for this war, pawned his duchy to the king for 10,000 marks of gold;* which sum was levied with so many circumstances of rigour and exaction, towards the church and laity, as very much increased the discontents of both against the prince.

1099. I shall record one act of this king's which, being chiefly personal, may pass rather for a part of his character, than a point of history.

As he was hunting one day in the New Forest, a messenger, express from Normandy, brought him intelligence that Helie, Count de la Fleche, had laid siege to Mans, and expected to carry the town in a few days. The king leaving his chase, commanded some about him to point whereabout Mans lay; and so rode straight on without reflection, until he came to the coast. His attendants advised him to wait until he had made preparations of men and money; to which he only returned: "They that love will follow me." He entered the ship in a violent storm; which the mariners beholding with astonishment, at length in great humility gave him warning of the danger; but the king commanded them instantly to put off to sea, and not be afraid; for he had never in his life heard of any king that was drowned. In a few days he drove the enemy from before the city, and took the count himself prisoner; who, raging at his defeat and captivity, exclaimed,† "That this blow was from Fortune;

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* Equal to £1,400,400 as money passes now.—D. S.

† There is so much pleasantry and humour, as well as spirit and heroism in this story, as we have it recorded by William de Malmesbury, who represents the menace as thrown out in the

but Valour could make reprisals, as he should show, if ever he regained his liberty." This being told the king, he sent for the count, let him understand that he had heard of his menaces; then gave him a fine horse, bid him begone immediately, and defied him to do his worst.

It would have been an injury to this prince's memory, to let pass an action, by which he acquired more honour than from any other in his life, and by which it appeared that he was not without some seeds of magnanimity, had they been better cultivated, or not overrun by the number or prevalency of his vices.

I have met with nothing else in this king's reign that deserved to be remembered; for, as to an unsuccessful expedition or two against Wales, either by himself or his generals, they were very inconsiderable both in action and event, nor attended with any circumstances that might render a relation of them of any use to posterity, either for instruction or example.

His death was violent and unexpected, the effect of casualty; although this perhaps is the only misfortune of life to which the person of a prince is generally less subject than that of other men. Being at his beloved exercise of hunting, in the New Forest in Hampshire, a large stag crossed the

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king's presence, that I shall make no apology for setting down his words at length. "Author turbarum Helias capitur; cui ad se adducto rex ludibundus, 'Habeo te, magister,' inquit. At ille, cujus alta nobilitas nesciret etiam in tanto periculo sapere, 'Fortuito,' inquit, 'me cepisti; si possum evadere, novi quid facerem.' Tunc Willielmus, præ furore fere extra se positus, et obtuens Heliam, 'Tu,' inquit, 'nebulo, tu quid faceres! Discede; abi; fuge. Concedo tibi ut facias quicquid poteris; et per vultum de Luca, nihil, si me viceris, nihil pro hac venia tecum paciscar,'" *i.e.*, By the face of St. Luke, if thou should'st have the fortune to conquer me, I scorn to compound with thee for my release.—D. S.

way before him; the king, hot on his game, cried out in haste to Walter Tyrrel, a knight of his attendants, to shoot; Tyrrel immediately let fly his arrow, which glancing against a tree, struck the king through the heart, who fell dead to the ground without speaking a word. Upon the surprise of this accident, all his attendants, and Tyrrel among the rest, fled different ways; until the fright being a little over, some of them returned, and causing the body to be laid in a collier's cart, for want of other conveniency, conveyed it, in a very unbecoming, contemptuous manner, to Winchester, where it was buried the next day without solemnity; and which is worse, without grief.

I shall conclude the history of this prince's reign, with a description and character of his body and mind, impartially, from the collections I have made; which method I shall observe likewise in all the succeeding reigns.

He was in stature somewhat below the usual size, and big-bellied; but he was well and strongly knit. His hair was yellow or sandy; his face red, which got him the name of Rufus; his forehead flat; his eyes were spotted, and appeared of different colours; he was apt to stutter in speaking, especially when he was angry; he was vigorous and active, and very hardy to endure fatigues, which he owed to a good constitution of health, and the frequent exercise of hunting; in his dress he affected gaiety and expense, which having been first introduced by this prince into his court and kingdom, grew, in succeeding reigns, an intolerable grievance. He also first brought in among us the luxury and profusion of great tables. There was in him, as in all other men, a mixture of virtues and vices, and that in a pretty equal degree; only the misfortune was, that the latter, although not more numerous, were yet much more prevalent than the former. For, being

entirely a man of pleasure, this made him sacrifice all his good qualities, and gave him too many occasions of producing his ill ones. He had one very singular virtue for a prince, which was that of being true to his word and promise: he was of undoubted personal valour, whereof the writers in those ages produce several instances: nor did he want skill and conduct in the process of war. But his peculiar excellency was that of great dispatch; which, however usually decried, and allowed to be only a happy temerity, does often answer all the ends of secrecy and counsel in a great commander, by surprising and daunting an enemy when he least expects it; as may appear by the greatest actions and events upon the records of every nation.

He was a man of sound natural sense, as well as of wit and humour, upon occasion. There were several tenets in the Romish church he could not digest; particularly that of the saints' intercession; and living in an age overrun with superstition, he went so far into the other extreme, as to be censured for an atheist. The day before his death, a monk relating a terrible dream, which seemed to forebode him some misfortune, the king being told the matter, turned it into a jest: said, the man was a monk, and dreamt like a monk, for lucre sake; and therefore commanded Fitzhamon to give him a hundred shillings, that he might not complain he had dreamt to no purpose.

His vices appear to have been rather derived from the temper of his body, than any original depravity of his mind; for, being of a sanguine complexion, wholly bent upon his pleasures, and prodigal in his nature, he became engaged in great expenses. To supply these, the people were perpetually oppressed with illegal taxes and exactions; but that sort of avarice which arises from prodigality

and vice, as it is always needy, so it is much more ravenous and violent than the other; which put the king and his evil instruments (among whom Ralph, Bishop of Durham, is of special infamy) upon those pernicious methods of gratifying his extravagancies by all manner of oppression; whereof some are already mentioned, and others are too foul to relate.

He is generally taxed by writers for discovering a contempt of religion in his common discourse and behaviour; which I take to have risen from the same fountain, being a point of art, and a known expedient for men who cannot quit their immoralities, at least to banish all reflection that may disturb them in the enjoyment, which must be done either by not thinking of religion at all, or, if it will obtrude, by putting it out of countenance.

Yet there is one instance that might shew him to have some sense of religion as well as justice. When two monks were outvying each other in canting* the price of an abbey, he observed a third at some distance, who said never a word; the king demanded why he would not offer? the monk said, he was poor, and besides, would give nothing if he were ever so rich; the king replied, Then you are the fittest person to have it, and immediately gave it him. But this is, perhaps, with reason enough assigned more to caprice than conscience; for he was under the power of every humour and passion that possessed him for the present; which made him obstinate in his resolves, and unsteady in the prosecution.

He had one vice or folly that seemed rooted in his mind, and, of all others, most unbefitting a prince:

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* An Irish phrase for selling or buying by auction. It is somewhat remarkable that so severe a critic should have used such a word in historical composition.

this was a proud, disdainful manner, both in his words and gesture: and having already lost the love of his subjects by his avarice and oppression, this finished the work, by bringing him into contempt and hatred among his servants, so that few among the worst of princes have had the luck to be so ill beloved, or so little lamented.

He never married, having an invincible abhorrence for the state, although not for the sex.

He died in the thirteenth year of his reign, the forty-third of his age, and of Christ 1100, August 2.

His works of piety were few, but in buildings he was very expensive, exceeding any King of England before or since; among which Westminster-Hall, Windsor Castle, the Tower of London, and the whole city of Carlisle, remain lasting monuments of his magnificence.

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THE REIGN OF HENRY THE FIRST.

This prince was the younger son of William the Conqueror, and bred to more learning than was usual in that age, or to his rank, which got him the surname of Beauclerk; the reputation whereof, together with his being born in England, and born son of a king, although of little weight in themselves, did very much strengthen his pretensions with the people. Besides, he had the same advantage of his brother Robert's absence, which had proved before so successful to Rufus; whose treasures he likewise seized on immediately at his death, after the same manner, and for the same end, as Rufus did those of his father the Conqueror. Robert had been now five years absent in the Holy War, where he acquitted

himself with great glory; and although he was now in Apulia, upon his return homeward, yet the nobles pretending not to know what was become of him, and others giving out that he had been elected King of Jerusalem, Henry laid hold of the occasion, and calling together an assembly of the clergy, nobles, and people of the realm, at London, upon his promises to restore King Edward's laws, and redress the grievances which had been introduced by his father and brother, they consented to elect him king. Immediately after his coronation, he proceeded upon reforming the abuses of the late reign: he banished dissolute persons from the court, who had long infested it under the protection and example of Rufus: he restored the people to the use of lights in the night, which the Conqueror had forbidden, after a certain hour, by the ringing of a bell. Then he published his charter, and ordered a copy thereof to be taken for every county in England. This charter was, in substance—the freedom of mother-church from former oppressions; leave to the heirs of nobles to succeed in the possession of their lands, without being obliged to redeem them, only paying to the king a moderate relief; abolition of fines for licence of marriage to their heiresses; a promise of not refusing such licence, unless the match proposed be with the king's enemy,* &c., the next of kin to be guardians of the lands of orphans; punishments for coiners of false money; a confirmation of St. Edward's laws; and a general amnesty.

About the same time he performed two acts of justice, which, by gratifying the revenge and the love of the people, gained very much upon their affections to his person: the first was to imprison Ralph, Bishop of Durham; who, having been raised

* *i.e.*, With a traitor or malcontent.—D. S.

by the late king from a mean and sordid birth, to be his prime confidant and minister, became the chief instrument, as well as contriver, of all his oppressions: the second was, in recalling and restoring Archbishop Anselm; who having been forced by the continual persecutions of the same prince, to leave England, had lived ever since in banishment, and deprived of all his revenues.

The king had not been many months on his throne, when the news came that Duke Robert, returned from the Holy Land, was received by his subjects with great marks of joy and honour, and in universal reputation for his valour and success against the infidels; soon after which Ralph, Bishop of Durham, either by the negligence or corruption of his keepers, escaped out of prison, and fled over to the duke; whom he stirred up to renew and solicit his pretensions to the crown of England, by writing to several nobles, who, either through old friendship, or new discontent, or an opinion of his title, gave him promises of their assistance, as soon as he should land in England: but the duke having returned exceeding poor from the Holy Land, was not yet in a condition for such an undertaking, and therefore thought fit to defer it to a more seasonable opportunity.

As the king had hitherto, with great industry, sought all occasions to gratify his people, so he continued to do in the choice of a wife. This was Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, the late King of Scots; a lady of great piety and virtue; who, by the power of persuasion of her friends, was prevailed with to leave her cloister for a crown, after she had, as some writers report, already taken the veil. Her mother was sister to Edgar Atheling, the last heir-male of the Saxon race; of whom frequent mention has been made in the two preceding

reigns: and thus the Saxon line, to the great contentment of the English nation, was again restored.

Duke Robert, having now with much difficulty and oppression of his subjects, raised great forces, and gotten ready a fleet to convey them, resolved once more to assert his title to the crown of England: to which end he had for some time held a secret correspondence with several nobles, and lately received fresh invitations. The king, on the other side, who had received timely intelligence of his brother's preparations, gave orders to his admirals to watch the sea-ports, and endeavour to hinder the enemy's landing; but the commanders of several ships, whether Robert had won them by his bribes or his promises, instead of offering resistance, became his guides, and brought his fleet safe into Portsmouth, where he landed his men; and from thence marched to Winchester, his army hourly increasing by great numbers of people, who had either an affection for his person, an opinion of his title, or hatred to the king. In the meantime Henry advanced with his forces, to be near the duke, and observe his motions; but, like a wise general, forbore offering battle to an invader, until he might do it with manifest advantage. Besides, he knew very well that his brother was a person whose policy was much inferior to his valour, and therefore to be sooner overcome in a treaty than a fight: to this end, the nobles on both sides began to have frequent interviews; to make overtures; and at last concert the terms of a peace; but wholly to the advantage of the king, Robert renouncing his pretensions, in consideration of a small pension, and of succeeding to the crown on default of male issue in his brother.

The defection of nobles, and other people, to the duke was so great, that men generally thought, if it

had come to a battle, the king would have lost both the victory and his crown. But Robert, upon his return to Normandy after this dishonourable peace, grew out of all reputation with the world, as well as into perfect hatred and contempt among his own subjects, which, in a short time, was the cause of his ruin.

The king, having thus by his prudence got rid of a dangerous and troublesome rival, and soon after, by his valour, quelled the insurrections of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Mortain, whom he forced to fly into Normandy, found himself in full peace at home and abroad, and therefore thought he might venture a contention with the church about the right of investing bishops; upon which subject many other princes at that time had controversy with their clergy; but, after long struggling in vain, were all forced to yield at last to the decree of a synod in Rome, and to the pertinacy of the bishops in the several countries. The form of investing a bishop was, by delivery of a ring and a pastoral staff; which, at Rome, was declared unlawful to be performed by any lay hand whatsoever; but the princes of Christendom pleaded immemorial custom to authorize them; and King Henry, having given the investiture to certain bishops, commanded Anselm to consecrate them. This the archbishop refused with great firmness, pursuant to what he understood to be his duty, and to several immediate commands of the pope. Both sides adhering to their own sentiments, the matter was carried to Rome, where Anselm went in person, by the king's desire; who, at the same time, sent ambassadors thither to assert and defend his cause; but the pope still insisting, Anselm was forbidden to return to England. The king seized on all his revenues, and would not restore him, until, upon other concessions of the pope, Henry was content to yield up his pretensions

to the investiture; but, however, kept the right of electing still in his own hands.

Whatever might have been the method of electing bishops in the more primitive ages, it seems plain to me that, in these times, and somewhat before, although the election was made *per clerum et populum*, yet the king always nominated at first, or approved afterward, and generally both, as may be seen by the style in which their elections ran, as well as by the persons chosen, who were usually churchmen of the court, or in some employment near the king. But whether this were a gradual encroachment of the regal upon the spiritual power, I would rather leave others to dispute.

1104. About this time Duke Robert came to England, upon a visit to the king, where he was received with much kindness and hospitality; but, at the same time, the queen had private directions to manage his easy temper, and work him to a consent of remitting his pension: this was compassed without much difficulty; but, upon the duke's return to Normandy, he was severely reproved for his weakness by Ralph, Bishop of Durham, and the two Earls of Mortain and Shrewsbury. These three, having fled from England for rebellion, and other treasons, lived exiles in Normandy; and bearing an inveterate hatred to the king, resolved to stir up the duke to a resentment of the injury and fraud of his brother. Robert, who was various in his nature, and always under the power of the present persuader, easily yielded to their incitements; reproached the king in bitter terms, by letters and messages, that he had cozened and circumvented him; demanding satisfaction, and withal threatening revenge. At the same time, by the advice of the three nobles already mentioned, he began to arm himself as formidably as he could, with the design

to seize upon the king's possessions in Normandy: but, as this resolution was rashly taken up, so it was as faintly pursued, and ended in his destruction: neither has any prince reason to expect better fortune, that engages in a war against a powerful neighbour upon the counsel or instigation of exiles, who, having no farther view than to serve their private interest, or gratify their revenge, are sure to succeed in one or t'other, if they can embark princes in their quarrel, whom they fail not to incite, by the falsest representations of their own strength and the weakness of their enemy: for, as the king was now settled in his throne too firmly to be shaken, so Robert had wholly lost all credit and friendship in England; was sunk in reputation at home; and, by his unlimited profuseness, reduced so low, that, having pawned most of his dominions, he had offered Rouen, his capital city, in sale to the inhabitants.
All this was very well known to the king, 1105.
who, resolving to make his advantage thereof, pretended to be highly provoked at the disgraceful speeches and menaces of his brother, which he made the formal occasion of a quarrel: therefore, he first sent over some forces to ravage his country; and, understanding that the duke was coldly supported by his own subjects, many of whom came over to the king's army, he soon followed in person with more, took several towns, and placing garrisons therein, came back to England, designing, with the first pretext or opportunity, to return with a more potent army, and wholly subdue the duchy to his obedience.

Robert, now grown sensible of his weakness, became wholly dispirited; and following his brother into England, in a most dejected manner begged for a peace; but the king, now fully determined upon his ruin, turned away in disdain, muttering at the

same time some threatening words. This indignity roused up once more the sinking courage of the duke; who, with bitter words, detesting the pride and insolence of Henry, withdrew in a rage, and hasting back to Normandy, made what preparations he could for his own defence. The king, observing his nobles very ready to engage with him in this expedition, and being assured that those in Normandy would, upon his approach, revolt from the duke, soon followed with a mighty army, and the flower of his kingdom. Upon his arrival, he was attended, according to his expectation, by several Norman lords; and, with this formidable force, sat down before Tinchebray: the duke, accompanied by the two exiled earls, advanced with what strength he had, in hopes to draw the enemy from the siege of so important a place, although at the hazard of a battle. Both armies being drawn out in battalia, that of the king's, trusting to their numbers, began
1106. to charge with great fury, but without any order. The duke, with forces far inferior, received the enemy with much firmness; and, finding they had spent their first heat, advanced very regularly against their main body, before they could recover themselves from the confusion they were in. He attacked them with so much courage, that he broke their whole body, and they began to fly on every side. The king, believing all was lost, did what he could, by threats and gentle words, to stop the flight of his men, but found it impossible: then he commanded two bodies of horse, which were placed on either wing, to join, and, wheeling about, to attack the enemy in rear. The duke, who thought himself so near a victory, was forced to stop his pursuit, and, ordering his men to face about, began the fight anew; meantime, the scattered parts of the main body, which had so lately fled, began to rally,

and pour in upon the Normans behind, by which Duke Robert's army was almost encompassed; yet they kept their ground a while, and made several charges, until at length, perfectly overborne by numbers, they were utterly defeated. There Duke Robert, doing all the parts of a great captain, was taken prisoner, together with the Earl of Mortain, and almost his whole army; for being hemmed in on all sides, few of them could make their escape. Thus, in the space of forty years, Normandy subdued England, and England Normandy; 1107. which are events, perhaps, hardly to be paralleled in any other ages or parts of the world.

The king, having staid a while to settle the state of Normandy, returned with his brother into England, whom he sent prisoner to Cardiff Castle, with orders that he should be favourably used, which, for some time, were duly observed; until, being accused of attempting to make his escape, (whether it were real or feigned,) he had his eyes put out with a burning basin, by the king's express commands; in which miserable condition he lived for six-and-twenty years.

It is believed the king would hardly have engaged in this unnatural and invidious war, with so little pretence or provocation, if the pope had not openly approved and sanctified his cause, exhorting him to it as a meritorious action; which seems to have been but an ill return from the Vicar of CHRIST, to a prince who had performed so many brave exploits for the service of the church, to the hazard of his person, and ruin of his fortune. But the very bigotted monks, who have left us their accounts of those times, do generally agree in heavily taxing the Roman court for bribery and corruption. And the king had promised to remit his right of investing bishops, which he performed immediately after his

reduction of Normandy, and was a matter of much more service to the pope than all the achievements of Duke Robert in the Holy Land; whose merits, as well as pretensions, were now antiquated and out of date.

1109. About this time the Emperor Henry V. sent to desire Maude, the king's daughter, in marriage, who was then a child about eight years old. That prince had lately been embroiled in a quarrel with the see of Rome, which began upon the same subject of investing bishops, but was carried to great extremities: for, invading Italy with a mighty army, he took the pope prisoner, forced him to yield to whatever terms he thought fit to impose, and to take an oath of fidelity to him between his hands: however, as soon as Henry had withdrawn his forces, the pope, assembling a council, revoked all his concessions, as extorted by compulsion, and raised great troubles in Germany against the emperor, who, in order to secure himself, sought this alliance with the king.

About this time likewise died Archbishop Anselm, a prelate of great piety and learning, whose zeal for the see of Rome, as well as for his own rights and privileges, should in justice be imputed to the errors of the time, and not of the man. After his death, the king following the steps of his brother, held the see vacant five years, contenting himself with an excuse, which looked like a jest, That he only waited until he could find another so good a man as Anselm.

In the fourteenth year of this king's reign, the Welsh, after their usual manner, invaded the Marches with great fury and destruction; but the king, hoping to put a final end to those perpetual troubles and vexations given to his kingdom by that unquiet people, went in person against them with a

powerful army; and, to prevent their usual stratagem of retreating to their woods and mountains, and other fastnesses, he ordered the woods to be cut down, beset all their places of security, and, hunting them like wild beasts, made so terrible a slaughter, that at length, observing them to fling down their arms and beg for quarter, he commanded his soldiers to forbear; then receiving their submissions, and placing garrisons where he thought necessary, he returned, in great triumph and satisfaction, to London.

1114. The Princess Maude being now marriageable, was delivered to the emperor's ambassador; and, for a portion to the young lady, a tax was imposed of three shillings upon every hide of land in England, which grew afterward into a custom, and was in succeeding times confirmed by acts of parliament, under the name of "Reasonable Aid for marrying the king's daughter," although levied after a different manner.

As the institution of parliaments in England is agreed by several writers to be owing to this king, so the date of the first has been assigned by some to the fifteenth year of his reign; which, however, is not to be affirmed with any certainty: for great councils were convoked not only in the two preceding reigns, but for time immemorial by the Saxon princes, who first introduced them into this island, from the same original with the other Gothic forms of government in most parts of Europe. These councils, or assemblies, were composed according to the pleasure of the prince who convened them, generally of nobles and bishops, sometimes were added some considerable commoners; but they seldom met, except in the beginning of a reign, or in times of war, until this king came to the crown; who, being a wise and popular prince,

called these great assemblies upon most important affairs of his reign, and ever followed their advice; which, if it proved successful, the honour and advantage redounded to him, and, if otherwise, he was free from the blame: thus, when he chose a wife for himself, and a husband for his daughter, when he designed his expedition against Robert, and even for the election of an archbishop to the see of Canterbury, he proceeded wholly by the advice of such general assemblies, summoned for the purpose. But the style of these conventions, as delivered by several authors, is very various; sometimes it is *comites, barones, et cleri;** his marriage was agreed on, *consilio majorum natu et magnatum terræ.* One author† calls it *concilium principum, sacerdotum, et reliqui populi.* And, for the election of an archbishop, the Saxon Chronicle says, That he commanded, by letters, all bishops, abbots, and thanes, to meet him at Gloucester, *ad procerum conventum.* Lastly, some affirm these assemblies to have been an imitation of the three estates in Normandy. I am very sensible how much time and pains have been employed by several learned men to search out the original of parliaments in England, wherein I doubt they have little satisfied others or themselves. I know likewise, that to engage in the same inquiry would neither suit my abilities nor my subject. It may be sufficient for my purpose if I be able to give some little light into this matter, for the curiosity of those who are less informed.

The institution of a state or commonwealth out of a mixture of the three forms of government received in the schools, however it be derided as a solecism and absurdity by some late writers on politics, has been very ancient in the world, and is

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* Brompton. † Polydore Virgil.

celebrated by the gravest authors of antiquity. For although the supreme power cannot properly be said to be divided, yet it may be so placed in three several hands, as each to be a check upon the other; or formed into a balance, which is held by him that has the executive power, with the nobility and people in counterpoise in each scale. Thus the kingdom of Media is represented by Xenophon before the reign of Cyrus; so Polybius tells us, the best government is a mixture of the three forms, *regno, optimatium, et populi imperio:* the same was that of Sparta in its primitive institution by Lycurgus, made up of *reges, seniores, et populus;* the like may be asserted of Rome, Carthage, and other states: and the Germans of old fell upon the same model, from whence the Goths their neighbours, with the rest of those northern people, did perhaps borrow it. But an assembly of the three estates is not properly of Gothic institution; for these fierce people, when, upon the decline of the Roman Empire, they first invaded Europe, and settled so many kingdoms in Italy, Spain, and other parts, were all Heathens; and when a body of them had fixed themselves in a tract of land left desolate by the flight or destruction of the natives, their military government, by time and peace, became civil; the general was king, his great officers were his nobles and ministers of state, and the common soldiers the body of the people; but these were freemen, and had smaller portions of land assigned them. The remaining natives were all slaves; the nobles were a standing council; and upon affairs of great importance, the freemen were likewise called by their representatives to give their advice. By which it appears, that the Gothic frame of government consisted at first but of two states or assemblies, under the administration of a single person. But, after the

conversion of these princes and their people to the Christian faith, the church became endowed with great possessions, as well by the bounty of kings, as the arts and industry of the clergy, winning upon the devotion of their new converts: and power, by the common maxim, always accompanying property, the ecclesiastics began soon to grow considerable, to form themselves into a body, and to call assemblies or synods by their own authority, or sometimes by the command of their princes, who, in an ignorant age, had a mighty veneration for their learning as well as piety. By such degrees the church arrived at length, by very justifiable steps, to have her share in the commonwealth, and became a third estate in most kingdoms of Europe; but these assemblies, as we have already observed, were seldom called in England before the reign of this prince, nor even then were always composed after the same manner: neither does it appear from the writers who lived nearest to that age, that the people had any representative at all, beside the barons and other nobles, who did not sit in those assemblies by virtue of their birth or creation, but of the lands or baronies they held. So that the present constitution of the English parliament has, by many degrees and alterations, been modelled to the frame it is now in: which alterations I shall observe in the succeeding reigns, as exactly as I can discover them by a diligent search into the histories of the several ages, without engaging in the controverted points of law about this matter, which would rather perplex the reader than inform him.

1116. But to return: Lewis the Gross, King of France, a valiant and active prince, in the flower of his age, succeeding to that crown that Robert was deprived of, Normandy, grew jealous of the neighbourhood and power of King Henry, and began early to entertain designs either of subduing that

duchy to himself, or at least of making a considerable party against the king, in favour of William, son of Robert, whom for that end he had taken into his protection. Pursuant to these intentions, he soon found an occasion for a quarrel, expostulating with Henry, that he had broken his promise, by not doing homage for the Duchy of Normandy, as well as by neglecting to raze the castle of Gisors, which was built on the French side of the river Epte, the common boundary between both dominions.

But an incident soon offered, which gave King Henry a pretext for retaliating almost in the same manner: for it happened that upon some offence taken against his nephew, Theobald, Count of Blois, by the French king, Lewis in great rage sent an army to invade and ravage the earl's territories. Theobald defended himself for a while with much valour; but at length in danger to be overpowered, requested aid of his uncle the King of England, who supported him so effectually with men and money, that he was able, not only to defend his own country, but very much to infest and annoy his enemy. Thus a war was kindled between the two kings; Lewis now openly asserted the title of William the son of Robert, and entering into an alliance with the Earls of Flanders and Anjou, began to concert measures for driving King Henry out of Normandy.

The king having timely intelligence of his enemy's designs, began with great vigour and dispatch, to prepare for war: he raised, with much difficulty and discontent of his people, the greatest tax that had ever been known in England; and passing over into Normandy with a mighty army, joined his nephew Theobald. The King of France, who had entertained hopes that he should overrun the duchy before his enemy could arrive, advanced with great security towards the frontiers of Normandy; but observing

an enemy of equal number and force already prepared to engage him, he suddenly stopped his march. The two armies faced one another for some hours, neither side offering battle; the rest of the day was spent in light skirmishes begun by the French, and repeated for some days following with various success; but the remainder of the year passed without any considerable action.

1119. At length the violence of the two princes brought it to a battle: for Lewis, to give a reputation to his arms, advanced towards the frontiers of Normandy, and after a short siege took Gue Nicaise;* there the king met him, and the fight began, which continued with great obstinacy on both sides for nine hours. The French army was divided into two bodies, and the English into three: by which means, that part where the king fought in person, being attacked by a superior number, began to give way; and William Crispin, a Norman baron, singling out the King of England (whose subject he had been, but banished for treason,) struck him twice on the head with so much violence that the blood gushed out of his mouth. The king, inflamed with rage and indignation, dealt such furious blows, that he struck down several of his enemies, and Crispin among the rest, who was taken prisoner at his horse's feet. The soldiers, encouraged by the valour of their prince, rallied, and fell on with fresh vigour; and the victory seemed doubtful, when William, the son of King Henry, to whom his father had intrusted the third body of his army, which had not yet engaged, fell on with this fresh reserve upon the enemy, who was already very much harassed with the toil of the day: this quickly decided the matter; for the French,

* At that time reckoned an important fortress on the river Epte.—D. S.

though valiantly fighting, were overcome, with the slaughter of several thousand men; their king quitted the field, and withdrew to Andely; but the King of England recovering Gue Nicaise, returned triumphant to Rouen.

This important victory was followed by the defection of the Earl of Anjou to King Henry, and the Earl of Flanders fell in the battle; by which the King of France was at once deprived of two powerful allies. However, by the intercession of the former, a peace was soon after made between both crowns. William the king's son did homage to Lewis for the Dukedom of Normandy; and the other William, following the fortunes of his father, was left to his pretensions and complaints.

It is here observable, that from this time, until Wales was subdued to the English crown, the eldest sons of England were called Dukes of Normandy, as they are now Princes of Wales.

1120. The king having staid some time in Normandy, for the settlement of his duchy after the calamities and confusions of a war, returned to England, to the very great satisfaction of his people and himself. He had enlarged his dominions by the conquest of Normandy; he had subdued all his competitors, and forced even the King of France, their great protector, after a glorious victory, to his own conditions of a peace; he was upon very good terms with the Pope, who had a great esteem and friendship for his person, and made him larger concessions than was usual from that see, and in those ages. At home he was respected by the clergy, reverenced by the nobles, and beloved by the people; in his family he was blessed with a son of much hopes, just growing to years of manhood, and his daughter was an empress; so that he seemed to possess as great a share of happiness as human life

is capable to admit. But the felicity of man depends upon a conjunction of many circumstances, which are all subject to various accidents, and every single accident is able to dissolve the whole contexture; which truth was never verified more than in this prince; who, by one domestic misfortune not to be prevented or foreseen, found all the pleasure and content he proposed to himself by his prudence, his industry, and his valour, wholly disappointed and destroyed: for William, the young prince, having embarked at Barfleur some time after his father, the mariners being all drunk, suffered the ship to run upon a rock, where it was dashed to pieces: the prince made a shift to get into the boat, and was making to the shore, until forced back by the cries of his sister, whom he received into the boat; so many others crowded in at the same time, that it was immediately overturned. There perished, beside the prince, a natural son and daughter of the king's, his niece, and many other persons of quality, together with all their attendants and servants, to the number of a hundred and forty, beside fifty mariners; but one person escaping.

Although the king survived this cruel misfortune many years, yet he could never recover his former humour, but grew melancholy and morose; however, in order to provide better for the peace and settlement of the kingdom after his death, about five months after the loss of his son, his former queen having died three years before, he married Adelais, a beautiful young lady of the family of Lorrain,* in hopes of issue by her; but never had any.

The death of the prince gave occasion to some new troubles in Normandy; for the Earls of Meulant

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* She was daughter of Godfrey Duke of Louvain, or the Lower Lorrain.

and Evreux, Hugh de Montfort, and other associates, began to raise insurrections there, which were thought to be privately fomented by the French king, out of enmity to King Henry, and in favour of William the son of Robert, to whom the Earl of Anjou had lately given his daughter in marriage. But William of Tankerville, the king's lieutenant in Normandy, surprising the enemy's forces by an ambush, entirely routed them, took both the earls prisoners, and sent one of them (Meulant) to his master; but the Count d'Evreux made his escape. 1124.

1126. King Henry having now lost hope of issue by his new queen, brought with him, on his return to England, his daughter Maude; who, by the emperor's death, had been lately left a widow and childless; and in a parliament or general assembly which he had summoned at Windsor, he caused the crown to be settled on her and her issue, and made all his nobles take a solemn oath to defend her title. This was performed by none with so much forwardness as Stephen, Earl of Boulogne, who was observed to shew a more than ordinary zeal in the matter. This young lord was the king's nephew, being second son of the Earl of Blois by Adela, the Conqueror's daughter: he was in high favour with the king his uncle, who had married him to the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Boulogne, given him great possessions in England, and made him indeed too powerful for a subject.

The king having thus fixed the succession of the crown in his daughter by an act of settlement and an oath of fealty, looked about to provide her with a second husband, and at length determined his choice in Geoffry Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, the son of Fulk, lately deceased.

This prince, whose dominions confined on France and Normandy, was usually courted for an ally by

both kings in their several quarrels; but having little faith or honour, he never scrupled to change sides as often as he saw or conceived it for his advantage. After the great victory over the French, he closed in with King Henry, and gave his daughter to the young prince William; yet at the same time, by the private encouragement of Lewis, he prevailed on the King of England to be easy in the conditions of a peace. Upon the unfortunate loss of the prince, and the troubles in Normandy thereupon, he fell again from the king, gave his other daughter to William the son of Robert, and stuck up with France to take that prince again into protection. But dying soon after, and leaving his son Geoffry to succeed in that earldom, the king was of opinion he could not anywhere bestow his daughter with more advantage, both for the security and enlargement of his dominions, than by giving her to this earl; by which marriage Anjou would become an acquisition to Normandy, and thus be a more equal match to so formidable a neighbour as France. In a short time the marriage was concluded; and this Earl Geoffry had the honour to introduce into the royal family of England the surname of Plantagenet, borne by so many succeeding kings, which began with Henry II., who was the eldest son of this marriage.

But the King of France was in great discontent at this match: he easily foresaw the dismal consequences to himself and his successors, from such an increase of dominion united to the crown of England: he knew what impressions might be made in future times to the shaking of his throne by an aspiring and warlike king, if they should happen in a weak reign, or upon any great discontents in that kingdom. Which conjectures being highly reasonable, (and since often verified by events,) he cast about to find some way of driving the King of England entirely

out of France; but having neither pretext nor stomach in the midst of a peace to begin an open and formal quarrel, there fell out an accident which gave him plausible occasion of pursuing his designs.

Charles the Good, Earl of Flanders, having been lately murdered by some of his subjects, upon private revenge, the King of France went in person to take revenge of the assassins; which he performed with great justice and honour. But the late earl leaving no heir of his body, and several competitors appearing to dispute the succession, Lewis rejected some others who seemed to have a fairer title, and adjudged it to William, the son of Robert, the better to secure him to his interests upon any design he might engage in against the King of England. Not content with this, he assisted the earl in person, subdued his rivals, and left him in peacable possession of his new dominion.

King Henry, on the other side, was very apprehensive of his nephew's greatness, well knowing to what end it was directed; however, he seemed not to regard it, contenting himself to give the Earl employment at home by privately nourishing the discontents of his new subjects, and abetting underhand another pretender; for William had so entirely lost the hearts of his people, by his intolerable avarice and exactions, that the principal towns in Flanders revolted from him, and invited Thierrie, Earl of Alsace, to be their governor. But the King of France generously resolved to appear once more in his defence, and took his third expedition into Flanders for that purpose. He had marched as far as Artois, when he was suddenly recalled to defend his own dominions from the fury of a powerful and provoked invader: for Henry, King of England, moved with indignation to see the French king, in the midst of a peace, so frequently and openly sup-

porting his most dangerous enemy, thought it the best way to divert Lewis from kindling a fire against him abroad, by forcing him to extinguish one at home: he therefore entered into the bowels of France, ravaging and laying waste all before him: and quickly grew so formidable, that the French king, to purchase a peace, was forced to promise never more to assist or favour the Earl of Flanders: however, as it fell out, this article proved to be wholly needless; for the young earl soon after gave battle to Thierrie, and put his whole army to the rout; but pursuing his victory, he received a wound in his wrist, which, by the unskilfulness of a surgeon, cost him his life.

This one slight inconsiderable accident did, in all probability, put a stop to very great events; for, if that young prince had survived his victory, it is hardly to be doubted but through the justness of his cause, the reputation of his valour, and the assistance of the King of France, he would in a little time have recovered Normandy, and perhaps his father's liberty, which were the two designs he had in agitation; nor could he well have missed the crown of England after the King's death, who was now in his decline, when he had so fair a title, and no competitor in view but a woman and an infant.

1129. Upon the king's return from Normandy, a great council of the clergy was held at London, for the punishing of priests who lived in concubinage, which was the great grievance of the church in those ages, and had been condemned by several canons. This assembly, thinking to take a more effectual course against that abomination, as it was called, decreed severe penalties upon those who should be guilty of breaking it, entreating the king to see the law put in execution; which he very readily undertook, but performed otherwise than was expected,

eluding the force of the law by an evasion to his own advantage; for, exacting fines of the delinquent priests, he suffered them to keep their concubines without farther disturbance; a very unaccountable step in so wise a body for their own concernments, as the clergy of those times is looked upon to have been; and although perhaps the fact be not worth recording, it may serve as a lesson to all assemblies, never to trust the execution of a law in the hands of those who will find it more to their interests to see it broken than observed.

1132. The Empress Maude was now happily delivered of a son, who was afterward King of England, by the name of Henry the Second; and the king calling a parliament, had the oath of fealty repeated by the nobles and clergy to her and her issue; which, in the compass of three years, they all broke or forgot.

1134. I think it may deserve a place in this history to mention the last scene of Duke Robert's life; who, either through the poorness or greatness of spirit, having outlived the loss of his honour, his dominions, his liberty, his eyesight, and his only son, was at last forced to sink under the load of eighty years, and must be allowed for the greatest example either of insensibility, or contempt of earthly things, that ever appeared in a sovereign, or private person. He was a prince hardly equalled by any in his time for valour, conduct, and courtesy: but his ruin began from the easiness of his nature, which whoever knew how to manage, were sure to be refused nothing they could ask. By such profusion he was reduced to those unhappy expedients of remitting his rights for a pension, of pawning his towns, and multiplying taxes, which brought him into hatred and contempt with his subjects; neither do I think any virtue so little commendable in a

sovereign, as that of liberality, where it exceeds what his ordinary revenues can supply; where it passes those bounds, his subjects must all be oppressed to shew his bounty to a few flatterers, or he must sell his towns, or basely renounce his rights, by becoming pensioner to some powerful prince in the neighbourhood; all which we have lived to see performed by a late monarch in our own time and country.

1135. Since the reduction of Normandy to the king's obedience, he found it necessary for his affairs to spend in that duchy some part of his time almost every year; and a little before the death of Robert he made his last voyage there. It was observable in this prince, that having some years past very narrowly escaped shipwreck in his passage from Normandy into England, the sense of his danger had made very deep impressions on his mind; which he discovered by a great reformation in his life, by redressing several grievances, and doing many acts of piety; and to shew the steadiness of his resolutions, he kept them to the last, making a progress through most parts of Normandy, treating his subjects in all places with great familiarity and kindness, granting their petitions, easing their taxes, and, in a word, giving all possible marks of a religious, wise, and gracious prince.

Returning to St. Denys le Forment from his progress a little indisposed, he there fell into a fever, upon a surfeit of lamprey, which in a few days ended his life. His body was conveyed to England, and buried at Reading, in the abbey-church himself had founded.

It is hard to affirm anything peculiar of this prince's character; those authors who have attempted it mentioning very little but what was common to him with thousands of other men; neither have they

recorded any of those personal circumstances or passages, which only can discover such qualities of the mind as most distinguish one man from another. These defects may perhaps appear in the stories of many succeeding kings; which makes me hope I shall not be altogether blamed for sometimes disappointing the reader in a point wherein I could wish to be the most exact.

As to his person, he is described to be of middle stature; his body strong-set and fleshy; his hair black; his eyes large; his countenance amiable, and very pleasant, especially when he was merry. He was temperate in meat and drink, and a hater of effeminacy; a vice or folly much complained of in his time, especially that circumstance of long artificial hair, which he forbade upon severe penalties. His three principal virtues were prudence, valour, and eloquence. These were counterbalanced by three great vices; avarice, cruelty, and lust; of which the first is proved by the frequency of his taxes; the second, by his treatment of Duke Robert; and the last was notorious. But the proof of his virtues does not depend on single instances, manifesting themselves through the whole course of a long reign, which was hardly attended by any misfortune that prudence, justice, or valour could prevent. He came to the crown at a ripe age, when he had passed thirty years; having learned in his private life, to struggle with hardships, whereof he had his share, from the capriciousness and injustice of both his brothers; and by observing their failures he had learned to avoid them in himself; being steady and uniform in his whole conduct, which were qualties they both seemed chiefly to want. This likewise made him so very tenacious as he was observed to be in his love and hatred. He was a strict observer of justice, which he seems never to have violated, but in that

particular case, which political casuists are pleased to dispense with, where the dispute is about a crown. In that he† * * * * * *

Considering him as a private man, he was perhaps the most accomplished person of his age; having a facetious wit, cultivated by learning, and advanced with a great share of natural eloquence, which was his peculiar talent: and it was no doubt the sense he had of this last perfection in himself, that put him so often upon calling together the great councils of the nation, where natural oratory is of most figure as well as use.

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THE REIGN OF STEPHEN.

THE veneration which people are supposed naturally to pay to a right line and a lawful title in their kings, must be upheld by a long uninterrupted succession, otherwise it quickly loses opinion, upon which the strength of it, although not the justice, is entirely founded: and where breaches have been already made in the lineal descent, there is little security in a good title (though confirmed by promises and oaths) where the lawful heir is absent, and a popular aspiring pretender near at hand. This I think, may pass for a maxim, if any consequences drawn from history can pretend to be called so, having been verified successively three times in this kingdom, I mean by the two preceding kings, and by the prince whose reign we are now writing. Neither can this observation be justly controlled by any instances brought of future princes, who being

† Here the sentence breaks off short, and is left unfinished.

absent at their predecessor's death have peaceably succeeded, the circumstances being very different in every case, either by the weakness or justice of pretenders, or else by the long establishment of lineal succession.

1135. Stephen, Earl of Boulogne, whose descent has been already shewn in the foregoing reign, was the second of three brothers, whereof the eldest was Theobald, Earl of Blois, a sovereign prince, and Henry the youngest was Bishop of Winchester, and the Pope's legate in England. At the time of King Henry's death, his daughter the empress was with her husband the Earl of Anjou, a grave and cautious prince, altogether unqualified for sudden enterprises: but Earl Stephen, who had attended the king in his last expedition, made so great dispatch for England,* that the council had not time to meet and make any declaration about a successor. When the lords were assembled, the legate had already, by his credit and influence among them, brought over a great party to his brother's interests: and the earl himself, knowing with what success the like methods were used by his two last predecessors, was very liberal of his promises to amend the laws, support the church, and redress grievances: for all which the bishop undertook to be guarantee. And thus was Stephen elected by those very persons who had so lately, and in so solemn a manner, more than once sworn fealty to another.

The motives whereby the nobility was swayed to proceed after this manner, were obvious enough. There had been a perpetual struggle between them and their former kings in the defence of their liberties; for the security whereof, they thought a

* Stephen was at Boulogne when he received the news of Henry's death.

king elected without other title, would be readier to enter into any obligations and being held in constant dependence, would be less tempted to break them: therefore, as at his coronation they obtained full security by his taking new and additional oaths in favour of their liberties, their oath of fealty to him was but conditional, to be of force no longer than he should be true to those stipulations.

But other reasons were contrived and given out to satisfy the people: they were told it was an indignity for so noble a nation to be governed by a woman; that the late king had promised to marry his daughter within the realm, and by consent of parliament, neither of which was observed; and lastly, Hugh Bigod, steward to King Henry, took a voluntary oath, before the Archbishop of Canterbury, that his master, in his last sickness, had, upon some displeasure, disinherited his daughter.

He received the crown with one great advantage that could best enable him to preserve it: this was the possession of his uncle's treasures, amounting to one hundred thousand pounds, and reckoned as a prodigious sum in those days; by the help of which, without ever raising one tax upon the people, he defended an unjust title against the lawful heir during a perpetual contest of almost twenty years.

In order to defend himself against any sudden invasion, which he had cause enough to expect, he gave all men licence to build castles upon their lands; which proved a very mistaken piece of politics, although grounded upon some appearance of reason. The king supposed that no invader would venture to advance into the heart of his country, without reducing every castle in his way; which must be a work of much time and difficulty, nor would be able to afford men to block them up, and secure his retreat: which way of arguing may

be good enough to a prince of an undisputed title, and entirely in the hearts of his subjects : but numerous castles are ill defenders of an usurpation, being the common retreat of malcontents, where they can fly with security, and discover their affections as they please ; by which means the enemy, although beaten in the field, may still preserve his footing in the bowels of a country ; may wait supplies from abroad, and prolong a war for many years : nor, while he is master of any castles, can he ever be at mercy by any sudden misfortune ; but may be always in a condition of demanding terms for himself. These, and many other effects of so pernicious a counsel, the king found through the whole course of his reign ; which was entirely spent in sieges, revolts, surprises, and surrenders, with very few battles, but no decisive action : a period of much misery and confusion, which affords little that is memorable for events, or useful for the instruction of posterity.

1136. The first considerable enemy that appeared against him was David, King of Scots ; who having taken the oath of fealty to Maude and her issue, being farther engaged by the ties of blood, and stirred up through the persuasions of several English nobles, began to take up arms in her cause ; and invading the northern parts, took Carlisle and Newcastle ; but upon the king's speedy approach with his forces, a peace was presently made, and the towns restored. However, the Scottish prince would by no means renounce his fidelity to the empress, by paying homage to Stephen ; so that an expedient was found to have it performed by his eldest son : in consideration of which, the king gave, or rather restored to him, the Earldom of Huntington.

Upon his return to London from this expedition, he happened to fall sick of a lethargy, and it was confidently given out that he was dead. This re-

port was, with great industry and artifice, dispersed by his enemies; which quickly discovered the ill inclination of several lords; who, although they never believed the thing, yet made use of it for an occasion or pretext to fortify their castles, which they refused to surrender to the king himself; but Stephen was resolved, as he said, to convince them that he was alive and well; for, coming against them before he was expected, he recovered Exeter, Norwich, and other fortified places, although not without much difficulty.

It is obvious enough to wonder how a prince of so much valour, and other excellent endowments, elected by the church and state, after a compliance with all conditions they could impose on him, and in an age when so little regard was had to the lineal descent, lastly confirmed by the Pope himself, should be soon deserted and opposed by those very persons who had been the most instrumental to promote him. But, beside his defective title, and the undistinguished liberty of building castles, there were three circumstances which very much contributed to those perpetual revolts of the nobles against him: first, that upon his coming to the crown he was very liberal in distributing lands and honours to several young gentlemen of noble birth, who came to make their court, whereby he hoped to get the reputation of a generous prince, and to strengthen his party against the empress: but by this encouragement, the number of pretenders quickly grew too fast upon him; and when he had granted all he was able, he was forced to dismiss the rest with promises and excuses; who, either out of envy or discontent, or else to mend their fortunes, never failed to become his enemies upon the first occasion that offered. Secondly, when he had reduced several castles and towns which had given the first example of defection

from him, he hardly inflicted the least punishment on the authors; which unseasonable mercy, that in another prince, and another age, would have been called greatness of spirit, passed in him for pusillanimity and fear, and is reckoned, by the writers of those times, to have been the cause of many succeeding revolts. The third circumstance was of a different kind: for, observing how little good effect he had found by his liberality and indulgence, he would needs try the other extreme, which was not his talent. He began to infringe the articles of his charter; to recall or disown the promises he had made; and to repulse petitioners with rough treatment; which was the more unacceptable, by being new and unexpected.

1137. Meantime, the Earl of Anjou, who was not in a condition to assert his wife's title to England, hearing Stephen was employed at home, entered Normandy with small force, and found it no difficult matter to seize several towns. The Normans, in the present distraction of affairs, not well knowing what prince to obey, at last sent an invitation to Theobald, Earl of Blois, King Stephen's eldest brother, to accept their dukedom, upon the condition of protecting them from the present insults of the Earl of Anjou. But, before this matter could come to an issue, Stephen, who, upon reduction of the towns already mentioned, had found a short interval of quiet from his English subjects, arrived with unexpected speed in Normandy; where Geoffry of Anjou soon fled before him, and the whole duchy came over to his obedience; for the farther settlement whereof, he made peace with the King of France; constituted his son Eustace, Duke of Normandy, and made him swear fealty to that prince, and do him homage. His brother Theobald, who began to expostulate upon this disappointment, he

pacified with a pension of two thousand marks :* and even the Earl of Anjou himself, who, in right of his wife, made demands of Stephen for the kingdom of England, finding he was no equal match at present, was persuaded to become his pensioner for five thousand more.†

Stephen, upon his return to England, met with an account of new troubles from the north; for the King of Scots, under pretence of observing his oath of fealty to the empress, infested the Borders, and frequently making cruel inroads, plundered and laid waste all before him.

1138. In order to revenge this base and perfidious treatment, the king, in his march northward, sat down before Bedford, and took it, after a siege of twenty days. This town was part of the Earldom of Huntington, given by Stephen in the late peace to the eldest son of the Scottish king, for which the young prince did homage to him; and it was, upon that account, defended by a garrison of Scots. Upon intelligence of this surrender, King David, overcome with fury, entered Northumberland, where, letting loose the rage of his soldiers, he permitted and encouraged them to commit all manner of inhumanities, which they performed in so execrable a manner as would scarce be credible, if it were not attested by almost the universal consent of writers: they ripped up women with child, drew out the infants, and tossed them upon the points of their lances; they murdered priests before the altars; then cutting the heads from off the crucifixes, in their stead put

* The mark of Normandy is to be understood here. Such a pension in that age was equivalent to one of £31,000 sterling in the present.—D. S.

† Five thousand marks of silver coin was, in this reign, of the same value as the sum of £77,500 modern currency, is now. Here again the Normanic mark seems to be used.—D. S.

on the heads of those they had murdered; with many other instances of monstrous barbarity, too foul to relate: but cruelty being usually attended with cowardice, this perfidious prince, upon the approach of King Stephen, fled into places of security. The King of England, finding no enemy on whom to employ his revenge, marched forward into the country, destroying with fire and sword all the southern parts; and would in all probability have made terrible impressions into the heart of Scotland, if he had not been suddenly recalled by a more dangerous fire at home, which had been kindled in his absence, and was now broken out into a flame.

Robert, Earl of Gloucester, natural son of the late king, came into England some time after the advancement of Stephen to the crown; and, yielding to the necessity of the time, took the oath of fealty upon the same condition used by the other nobles, to be of force so long as the king should keep his faith with him, and preserve his dignity inviolate: but, being in his heart wholly devoted to the interests of the empress his sister, and moved by the persuasions of several religious men, he had, with great secrecy and application, so far practised upon the levity or discontent of several lords, as to gain them to his party: for the king had of late very much alienated the nobles against him; first, by seizing several of their persons and dispossessing them of their lands; and, secondly, by taking into his favour William d'Ypres, a Flemish commander, of noble birth, but banished by his prince. This man, with many of his followers, the king employed chiefly, both in his councils and his armies, and made him Earl of Kent, to the great envy and displeasure of his English subjects. The Earl of Gloucester, therefore, and his accomplices, having prepared all things necessary for an insurrection, it was agreed among them, that while the king

was engaged against the Scots, each of them should secure what towns and castles they could, and openly declare for the empress. Accordingly, Earl Robert suddenly fortified himself in Bristol; the rest followed his example; Hereford, Shrewsbury, Ludlow, Dover, and many other places, were seized by several lords; and the defection grew so formidable, that the king, to his great grief, was forced to leave his Scottish expedition unfinished, and return with all possible speed to suppress the rebellion begun by his subjects, having first left the care of the north to Thurstan, Archbishop of York, with orders carefully to observe the motions of the Scots.

Whilst the king was employed in the south in reducing his discontented lords, and their castles, to his obedience, David, presuming upon the distance between them, re-entered England with more numerous forces and greater designs than before; for, without losing more time than what was necessary to pillage and destroy the country as he marched, he resolved to besiege York; which, if he could force to surrender, would serve as a convenient frontier against the English. To this end, advancing near the city, and having pitched his tents, he sat down before it with his whole army. In the meantime, Archbishop Thurstan, having already summoned the nobles and gentry of the shire and parts adjacent, had, by powerful persuasions, incited them to defend their country against a treacherous, bloody, and restless enemy; so that, before the King of Scotland could make any progress in the siege, the whole power of the north was united against him, under the Earl of Albemarle, and several other nobles. Archbishop Thurstan happening to fall sick, could not go in person to the army, but sent the Bishop of Durham in his stead: by whose encouragements the English, although in number far inferior,

advanced boldly toward the enemy, and offered them battle, which was as readily accepted by the Scots, who, sending out a party of horse to secure the rising ground, were immediately attacked by the English, and, after a sharp dispute, entirely defeated. In the heat of the battle, the King of Scots, and his son Henry, Earl of Huntington, gave many proofs of great personal valour. The young prince fell with such fierceness upon a body of the English, that he utterly broke and dispersed them; and was pursuing his victory, when a certain man, bearing aloft the head of an enemy he had cut off, cried out, It was the head of the Scottish king; which being heard and believed on both sides, the English, who had lately fled, rallied again, assaulting their enemies with new vigour; the Scots, on the other side, discouraged by the supposed death of their prince, began to turn their backs: the king and his son used all endeavours to stop their flight, and made several brave stands against the enemy; but the greatest part of their army being fled, and themselves almost encompassed, they were forced to give way to fortune, and, with much difficulty, made their escape.

The loss of the English side was inconsiderable; but of Scots, by general consent of writers, ten thousand were slain. And thus ended the War of the Standard, as it was usually called by the authors of that age; because the English upon a certain engine raised the mast of a ship, on the top whereof, in a silver box, they put the consecrated wafer, and fastened the standards of St. Peter and other saints; this gave them courage, by remembering they were to fight in the presence of God, and served likewise for a mark where to reassemble, when they should happen to be dispersed by any accident or misfortune.

1139. Meantime, the king was equally successful against his rebellious lords at home, having taken most of their castles and strongholds; and the Earl of Gloucester himself, no longer able to make any resistance, withdrew into Normandy, to concert new measures with the empress his sister. Thus the king had leisure and opportunity for another expedition into Scotland, to pursue and improve his victory, where he met with no opposition: however, he was at length persuaded, with much difficulty, to accept his own conditions of a peace; and David delivered up to him his eldest son Henry, as hostage for performance of articles between them.

The king, in his return homeward, laid siege to Ludlow Castle, which had not been reduced with the rest: here Prince Henry of Scotland, boiling with youth and valour, and exposing his person upon all occasions, was lifted from his horse by an iron grapple let down from the wall, and would have been hoisted up into the castle, if the king had not immediately flown to his assistance, and brought him off with his own hands by main force from the enemy, whom he soon compelled to surrender the castle.

1140. Stephen, having thus subdued his inveterate enemies the Scots, and reduced his rebellious nobles, began to entertain hopes of enjoying a little ease. But he was destined to the possession of a crown with perpetual disturbance; for he was hardly returned from his northern expedition, when he received intelligence that the empress, accompanied by her brother the Earl of Gloucester, was preparing to come for England, in order to dispute her title to the kingdom. The king, who knew by experience what a powerful party she already had to espouse her interests, very reasonably concluded the defec-

tion from him would be much greater when she appeared in person to countenance and reward it; he therefore began again to repent of the licence he had granted for building castles, which were now likely to prove so many places of security for his enemies, and fortifications against himself; for he knew not whom to trust, vehemently suspecting his nobles ever since their last revolt. He therefore cast about for some artifice to get into his hands as many of their castles as he could; in the strength and magnificence of which kind of structures the bishops had far outdone the rest, and were upon that, as well as other accounts, very much maligned and envied by the temporal lords, who were extremely jealous of the church's increasing power, and glad, upon all occasions, to see the prelates humbled. The king, therefore, having formed his project, resolved to make trial where it would be least invidious, and where he could foresee least danger in the consequences. At a parliament, or assembly of nobles, at Oxford, it was contrived to raise a quarrel between the servants of some bishops, and those of Alan, Count of Dinan in Bretagne, upon a contention of rooms in their inns. Stephen took hold of this advantage, sent for the bishops, taxed them with breaking his peace, and demanded the keys of their castles, adding threats of imprisonment if they dared to disobey. Those whom the king chiefly suspected, or rather who had built the most and strongest castles, were Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, with his nephew and natural son, the Bishops of Ely and Lincoln, whom the king, by many circumstances of rigour, compelled to surrender, going himself in person to seize the Devizes, then esteemed the noblest structure of Europe, and built by the forementioned Bishop Roger, whose

treasure, to the value of forty thousand marks,* there likewise deposited, fell, at the same time, into the king's hand, which, in a few days, broke the bishop's heart, already worn with age and infirmity.

It may, perhaps, not be thought a digression to say something of the fortunes of this prelate, who, from the lowest beginnings, came to be, without dispute, the greatest churchman of any subject in his age. It happened that the late King Henry, in the reign of his brother, being at a village in Normandy, wanted a priest to say mass before him and his train; when this man, who was a poor curate thereabouts, offered his service, and performed it with so much dexterity and speed, that the soldiers who attended the prince recommended him to their master upon that account, as a very proper chaplain for military men. But it seems he had other talents; for, having gotten into the prince's service, he soon discovered great application and address, much order and economy in the management of his master's fortunes, which were wholly left to his care. After Henry's advancement to the crown, this chaplain grew chief in his favour and confidence; was made Bishop of Salisbury, Chancellor of England, employed in all his most weighty affairs, and usually left vicegerent of the realm while the king was absent in Normandy. He was among the first that swore fealty to Maude and her issue, and among the first that revolted from her to Stephen, offering such reasons in council for setting her aside, as, by the credit and opinion of his wisdom, were very prevalent. But the king in a few years forgot all obligations, and the bishop fell a

* This prelate's treasure is doubtless computed by the smaller or Saxon mark, the use of which still prevailed in England; and, even thus computed, it amounts to a vast sum, equal to about £116,350 of modern money.—D. S.

sacrifice in his old age to those treasures he had been so long heaping up for its support. A just reward for his ingratitude towards the prince that raised him, to be ruined by the ingratitude of another, whom he had been so very instrumental to raise.

But Henry, Bishop of Winchester, the pope's legate, not able to endure this violation of the church, called a council of all the prelates to meet at Winchester, where the king being summoned, appeared by his advocate, who pleaded his cause with much learning; and the Archbishop of Rouen coming to the council, declared his opinion, that although the canons did allow the bishops to possess castles, yet, in dangerous times, they ought to deliver them up to the king. This opinion Stephen followed very steadily, not yielding a tittle, although the legate, his brother, used all means, both rough and gentle, to work upon him.

The council of bishops broke up without other effect than that of leaving in their minds an implacable hatred to the king, in a very opportune juncture for the interest of Maude, who about this time landed at Portsmouth with her brother, Robert, Earl of Gloucester. The whole force she brought over for this expedition consisted but of one hundred and forty knights; for she trusted altogether in her cause and her friends. With this slender attendance she went to Arundel, and was there received into the castle by the widow of the late king; while Earl Robert, accompanied only by twenty men, marched boldly to his own city of Gloucester, in order to raise forces for the empress, where the townsmen turned out the king's garrison as soon as they heard of his approach.

King Stephen was not surprised at the news of the empress's arrival, being a thing he had always counted upon, and was long preparing himself against,

He was glad to hear how ill she was provided, and resolved to use the opportunity of her brother's absence; for, hasting down to Arundel with a sufficient strength, he laid siege to the castle, in hopes, by securing her person, to put a speedy end to the war.

But there wanted not some very near about the king, who, favouring the party of Maude, had credit enough to prevail with him not to venture time and reputation against an impregnable fortress, but rather, by withdrawing his forces, permit her to retire to some less fortified place, where she might more easily fall into his hands. This advice the king took against his own opinion; the empress fled out of Arundel by night; and, after frequent shifting her stages through several towns, which had already declared in her favour, fixed herself at last at Lincoln; where, having all things provided necessary for her defence, she resolved to continue, and expect either a general revolt of the English to her side, or the decision of war between the king and her brother.

1141. But Stephen, who had pursued the empress from place to place, hearing she had shut herself up in Lincoln, resolved to give her no rest; and to help on his design, it fell out that the citizens, in hatred to the Earl of Chester, who commanded there for the empress, sent a private invitation to the king, with promise to deliver the town and their governor into his hands. The king came accordingly, and possessed himself of the town; but Maude and the earl made their escape a few days before. However, many great persons of Maude's party remained prisoners to the king, and among the rest the Earl of Chester's wife, who was daughter to the Earl of Gloucester. These two earls resolving to attempt the relief of their friends, marched with all their forces near Lincoln, where they found the enemy drawn up and ready to receive them. The next

morning, after battle offered by the lords, and accepted by the king, both sides made ready to engage. The king, having disposed his cavalry on each wing, placed himself at the head of his foot, in whom he reposed most confidence. The army of the lords was divided in three bodies; those whom King Stephen had banished were placed in the middle, the Earl of Chester led the van, and the Earl of Gloucester commanded the rear. The battle was fought at first with equal advantage, and great obstinacy on both sides; at length the right wing of the king's horse, pressed by the Earl of Chester, galloped away, not without suspicion of treachery; the left followed the example. The king beheld their flight, and, encouraging those about him, fell with undaunted valour upon the enemy; and being for some time bravely seconded by his foot, did great execution. At length overpowered by numbers, his men began to disperse, and Stephen was left almost alone with his sword in his hand, wherewith he opposed his person against a whole victorious army, nor durst any be so hardy to approach him; the sword breaking, a citizen of Lincoln put into his hands a Danish battle-axe, with which he struck to the ground the Earl of Chester,* who presumed to come within his reach. But this weapon likewise flying in pieces with the force of those furious blows he dealt on all sides, a bold knight of the empress's party, named William de Keynes, laid hold on his helmet, and immediately cried out to his fellows, "I have got the king." Then the rest ran in, and he was taken prisoner.

The king being thus secured, was presented to the empress, then at Gloucester, and by her orders

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* The Earl of Chester lived nevertheless to fight other battles, and died twelve years after by poison.—D. S.

conveyed to Bristol; where he continued in strict custody nine months, although with honourable treatment for some time, until either upon endeavouring to make his escape, or in malice to the Londoners, who had a great affection for their king, he was, by express command from the empress, laid in irons, and used with other circumstances of severity.

This victory was followed by a general defection of almost the whole kingdom; and the Earl of Anjou, husband to the empress, upon the fame of the king's defeat and imprisonment, reduced without any difficulty the whole Duchy of Normandy to his obedience.

The legate himself, although brother to King Stephen, received her at Winchester with great solemnity, accepted her oath for governing with justice, redressing grievances, and supporting the rights of the church, and took the old conditional one of fealty to her; then in an assembly of bishops and clergy convoked for the purpose, he displayed the miscarriages of his brother, and declared his approbation of the empress to be queen; to which they unanimously agreed. To complete all, he prevailed by his credit with the Londoners, who stood out the last of any, to acknowledge and receive her into the city, where she arrived at length in great pomp, and with general satisfaction.

But it was the misfortune of this princess to possess many weaknesses that are charged to the sex, and very few of its commendable qualities; she was now in peaceable possession of the whole kingdom, except the county of Kent, where William d'Ypres pretended to keep up a small party for the king; when, by her pride, wilfulness, indiscretion, and a disobliging behaviour, she soon turned the hearts of all men against her, and in a short time lost the fruits of

that victory and success, which had been so hardly gained by the prudence and valour of her excellent brother. The first occasion she took to discover the perverseness of her nature, was in the treatment of Maude, the wife of King Stephen, a lady of great virtue and courage above her sex; who, coming to the empress an humble suitor in behalf of her husband, offered, as a price of his liberty, that he should resign all pretensions to the crown, and pass the rest of his life in exile, or in a convent; but this request was rejected with scorn and reproaches; and the queen finding all entreaties to no purpose, writ to her son Eustace to let him understand the ill success of her negotiation, that no relief was to be otherwise hoped for than by arms; and therefore advised him to raise immediately what forces he could for the relief of his father.

Her next miscarriage was towards the Londoners, who presented her a petition for redressing certain rigorous laws of her father, and restoring those of Edward the Confessor. The empress put them off for a time with excuses, but at last discovered some displeasure at their importunity. The citizens, who had with much difficulty been persuaded to receive her against their inclinations, which stood wholly for the king, were moved with indignation at her unreasonable refusal of their just demands, and entered into a conspiracy to seize her person. But she had timely notice of their design, and, leaving the city by night in disguise, fled to Oxford.

A third false step the empress made, was in refusing her new powerful friend the legate a favour he desired in behalf of Eustace, the king's son, to grant him the lands and honours held by his father before he came to the crown. She had made large promises to this prelate, that she would be directed in all things by his advice; and to be refused upon his

first application a small favour for his own nephew, stung him to the quick; however, he governed his resentments a while, but began at the same time to resume his affection for his brother. These thoughts were cultivated with great address by Queen Maude; who prevailed at last so far upon the legate, that private measures were agreed between them for restoring Stephen to his liberty and crown. The bishop took leave of the empress upon some plausible pretence, and retired to Winchester; where he gave directions for supplying with men and provision several strong castles he had built in his diocese, while the queen, with her son Eustace, prevailed with the Londoners and men of Kent to rise in great numbers for the king; and a powerful army was quickly on foot, under the command of William d'Ypres, Earl of Kent.

In the meantime the empress began to be sensible of the errors she had committed; and in hope either to retrieve the friendship of the legate, or take him prisoner, marched with her army to Winchester; where being received and lodged in the castle, she sent immediately for the legate, spoke much in excuse of what was past, and used all endeavours to regain him to her interests. Bishop Henry, on the other side, amused her with dubious answers, and kept her in suspense for some days; but sent privately at the same time to the king's army, desiring them to advance with all possible speed; which was executed with so much diligence, that the empress and her brother had only time with their troops to march a back way out of the town. They were pursued by the enemy so close in the rear, that the empress had hardly time, by counterfeiting herself dead, to make her escape; in which posture she was carried as a corpse to Gloucester; but the earl, her brother, while he made what opposi-

tion he could, with design to stop her pursuers, was himself taken prisoner, with great slaughter of his men. After the battle, the earl was in his turn presented to Queen Maude, and by her command sent to Rochester, to be treated in the same manner with the king.

Thus the heads of both parties were each in the power of his enemy, and Fortune seemed to have dealt with great equality between them. Two factions divided the whole kingdom, and as it usually happens, private animosities were inflamed by the quarrel of the public; which introduced a miserable face of things throughout the land, whereof the writers of our English story give melancholy descriptions, not to be repeated in this history; since the usual effects of civil war are obvious to conceive, and tiresome as well as useless to relate. However, as the quarrel between the king and empress was grounded upon a cause, that in its own nature little concerned the interests of the people, this was thought a convenient juncture for transacting a peace, to which there appeared a universal disposition. Several expedients were proposed; but Earl Robert would consent upon no other terms than the deposing of Stephen, and immediate delivery of the crown to his sister. These debates lasted for some months, until the two prisoners, weary of their long constraint, by mutual consent were exchanged for each other, and all thoughts of agreement laid aside.

The king, upon recovery of his freedom, hastened to London, to get supplies of men and money for renewing the war. He there found that his brother of Winchester had, in a council of bishops and abbots, renounced all obedience to the empress, and persuaded the assembly to follow his example. The legate, in excuse for this proceeding, loaded her with

infamy, produced several instances wherein she had broken the oath she took when he received her as queen, and upon which his obedience was grounded; and said he had received information that she had a design upon his life.

It must be confessed, that oaths of fealty in this prince's reign were feeble ties for binding the subject to any reasonable degree of obedience; and the warmest advocates for liberty cannot but allow, from those examples here produced, that it is very possible for people to run upon great extremes in this matter: that a monarch may be too much limited, and a subject too little; whereof the consequences have been fully as pernicious, for the time, as the worst that can be apprehended from arbitrary power in all its height, although not perhaps so lasting or so hard to be remedied; since all the miseries of this kingdom during the period we are treating of, were manifestly owing to that continual violation of such oaths of allegiance, as appear to have been contrived on purpose by ambitious men to be broken at pleasure, without the least apprehension of perjury; and in the meantime keep the prince in a continual slavish dependence.

The Earl of Gloucester, soon after his release, went over into Normandy, where he found the Earl of Anjou employed in completing the conquest of that duchy; there he delivered him the sons of several English noblemen, to be kept as hostages for their fathers' fidelity to the empress; and used many arguments for persuading him to come over in person with an army to her assistance: but Geoffry excused himself by the importance of other affairs, and the danger of exposing the dominions he had newly acquired to rebellions in his absence. However, he lent the Earl of Gloucester a supply of four hundred men, and sent along with him his eldest

son Henry, to comfort his mother, and be shewn to the people.

During the short absence of the Earl of Gloucester, the empress was closely besieged in Oxford by the king; and provision beginning to fail, she was in cruel apprehensions of falling into his hands. This gave her occasion to put in practice the only talent wherein she seemed to excel, which was that of contriving some little shift or expedient to secure her person upon any sudden emergency. A long season of frost had made the Thames passable upon the ice, and much snow lay on the ground; Maude, with some few attendants clad all in white, to avoid being discovered from the king's camp, crossed the river at midnight on foot, and travelling all night, got safe to Wallingford Castle, where her brother and young son Henry, newly returned from France, arrived soon after, to her great satisfaction: but Oxford, immediately upon the news of her flight, surrendered to the king.

However, this disgrace was fully compensated soon after by another of the same kind, which happened to King Stephen; for while he and his brother of Winchester were fortifying a nunnery at Wilton, to bridle his enemies at Salisbury, who very much harassed those parts by their frequent excursions; the Earl of Gloucester, who watched all opportunities, came unaware with a strong body of men, and set fire to the nunnery while the king himself was in it. Stephen, upon the sudden surprise of the thing, wholly lost or forgot his usual courage, and fled shamefully away, leaving his soldiers to be cut in pieces by the earl.

During the rest of the war, although it lasted nine years longer, there is little memorable recorded by any writer; whether the parties being pretty equal, and both sufficiently tired with so long a contention,

wanted vigour and spirit to make a thorough conquest, and only endeavoured to keep what they had; or whether the multitude of strong castles, whose numbers daily increased, made it very difficult to end a war between two contending powers almost in balance; let the cause be what it will, the whole time passed in mutual sieges, surprises, revolts, surrenders of fortified places, without any decisive action, or other event of importance to be related. By which at length the very genius of the people became wholly bent upon a life of spoil, robbery, and plunder: many of the nobles, although pretending to hold their castles for the king or the empress, lived like petty independent princes in a perpetual state of war against their neighbours; the fields lay uncultivated, all the arts of civil life were banished, no veneration left for sacred persons or things; in short, no law, truth, or religion, among men, but a scene of universal misery, attended with all the consequences of an embroiled and distracted state.

About the eleventh year of the king's reign, young Henry, now growing toward a man, was sent for to France by a message from his father, who was desirous to see him; but left a considerable party in England, to adhere to his interests; and in a short time after (as some write) the empress herself, grown weary of contending any longer in a cause where she had met with nothing but misfortunes of her own procuring, left the kingdom likewise, and retired to her husband. Nor was this the only good fortune that befell Stephen; for, before the year ended, the main prop and pillar of his enemies was taken away by death; this was Robert, Earl of Gloucester, than whom there have been few private persons known in the world that deserve a fairer place and character in the registers of time, for his inviolable faith, disinterested friendship, indefati-

gable zeal, firm constancy to the cause he espoused, and unparalleled generosity in the conduct thereof: he adhered to his sister in all her fortunes, to the ruin of his own: he placed a crown upon her head; and when she had lost it by her folly and perverseness, refused the greatest offers from a victorious enemy, who had him in his power, and chose to continue a prisoner rather than recover his liberty by any hazard to her pretensions: he bore up her sinking title in spite of her own frequent miscarriages, and at last died in her cause, by a fever contracted with perpetual toils for her service. An example fit to be shewn the world, although few perhaps are likely to follow it; but, however, a small tribute of praise, justly due to extraordinary virtue, may prove no ill expedient to encourage imitation.

But the death of this lord, together with the absence of the empress and her son in France, added very little to the quiet or security of the king. For the Earl of Gloucester suspecting the fidelity of the lords, had, with great sagacity, delivered their sons to the Earl of Anjou, to be kept as pledges for their fathers' fidelity, as we have before related; by which means a powerful party was still kept up against Stephen, too strong to be suddenly broken. Besides, he had, by an unusual strain of his conduct, lately lost much good-will, as well as reputation, in committing an act of violence and fraud on the person of the Earl of Chester, a principal adherent of the empress. This nobleman, of great power and possessions, had newly reconciled himself to Stephen, and came to his court at Northampton; where, against all laws of hospitality, as well as common faith and justice, he was committed to prison, and forced to buy his liberty with the surrender of Lincoln, and all his other places, into the king's hands.

Affairs continued in this turbulent posture about two years, the nobles neither trusting the king, nor each other. The number of castles still increased,
1149. which every man who had any possessions was forced to build, or else become a prey to his powerful neighbours. This was thought a convenient juncture, by the empress and her friends, for sending young Prince Henry to try his fortune in England; where he landed at the head of a considerable number of horse and foot, although he was then but sixteen years old. Immediately after his arrival he went to Carlisle, where he met his cousin, David, King of Scots, by whom he was made a knight, after the usual custom of young princes and noblemen in that age. The King of England, who had soon intelligence of Henry's landing and motions, marched down to secure York, against which he expected the first attempt of his enemy was designed. But, whatever the cause might be, (wherein the writers of those ages are either silent or unsatisfactory,) both armies remained
1150. at that secure distance for three months; after which Henry returned back to Normandy, leaving the kingdom in the state of confusion he found it at his coming.

The fortunes of this young prince, Henry Fitzempress, now began to advance by great and sudden steps, whereof it will be no digression to inform the reader, as well upon the connection they have with the affairs at home about this time, as because they concern the immediate successor to the crown.

1151. Prince Henry's voyage to France was soon followed by the death of his father Geoffry, Earl of
1152. Anjou, whereby the son became possessed of that earldom, together with the Duchy of Normandy; but in a short time after, he very much enlarged his dominions by a marriage, in which he

consulted his reputation less than his advantage. For, Lewis the Young, King of France, was lately divorced from his wife Eleanor, who, as the French writers relate, bore a great contempt and hatred to her husband, and had long desired such a separation. Other authors give her not so fair a character; but whatever might be the real cause, the pretext was consanguinity in the fourth degree. Henry was content to accept this lady with all her faults, and in her right became Duke of Aquitain, and Earl of Poitou, very considerable provinces, added to his other dominions.

But the two kings of France and England began to apprehend much danger from the sudden greatness of a young ambitious prince; and their interests were jointly concerned to check his growth. Duke Henry was now ready to sail for England, in a condition to assert his title upon more equal terms; when the King of France, in conjunction with Eustace, King Stephen's son, and Geoffry, the duke's own brother, suddenly entered into his dominions with a mighty army; took the Castle of Neumarché by storm, and laid siege to that of Angers. The duke, by this incident, was forced to lay aside his thoughts of England, and marching boldly towards his enemy, resolved to relieve the besieged; but finding they had already taken the castle, he thought it best to make a diversion, by carrying the war into the enemy's country; where he left all to the mercy of his soldiers, surprised and burnt several castles, and made great devastations wherever he came. This proceeding answered the end for which it was designed; the King of France thought he had already done enough for his honour, and began to grown weary of a ruinous war, which was likely to be protracted. The conditions of a peace, by the intervention of some religious men,

were soon agreed. The duke, after some time spent in settling his affairs, and preparing all things necessary for his intended expedition, set sail for England, where he landed the same year in the depth of winter, with a hundred and forty knights, and three thousand foot.

Some time before Henry landed, the king had conceived a project to disappoint his designs, by confirming the crown upon himself and his own posterity. He sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury, with several other prelates, and proposed that his son Eustace should be crowned king with all the usual solemnity: but the bishops absolutely refused to perform the office, by express orders from the Pope, who was an enemy to Stephen, partly upon account of his unjust or declining cause, but chiefly for his strict alliance with the King of France, who was then engaged in a quarrel against that see, upon a very tender point relating to the revenues of vacant churches. The king and his son were both enraged at the bishops' refusal, and kept them prisoners in the chamber where they assembled, with many threats to force them a compliance, and some other circumstances of rigour; but all to no purpose, so that he was at length forced to desist. But the archbishop, to avoid farther vexation, fled the realm.

This contrivance of crowning the son during the life and reign of the father, which appears so absurd in speculation, was actually performed in the succeeding reign; and seems to have been taken up by those two princes of French birth and extraction, in imitation of the like practice in their native country, where it was usual for kings grown old and infirm, or swayed by paternal indulgence, to receive their eldest son into a share of the administration, with the title of king; a custom borrowed,

no doubt, from the later emperors of Rome, who adopted their Cæsars after the like manner.

1153. The king was employed in his usual exercise of besieging castles, when the news was brought of Henry's arrival. He left the work he was about, and marched directly against the duke, who was then set down before Malmesbury. But Stephen forced him to raise the siege, and immediately offered him battle. The duke, although his army was much increased by continual revolts, thought it best to gain time, being still in number far inferior to the king, and therefore kept himself strongly intrenched. There is some difference among writers about particulars of this war: however, it is generally agreed that, in a short time after, the two armies met, and were prepared for battle; when the nobles on both sides, either dreading the consequences, or weary of a tedious war, prevailed with the king and duke to agree to a truce for some days in order to a peace; which was violently opposed by Eustace the king's son, a youth of great spirit and courage, because he knew very well it could not be built but upon the ruin of his interests: and therefore finding he could not prevail, he left the army in a rage, and, attended by some followers, endeavoured to satiate his fury, by destroying the country in his march: but in a few days, as he sat at dinner in a castle of his own, he fell suddenly dead, either through grief, madness, or poison.

The truce was now expired, and the duke began to renew the war with fresh vigour; but the king was wholly dispirited upon this fatal accident, and now first began to entertain real thoughts of a peace. He had lost a son whom he dearly loved, and with him he likewise lost the alliance of the French king, to whose sister the young prince was married. He had indeed another son left, but little esteemed by

the nobles and people; nor, as it appears, much regarded by his father. He was now in the decline of his age, decayed in his health, forsaken by his friends, who, since the death of Eustace, fell daily from him; and having no farther care at heart for his posterity, he thought it high time to seek repose for his person. The nobles soon observed this disposition in their king, which was so agreeable to their own; therefore, by general consent, Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, was appointed mediator between both princes. All matters were soon agreed; an assembly of lords was convened at Winchester, where the king received the duke with great marks of courtesy and kindness. There the peace was confirmed by the king's charter, wherein are expressed the terms of agreement. But I shall relate only the principal.

The king, by this charter, acknowledged Henry for lawful successor to the crown; in which capacity all the nobles paid him homage: and Henry himself, with his party, paid homage to Stephen. There is likewise a reservation for William, the king's son, of all the honours possessed by his father before he came to the crown. The king likewise acknowledges the obedience of his subjects to be no longer due to him than he shall observe the conditions of this charter. And for the performance of these articles, the archbishops and bishops were appointed guarantees. There were some other articles agreed on, which are not mentioned in the charter; as a general pardon; a restitution, to the right owners, of those lands and possessions, which had been usurped in the time of the troubles; that all castles built during the war should be razed to the ground, which are said to have been above eleven hundred; that the rights of the church should be preserved; with other matters of less moment.

Thus, by the prudence of Archbishop Theobald, the moderation of the two princes engaged, and the universal inclination of the people, a happy period was put to this tedious and troublesome war; men began to have the prospect of a long peace: nor was it easy to foresee what could possibly arise to disturb it; when discovery was made, by accident, of a most horrible piece of treachery, which, if it had met with success, would have once more set the whole nation in a flame. The duke, after the peace, attended the king to London, to be shewn to the people as the undoubted successor to the crown; and having made a progress together through some other parts of the kingdom, they came to Canterbury; where Henry received private notice of a design upon his life. It has been already observed, that the king employed in his wars a body of Flemings, to the great discontent of his own subjects, with whom they were very ungracious. These foreigners were much discontented at the peace, whereby they were likely to become useless and burdensome to the present king, and hateful to the successor. To prevent which, the commanders among them began to practise upon the levity and ambition of William the king's son. They urged the indignity he had received in being deprived of his birthright; offered to support his title by their valour, as they had done that of his father; and as an earnest of their intentions, to remove the chief impediment, by dispatching his rival out of the world. The young prince was easily wrought upon to be at the head of this conspiracy: time and place were fixed; when, upon the day appointed, William broke his leg by a fall from his horse; and the conspirators, wanting their leader, immediately dispersed. This disappointment and delay, as it usually happens among conspirators, were soon

followed by a discovery of the whole plot; whereof the duke, with great discretion, made no other use than to consult his own safety; therefore, without any show of suspicion or displeasure, he took leave of the king, and returned to Normandy.

1154. Stephen lived not above a year to share the happiness of this peace with his people; in which time he made a progress through most parts of the kingdom, where he gained universal love and veneration, by a most affable and courteous behaviour to all men. A few months after his return he went to Dover, to have an interview with the Earl of Flanders; where, after a short sickness, he died of the iliac passion, together with his old distemper the hemorrhoids, upon the twenty-fifth day of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the nineteenth of his reign.

He was a prince of wonderful endowments, both in body and mind: in his person tall and graceful, of great strength as well as vigour: he had a large portion of most virtues that can be useful in a king toward the happiness of his subjects or himself; courtesy and valour, liberality and clemency, in an eminent degree; especially the last, which he carried to an extreme, though very pardonable, yet hardly consisting with prudence, or his own safety. If we except his usurpation of the crown, he must be allowed a prince of great justice; which most writers affirm to have been always unblemished, except in that single instance: for, as to his treatment of the bishops and the Earl of Chester, it seems very excusable by the necessity of the time; and it was the general opinion, if he had not used that proceeding with the latter, it would have cost him his crown. Perhaps his injustice to the empress might likewise admit a little extenuation. Four kings successively had sat on the throne without any regard to lineal

descent; a period beyond the memory of most men then alive; whereby the people had lost much of that devotion they were used to bear toward an established succession; besides, the government of a woman was then a thing unknown, and for that reason disliked by all who professed to hate innovations.

But the wisdom of this prince was by no means equal to the rest of his virtues. He came to the crown upon as fair a title as his predecessor, being elected by the general consent of the nobles, through the credit of his brother, and his own personal merit. He had no disturbance for some time, which he might easily have employed in settling the kingdom, and acquiring the love of his people. He had treasure enough to raise and pay armies, without burdening the subject. His competitor was a woman, whose sex was the least of her infirmities, and with whom he had already compounded for his quiet by a considerable pension: yet with all these advantages he seldom was master of above half the kingdom at once, and that by the force of perpetual struggling, and with frequent danger of losing the whole. The principal difficulties he had to encounter, appear to have been manifest consequences of several most imprudent steps in his conduct, whereof many instances have been produced in the history of his reign; such as the unlimited permission of building castles; his raising the siege of a weak place where the empress was shut up, and must in a few days have fallen into his hands; his employing the Flemings in his wars, and favouring them above his own subjects, and lastly, that abortive project of crowning his son, which procured him at once the hatred and contempt of the clergy, by discovering an inclination to violence and injustice that he durst not pursue: whereas, it was

nothing else but an effect of that hasty and sudden disposition usually ascribed to those of his country, and in a peculiar manner charged to this prince: for, authors give it as a part of his character to be hot and violent in the beginning of an enterprise, but to slacken and grow cold in the prosecution.

He had a just sense of religion, and was frequent in attending the service of the church, yet reported to be no great friend of the clergy; which, however, is a general imputation upon all the kings of this realm in that and some succeeding reigns, and by no means personal to this prince, who deserved it as little as any.

I do not find any alterations during this reign in the meetings of general assemblies, farther than that the commons do not seem to have been represented in any of them; for which I can assign no other reason than the will of the king, or the disturbance of the time. I observed the word Parliament is used promiscuously among authors, for a general assembly of nobles, and for a council of bishops, or synod of the clergy; which renders this matter too perplexed to ascertain anything about it.

As for affairs of the church, that deserve particular mention, I have not met with any; unless it should be worth relating, that Henry, Bishop of Winchester, the Pope's legate, who held frequent synods during this reign, was the first introducer of appeals to Rome, in this kingdom; for which he is blamed by all the monkish historians who give us the account.

THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SECOND.

A FRAGMENT.

THE spirit of war and contention, which had for a long time possessed the nation, became so effectually laid during the last year of King Stephen's reign, that no alteration or disturbance ensued upon his death, although the new king, after he had received intelligence of it, was detained six weeks by contrary winds: besides, the opinion of this prince's power and virtues had already begotten so great an awe and reverence for him among the people, that upon his arrival he found the whole kingdom in a profound peace. He landed at Hostreham about the beginning of December, was received at Winchester by a great number of the nobility, who came there to attend and swear fealty to him, and, three weeks after, was crowned at Westminster, about the twenty-third year of his age. 1154.

For the farther settling of the kingdom, after the long distractions in the preceding reign, he seized on all the castles which remained undestroyed since the last peace between him and King Stephen; whereof some he demolished, and trusted others to the government of persons in whom he could confide.

But that which most contributed to the quiet of the realm, and the general satisfaction of his subjects, was a proclamation published, commanding all foreigners to leave England; enforced with a most effectual clause, whereby a day was fixed, after which it should be capital for any of them to appear; among these was William d'Ypres, Earl of Kent, whose possessions the king seized into his own hands.

These foreigners, generally called Flemings by the

writers of the English story, were a sort of vagabond soldiers of fortune, who in those ages, under several denominations, infested other parts of Europe as well as England: they were a mixed people, natives of Arragon, Navarre, Biscay, Brabant, and other parts of Spain and Flanders. They were ready to be hired to whatever prince thought fit to employ them; but always upon condition to have full liberty of plunder and spoil. Nor was it an easy matter to get rid of them, when there was no farther need of their service. In England they were always hated by the people, and by this prince in particular, whose continual enemies they had been.

After the expulsion of these foreigners, and forcing a few refractory lords to a surrender of their castles, King Henry, like a wise prince, began to consider that a time of settled peace was the fittest juncture to recover the rights of the crown which had been lost by the war. He therefore resumed, by his royal authority, all crown lands that had been alienated by his predecessor; alleging, that they were unalienable in themselves; and besides, that the grants were void, as coming from a usurper. Whether such proceedings are agreeable with justice, I shall not examine; but certainly a prince cannot better consult his own safety, than by disabling those whom he renders discontent; which is effectually done no other way but by depriving them of their possessions.

1156. While the king was thus employed at home, intelligence came that his brother Geoffry was endeavouring by force to possess himself of the Earldom of Anjou, to which he had fair pretensions: for their father, considering what vast dominions would fall to his eldest son, bequeathed that earldom to the second in his last sickness, and commanded

his nobles then about him to take an oath that they would not suffer his body to be buried until Henry (who was then absent) should swear to observe his will. The Duke of Normandy, when he came to assist at his father's obsequies, and found that without his compliance he must draw upon himself the scandal of keeping a father unburied, took the oath that was exacted for observing of his will, though very much against his own. But after he was in possession of England, whether it were that his ambition enlarged with his dominions, or that from the beginning he had never intended to observe what he had sworn, he prevailed with Pope Adrian (of English birth) to dispense with his oath; and in the second year of his reign went over into Normandy, drove his brother entirely out of Anjou, and forced him to accept a pension for his maintenance. But the young prince, through the resentment of this unnatural dealing, in a short time died of grief.

Nor was his treatment more favourable to the King of Scots, whom, upon a slight pretence, he took occasion to dispossess of Carlisle, Newcastle, and other places granted by the empress to that prince's father, for his services and assistance in her quarrel against Stephen.

Having thus recovered whatever he had any title to demand, he began to look out for new acquisitions. Ireland was in that age a country little known in the world. The legates sent sometimes thither from the court of Rome, for urging the payment of annats, or directing other church affairs, represented the inhabitants as a savage people, overrun with barbarism and superstition: for, indeed, no nation of Europe, where the Christian religion received so early and universal admittance, was ever so late or slow in feeling its effects upon their manners and

civility.* Instead of refining their manners by their faith, they had suffered their faith to be corrupted by their manners: true religion being almost defaced, both in doctrine and discipline, after a long course of time, among a people wholly sunk in ignorance and barbarity. There seem to have been two reasons why the inhabitants of that island continued so long uncultivated; first, their subjection or vassalage to so many petty kings, whereof a great number is mentioned by authors, besides those four or five usually assigned to the several provinces. These princes were engaged in perpetual quarrels, in doing or revenging injuries of violence, or lust, or treachery, or injustice, which kept them all in a continual state of war. And indeed there is hardly any country, how renowned soever in ancient or modern story, which may not be traced from the like original. Neither can a nation come out from this state of confusion, until it is either reduced under one head at home, or by force or conquest becomes subject to a foreign administration.

The other reason why civility made such late entrances into that island, may be imputed to its natural situation, lying more out of the road of commerce or conquest than any other part of the known world. All the intercourse the inhabitants had, was only with the western coasts of Wales and Scotland; from whence, at least in those ages, they were not likely to learn very much politeness.

1155. The king, about the second year of his reign, sent ambassadors to Pope Adrian, with injunctions to desire his licence for reducing the savage people of Ireland from their brutish way of

* The Irish had been very learned in former ages, but had declined for several centuries before the reign of Henry II. See Bede.

living, and subjecting them to the crown of England. The king proceeded thus, in order to set up a title to the island, wherein the pope himself pretended to be lord of the see; for, in his letter, which is an answer and grant to the king's requests, he insists upon it, that all islands, upon their admitting the Christian faith, became subject to the See of Rome; and the Irish themselves avowed the same thing to some of the first conquerors. In that forementioned letter, the pope highly praises the king's generous design, and recommends to him the civilizing of the natives, the protection of the church, and the payment of Peter-pence. The ill success of all past endeavours to procure from a people, so miserable and irreligious, this revenue to the holy see, was a main inducement with the pope to be easy and liberal in his grant; for the king professed a design of securing its regular payment. However, this expedition was not undertaken until some years after, when there happened an accident to set it forward, as we shall relate in its place.* * * * * *

—o—

HEADS FOR

HENRY THE SECOND'S CHARACTER,

EXTRACTED FROM THE MONKS.

[Hard to gather his character from such bad authors.]

A WISE prince, to whom other princes referred their differences, and had ambassadors from both empires, east and west, as well as others, at once in his court.

Strong and brawny body, patient of cold and heat, big head, broad breast, broken voice, temperate in meat, using much exercise, just stature, *forma elegantissima, colore subrufo, oculis glaucis,* sharp wit, very great memory, constancy in adversity and in felicity, except at last he yielded, because almost forsaken by all; liberal, imposed few tributes, excellent soldier, and fortunate, wise, and not unlearned. His vices: mild and promising in adversity, fierce and hard, and a violator of faith in prosperity; covetous to his domestics and children, although liberal to soldiers and strangers, which turned the former from him; loved profit more than justice; very lustful, which likewise turned his sons and others from him. Rosamond and the labyrinth at Woodstock. Not very religious; *mortuos milites lugens plus quam vivos amans, largus in publico, parcus in privato.* Constant in love and hatred, false to his word, morose, a lover of ease. Oppressor of nobles, sullen, and a delayer of justice; *verbo varius et versutus*——used churchmen well after Becket's death; charitable to the poor, levied few taxes, hated slaughter and cruelty. A great memory, and always knew those he once saw.

Very indefatigable in his travels backward and forward to Normandy, &c.; of most endless desires to increase his dominions. * * * * *

Cætera desiderantur.

LETTERS

FROM THE

REV. MATTHEW PILKINGTON

TO

MR. BOWYER THE PRINTER.

—o—

THESE letters were recovered by the industry of Mr. Nicol, and throw some curious light upon Dean Swift's publications. His connection with the impudent and profligate character to whom he intrusted them is noticed, Vol. I. p. 353.

—o—

MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER.

SIR, November 9, 1731.

I HAVE been much surprised at your long silence, and, perhaps, you have been affected in the same manner at mine. But, as I hope always to preserve the friendship we have begun, I must acquaint you with the reasons of my conduct.

I have the misfortune to live in a scene of great

hurry; and, between attending those who live in high stations who honour me with their friendship, and discharging the duties of my profession, I have scarce a moment disengaged; yet I constantly desired my friend Faulkner to write to you in my name, because I imagined it would save postage; and I thought it unreasonable to trouble you with my letters, when I had no very urgent business to write to you upon, and had too many obligations to you to think of adding to your expense. But I cannot imagine what you can plead in your case, for your neglect of writing to me, who am desirous to continue a constant correspondence: I shall be glad to hear you justify yourself.

Yesterday I saw a letter of yours to Mr. Faulkner, and on so distressful a subject, that I very sensibly shared in your affliction.* I am naturally apt to pity the woes of my fellow-creatures, but the wounds of my friends are my own. Here my office ought to be to administer comfort to you in so great a calamity; but I know how much easier it is to preach patience and resignation, than to practise either. The strongest reason acts but feebly upon the heart that is loaded with grief, nor is the highest eloquence powerful enough to heal a wounded spirit. Time, and a firm trust in Divine Providence, which undoubtedly orders all things for the best, are the only ministers of comfort in our misfortunes; and I hope your own virtue will enable you to bear this affliction with the resolution of a Christian, though joined with all the tenderness of a friend, and the fondest esteem for the memory of that relation you have lost.

I desired Mr. Faulkner, about six weeks ago, to return you my thanks for your kindness in procuring

* The death of Mrs. Bowyer.

me the books from Mr. Giles's, which I received safe, and also the box of those writings of mine; and I am extremely grieved to find that Faulkner neglected mentioning either. I had not known it, only for your postscript, wherein you desire to know whether I received them. I would have wrote to you before this, if I had not believed that your charge was paid; for Dr. Delany is, I believe, by this time in London; and he wrote to me from Bath for directions where to find you in London, that he might pay off his bill, and return you his thanks for your kindness to us. Let me beg the favour of you to acquaint Mr. Giles with this, because I would not, for any consideration, seem to forget my creditors, though in another country. If Dr. Delany be not come to you, I desire you will inquire out his lodgings; and I believe you may be informed either at Lord Bolingbroke's, or Mr. Percival's, in Conduit-Street. Tell him your name whenever you go to wait upon him; and I assure you the doctor will be extremely friendly to you, and glad to see you, for I have often talked to him of you.

I received ninety-four books* from you, but I believe you must commit them to the charge of Mr. Faulkner, because I have no opportunity of selling, but bestowing them; for when any of my friends are desirous to have one, and ask me where they are to be had, I am always too generous, or too bashful, (which is a great rarity among us Irish,) to accept of payment for them; and by this means I shall be under the necessity of giving all away, which would be too expensive an article to me. Now, what I think would answer would be, to send what I have not bestowed to Mr. Faulkner, and let him publish in his newspaper that he has imported some of those

* Mr. Pilkington's Poems, printed by Mr. Bowyer in 1730.

books, and let him be accountable to you for the sale. I wrote to you for thirty, which I expected to give away, and I believe I have distributed so many. When I receive your answer, I will give you a particular account, and remit you the money for them the first opportunity. If I find Dr. Delany's lodgings out from any friends here, or from his letters to me, I will give you immediate notice. I should be glad to have any catalogues that were now selling in London; and, if you could send any of them, or any other little pamphlets, they may be directed to the Lord Bishop of Killala, in Dublin, for me. I never received either the Monthly Chronicle for March, nor the Historia Literaria for ditto; I believe it miscarried, by being directed to Faulkner; they were not for Dr. Delany, but for another gentleman in town; but I had forgot, till the gentleman asked me for them the other day. I shall be glad to hear from you soon: and am your most sincere friend,

MATT. PILKINGTON.

There is one Green, a bookseller, lately come from London to this town, who has imported a very curious collection of books; but he has rated them so excessively dear, and seems to act so haughtily in the sale of them, that I believe above three-fourths of them will be sent back to-morrow to England again. I made the Dean of St. Patrick's go with me there the first morning; but all the books were too dear for either of us.

—o—

MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER.

SIR, February 5, 1731–2.

I FIND you are resolved to lay me under so many obligations to you, that, upon principles of gratitude, I must be always desirous to promote your interest to the utmost of my power. I think you have nothing more left to do, but to make the experiment, by putting it in my way to return your favours. I sent sixty-five books to Mr. Faulkner's, and hope, some time or other, to have it in my power to make acknowledgments. I find Mr. Faulkner sent you a little pamphlet of my writing, called, An Infallible Scheme to pay the Debts of this Nation. I have the honour to see it mistaken for the Dean's, both in Dublin and in your part of the world; but I am still diffident of it, whether it will merit esteem or contempt. It was a sudden whim; and I was tempted to send it into the world by the approbation which the Dean (my wisest and best friend) expressed when he read it: if you were concerned in the printing of it, I hope you will be no sufferer. I am very much obliged to you for receiving the young printer, whom I recommended to you, in so friendly a manner. If I can, on this side of the water, be serviceable to any friend of yours, command me.

I am much pleased to hear of your acquaintance with Dr. Delany, who is the best of friends; and I do not doubt but your affection for him will increase with your intimacy with him. I desire you to present my service to him; and tell him that the Dean designs to trouble him to buy a convenient microscope, that he may find out both myself and my house with greater ease than he can at present,

because we are both so excessively small, that he can scarce discover either. I hope to hear soon from you, although it be Parliament-time, and you hurried with business; and shall always be your sincere friend and servant,

MATT. PILKINGTON.

—o—

MR. PILKINGTON TO MR. BOWYER.

SIR, Dublin, Aug 17, 1732.

I RECEIVED your last letter, with the note to Mr. North. I am extremely obliged to you for the favour of such a present, and shall be glad to have an opportunity to express my gratitude to you.

I would send with this letter two or three of those papers which I design for your volume, but the Dean is reading them over, to try if there be any alteration requisite in any of them. I shewed him your note to Mr. North; and I believe he was at least as much pleased as the person who was to receive it. We have thoughts of preparing a preface to your edition, in the name of the editor. Let me know whether I shall send the pamphlets by post, and whether you have the Journal of a Dublin Lady, the Ballad on the English Dean, and Rochford's Journal; because you shall have the copies sent to you, and the property effectually secured. I mentioned your request to the Dean; and I shall get you the right of printing the Proposal for Eating Children. I mentioned the alteration of the titles, and he thinks it will be most proper to give them both the Irish and English titles.—For instance, the Soldier and the Scholar, or Hamilton's Bawn,

&c. I have some hope of being able to send all these in about a week or fortnight's time ; and shall venture to send them by post, though it will be expensive. The Dean says, he thinks the assignment * as full as it is possible for him to write ; but that he will comply with any alterations we think proper. I shall expect to hear from you as soon as possible ; because I have some schemes to transact, which, probably, I shall acquaint you with in my next letter.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged servant,

MATT. PILKINGTON.

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* The assignment is in these words :—

"Whereas several scattered papers, in prose and verse, for three or four years last past, were printed in Dublin, by Mr. George Faulkner, some of which were sent, in manuscript, to Mr. William Bowyer, of London, printer, which pieces are supposed to be written by me, and are now, by the means of the Reverend Matthew Pilkington, who delivered or sent them to the said Faulkner and Bowyer, become the property of the said Faulkner and Bowyer: I do here, without specifying the said papers, give up all manner of right I may be thought to have in the said papers, to Mr. Matthew Pilkington aforesaid, who informs me that he intends to give up the said right to Mr. Bowyer aforesaid.

"Witness my hand, July 22, 1732, JONATH. SWIFT. From the Deanery House in Dublin, the day and year above written."

This conveyance is assigned by Pilkington, as empowered by Dr. Swift to do so, to Mr William Bowyer of London, on 5th October, 1732.

LETTER

TO

THE EARL OF ORRERY,

PREFIXED TO POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY MRS. BARBER.

Rivington, 1724. 4*to.*

—o—

MRS. BARBER was the wife of a linen-draper in Dublin, a person of some talents for poetry, or rather for versifying, who had been introduced to the Dean, and had naturally done her best to secure his patronage. We shall here give place to one of her effusions, both as relating to Swift, and because it may afford a fair specimen of her talents, which, in no point of view, can be considered as rising above mediocrity :—

On sending my Son as a present to Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, on his Birth-day.—[See Barber's Poems, p. 72.]

A curious statue, we are told,
Is prized above its weight in gold;
If the faird form the hand confess,
Of Phidias or Praxiteles;
But if the artist could inspire
The smallest spark of heavenly fire,
Though but enough to make it walk,
Salute the company, or talk,

This would advance the price so high,—
What prince were rich enough to buy?
Such if Hibernia could obtain,
She sure would give it to the Dean;
So to her patriot should she pay
Her thanks upon his natal day.

A richer present I design,
A finish'd form of work divine,
Surpassing all the power of art,
A thinking head and grateful heart,
A heart that hopes one day to show
How much we to the Drapier owe.

Kings could not send a nobler gift,—
A meaner were unworthy Swift.

Dublin, Nov. 30, 1726.

Swift, accustomed to praise of a much superior quality, can scarce be supposed weak enough to be blinded to the poverty of Mrs. Barber's powers by the magic of her adulation. But he considered her as a worthy person, who added some literary attainments to the regular discharge of her duty as a wife and a mother; and when she proposed that her volume of poetry (to be published by subscription) should be dedicated to the Earl of Orrery, the Dean supplied her with the following introductory and apologetical epistle.

By means of a singular fraud, the good-natured patronage which Swift extended to a woman of some talent, and in indifferent circumstances as to fortune, was the means of breaking off the precarious intercourse still subsisting betwixt him and Queen Caroline, which had been already much interrupted. Her Majesty received three letters in the Dean's name, but evidently in a hand-writing different, in which, after bestowing the most exaggerated praises on Mrs. Barber's poetry, and extolling her as a luminary of the first order, the writer expostulates with her Majesty concerning the affairs of Ireland, in a style offensive and unbecoming from a subject to a sovereign. One of these forgeries, which was given by Mr. Howard to Mr. Pope, has been preserved, and occurs Vol. XVII. p. 367. Mrs. Barber is there described as an ornament to her country and her sex, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, the best female poet of this or any other age, and one whose genius is either honoured or envied by every man of genius in England.

Swift vindicated himself indignantly to Pope and to Lady

Suffolk from the charge of having written these absurd and disrespectful letters;* and, indeed, there needs no other justification of his memory from such a charge, than the calm perusal of the following dedication, in which he gives the public his real sentiments on Mrs. Barber's merits, which he seems to have estimated on a very just, and therefore very moderate scale, totally inconsistent with the outrageous enthusiasm which the writer of the letters to the Queen has been pleased to display in her behalf.

It is now generally admitted, that the Dean, notwithstanding the doubts of Johnson and other earlier biographers, must stand acquitted of a line of conduct absurdly inconsistent with his own published sentiments, and personally outrageous to Queen Caroline. Who committed the forgery, or what was its purpose, it may not be so easy to determine. The editor of the Suffolk Papers is disposed to fix the guilt on Mrs. Barber. But as her writings display some common sense, it must surely have occurred to her that her own personal interest could not be advanced, but must be injured, by the insolent terms of the forged expostulation, which might indeed ruin Swift in the Queen's opinion, but could never aid the cause of Mrs. Barber, his supposed protegée. If the present editor were to suggest any hypothesis to account for this mysterious trick, it would be, that Pilkington, or some such person, may have conceived, of his own accord, or have had it suggested to him, that the intercourse betwixt the Queen and Dean Swift, now that the former had admitted Sir Robert Walpole to her councils and favour, was becoming rather inconvenient to her Majesty, or perhaps suspicious to the minister, and that a fair pretext for breaking it off, decidedly and for ever, would be agreeable to both. The reader will find the subject farther treated of, Vol. I. p. 354, Sec. VI.

Whether the forgery was committed with the purpose of breaking off this correspondence, or no, it certainly had the effect; for though the Queen must, as well as Lady Suffolk, have been convinced of the Dean's innocence, she still kept up her resentment, and the final breach between them thus effected was never afterwards repaired. Thus was the observation of the Dean fully illustrated, which states, that persons of high condition seldom relinquish their displeasure, even although they are perfectly satisfied it has been adopted on mistaken grounds, probably because it requires a strong effort of candour to confess an error, whereas it is easy to maintain an unjust prejudice.

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* See Vol. XVII. pp. 271, 283, and Lady Suffolk's very able answer, p. 402.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

—o—

My Lord,

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordship; and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators. And this she thinks the more incumbent on her from the surprising instances of your generosity and favour that she hath already received, and which she hath been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all that she can say to your lordship's advantage will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word, that I could be of no service to her upon this article; yet I confess, my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she hath of herself, although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded, that the office of setting out your lordship's character will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons: I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her: And God for-

bid, that your character should not have a stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men; and, in due time, if Mrs. Barber can but have a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confess the number is not great; but that is not your lordship's fault, and, therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topics she intends to insist on: your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this; the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension; your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings: perhaps she may be so weak to add, the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm Christian, according to the doctrine of the church established in both kingdoms.

These, and other topics, I imagine, Mrs. Barber designs to insist on, in the dedication of her poems to your lordship; but I think she will better shew her prudence by omitting them all; and yet, my lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron; and, at the same time, declare my opinion, that she deserveth your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems, and believe your lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topics, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; and wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short,

she seemeth to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she hath acted in, as the wife of a citizen. Yet I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business. Poetry hath only been her favourite amusement; for which she hath one qualification that I wish all good poets possessed a share of; I mean that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have, at her entreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter and given her the liberty to make it public. For which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon; but she was of opinion it might do her some service; and therefore I complied.

I am, my Lord, with truest esteem and respect,

Your lordship's most obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Dublin, August 20, 1733.

POEMS ASCRIBED TO SWIFT.

POEMS ASCRIBED TO SWIFT.

No. I.

THE SWAN TRIPE CLUB IN DUBLIN.

A SATIRE.

—o—

This Satire has been ascribed to Swift, on the authority of a title-page by Tonson, who reprinted the poem as by "the author of the Tale of a Tub." I cannot discern any internal evidence; on the contrary, the terms in which King William is mentioned, both in the title and text of the poem, are totally inconsistent with the Dean's feelings towards that monarch. Indeed, if this poem had really been the Dean's writing, and known to be so by the celebrated Whig bookseller, whom he had offended, it would have been quoted against him, as a mark of apostacy, in the numerous libels of the day, where, however, it is never once mentioned. Besides, durst Swift, with such an evidence in every bookseller's shop, have ventured to assert, that, while he held Whig politics in the state, he was always of the High Church party in what regarded ecclesiastical matters? See Vol. I. p. 72, note.

—o—

Dedicated to all those who are true Friends to her present Majesty and her Government, to the Church of England, and the Succession as by Law established; and who gratefully acknowledge the preservation of their Religion, Rights, and Liberties, due to the late King William, of ever glorious and immortal memory.

[Printed from the original Dublin Edition of 1706.]

Difficile est satyram non *scribere.*

HOW this fantastic world is changed of late!
Sure some full moon has work'd upon the state.
Time was, when it was question'd much in story,
Which was the worst, the Devil or a Tory;
But now, alas! those happy times are o'er;
The rampant things are couchant now no more,
But trump up Tories, who were Whigs before.
There was a time, when fair Hibernia lay
Dissolved in ease, and, with a gentle sway,
Enjoy'd the blessings of a halcyon day.
Pleased with the bliss their friendly union made,
Beneath her bending fig-tree's peaceful shade,
Careless and free, her happy sons were laid.
No feuds, no groundless jealousies appear,
To rouse their rage, or wake them into fear;
With pity they beheld Britannia's state,
Tost by the tempest of a stormy fate;
Wild frenzy through her blasted borders pass'd,
Whilst noisy Faction drove the furious blast:

Calm and serene we heard the tempest roar,
And fearless view'd the danger from the shore.
Thus blest, we slumber'd in a downy trance,
Happy, like Eden, in mild ignorance;
Till Discord, like the wily serpent, found
Th' unguarded path to the forbidden ground;
Shew'd us the tree, the tempting tree, which stood
The fairest, but most fatal, of the wood;
And where (as hanging on the golden bough)
The glittering fruit look'd smiling to the view.
"Taste, and be wise," the sly provoker said;
And see the platform of your ruin laid:
Rouse from the dulness ye too long have shewn,
And view your Church's danger, and your own.
Thus at superior wit we catch'd in haste,
Which mock'd the approach of our deluded taste.
And now———
Imaginary schemes we seem to spy.
And search for dangers with a curious eye;
From thought to thought we roll, and rack our sense,
To obviate mischiefs in the future tense:
Strange plots in embryo from the Lord we fear;
And dream of mighty ills, the Lord knows where!
Wretchedly wise, we curse our present store,
But bless the witless age we knew before.
Near that famed place* where slender wights resort,
And gay Pulvilio keeps his scented court;
Where exiled wit ne'er shews its hated face,
But happier nonsense fills the thoughtless place;
Where sucking beaux, our future hopes, are bred,
The sharping gamester, and the bully red,
O'er-stock'd with fame, but indigent of bread;
There stands a modern dome† of vast renown,

---

* Lucas's Coffee-house. † The Swan Tavern.

For a plump cook and plumper reck'nings known:
Raised high, the fair inviting bird you see,
In all his milky plumes, and feather'd lechery;
In whose soft down immortal Jove was drest,
When the fair nymph the wily god possest;
Still in which shape he stands to mortal view,
Patron of whoring, and of toping too.
Here gravely meet the worthy sons of zeal,
To wet their pious clay, and decently to rail:
Immortal courage from the claret springs,
To censure heroes, and the acts of kings:
Young doctors of the gown here shrewdly shew
How grace divine can ebb, and spleen can flow;
The pious red-coat most devoutly swears,
Drinks to the Church, but ticks on his arrears;
The gentle beau, too, joins in wise debate,
Adjusts his cravat, and reforms the state.
As when the sun, on a returning flood,
Warms into life the animated mud;
Strange wondrous insects on the shore remain,
And a new race of vermin fills the plain:
So from the excrement of zeal we find,
A slimy race, but of the modish kind,
Crawl from the filth, and kindled into man,
Make up the members of the sage divan.
Of these the famed Borachio * is the chief,
A son of pudding and eternal beef.
The jovial god, with all-inspiring grace,
Sits on the scarlet honours of his face;
His happy face, from rigid wisdom free,
Securely smiles in thoughtless majesty;
His own tithe-geese not half so plump as he.
Wild notions flow from his immoderate head,
And statutes quoted,—moderately read;

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* Dr. Higgins.

Whole floods of words his moderate wit reveal,
Yet the good man's immoderate in zeal.
How can his fluent tongue and thought keep touch,
Who thinks too little, but who talks too much?
When peaceful tars with Gallic navies meet,
And lose their honour to preserve the fleet,
This wondrous man alone shall conquest boast,
And win the battles which the heroes lost.
When just esteem he would of William raise,
He damns the glories which he means to praise;
The poor encomium, so thinly spread,
Lampoons the injured ashes of the dead;
Though for the orator, 'tis said withal,
He meant to praise him, if he meant at all.
Egregious Magpye charms the listening throng,*
While inoffensive satire tips his tongue;
Grey politics adorn the beardless chit,
Of foreign manners, but of native wit;
Scarce wean'd from diddy of his Alma Mater,
The cocking thing steps forth the church's Erra Pater;
High-flying thoughts his moderate size supply,
And wing the towering puppet to the sky;
On brazen wings beat out from native stock,
He mounts, and rides upon the weather-cock;
From whence the dull Hibernian isle he views;
The dull Hibernian isle he sees, and spews;
He mourns the talent of his wisdom, lost
On such a dry inhospitable coast.
Thus daws, when perch'd upon a steeple's top,
With Oxford strut and pride superior hop;
And, whilst on earth their haughty glances throw,
Take humble curates but for daws below.
Firedrake, a senator of awkward grace,†
But famed for matchless modesty and face,

---

* Archdeacon Percival. † Ecchlin, a lawyer.

With Christian clamour fills the deafen'd room,
And prophecies of wondrous ills to come.
Heaven in a hurry seems to have form'd his paste,
Fill'd up his spleen, but left his head-piece waste:
He thinks, he argues, nay, he prays in haste.
When in soil'd sheets the dirty wight is spread,
And high-flown schemes for curtains grace the bed,
Wild freakish fancy, with her airy train,
Whirls through the empty region of his brain;
Shews him the church just tott'ring on his head,
And all her mangled sons around her spread;
Paints out himself, of all his hopes beguiled,
And his domestic Sicorax defiled:
Then, kindling at the sight, he flies about,
And puts dissenting squadrons to the rout;
Brim-full of wrath he plunges into strife,
And thumps the passive carcase of his wife;
He routs the flying foe, he scours the plain,
And boldly fights the visionary scene.
The Apollo of the cause, old Grimbeard,* stands,
And all the inferior fry of wit commands;
Nursed up in faction, and a foe to peace,
He robs his bones of necessary ease;
Drunk with inveterate spleen, he scorns his age,
And Nature's lowest ebb supplies with sprightly rage.
Cold drivelling Time has all his nerves unstrung,
But left untouch'd his lechery of tongue;
His lechery of tongue, which still remains,
And adds a friendly aid to want of brains:
He blames the dulness of his party's sloth,
And chides the fears of their inactive youth;
Tells them the time, the happy time, is come,
When moderation shall behold its doom;
When snivelling mercy shall no more beguile,
But Christian force and pious rage shall smile;

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* Mr. or Captain Locke.

Warns them against those dangers to provide,
Those dangers which his spectacles have spied,
Dark and unknown to all the world beside!
Hail, venerable man, design'd by fate
The saving genius of a sinking state!
Lo, prostrate at thy feet we trembling fall,
Thou great twin-idol of the thund'ring Baal!
How shall thy votaries thy wrath assuage,
Unbend thy frowns, and deprecate thy rage?
Millions of victims shall thy altars soil;
Heroes shall bleed, and treasurers shall broil;
Thy peerless worth shall in our lays be sung:
O, bend thy stubborn rage, and sheath thy dreadful tongue!
Nutbrain,* a daggle-gown of large renown,
For weak support to needy client known,
With painted dangers keeps his mob in awe,
And shrewdly construes faction into law.
When Albion's Senate waved its fatal wand,
And with their hungry locusts curst the land,
Our fruitful Egypt, with the load opprest,
Beheld with grief its happy fields laid waste;
With watery eyes, and with a mother's pain,
She heard the nation groan, but heard in vain;
Till, gorged with prey, they took the favouring wind,
And left this straggling vermin here behind:
Too well he liked our fruitful Egypt's plain,
To trot to hungry Westminster again.
Say, blind Hibernia, from what charms unknown
Ye adopt a man, whom ye should blush to own:
Beggar'd and spoil'd of all your wealthy store,
Yet hug the viper, whom ye cursed before.
Is this the pious champion of your cause,
Who robs your offspring to protect your laws;

---

* Nutley, a lawyer.

Slily distils his venom to the root,
And blasts the tree from whence he plucks the fruit?
Who sees your ruin, which he smiles to see;
Whose gain's his heaven, and whose god's a fee?
In the first rank famed Sooterkin* is seen,
Of happy visage, and enchanting mien,
A lazy modish son of melancholy spleen:
Whose every feature flourishes in print,
And early pride first taught the youth to squint.
What niggard father would begrudge his brass,
When travell'd son doth homebred boy surpass—
Went out a fopling, and return'd an ass?
Of thought so dark, that no erroneous hit
E'er shew'd the lucid beauties of his wit.
When scanty fee expects a healing pill,
With careless yawn he nods upon the bill,
Secure to hit—who never fails to kill.
When costive punk, in penitential case,
Sits squeezing out her soul in vile grimace,
To ease his patient, he prescribes—his face!
Well may the wretch a Providence disown,
Who thinks no wisdom brighter than his own:
Long since he left religion in the lurch,
Who yet would raise the glories of the church,
And stickles for its rights, who ne'er comes near the porch.
Immortal Crab† stands firmly to the truth,
And with sage nod commands the list'ning youth;
In whom rank spleen has all its vigour shown,
And blended all its curses into one;

---

* Dr. Worth, a physician.

† Explained, in the Lanesborough Manuscript, to be Archdeacon Neele, but averred by another authority to mean a "Mr. Hedge Young, or Hogg Young, the late lord-chancellor's purse-bearer."

O'erflowing gall has changed the crimson flood,
And turn'd to vinegar the wretch's blood.
Nightly on bend'd knees the musty put
Still saints the spigot, and adores the butt;
With fervent zeal the flowing liquor plies,
But damns the moderate bottle for its size.
His liquid vows cut swiftly through the air,
When glorious red has whetted him to prayer;
Thrifty of time, and frugal of his ways,
Tippling he rails, and as he rails he prays.
In the sage list, great Mooncalf is enroll'd,
Famed as the Delphic oracle of old.
Propitious dulness, and a senseless joy,
Shone at his birth, and blest the hopeful boy;
Who utters wonders without sense of pain,
And scorns the crabbed labour of his brain.
Fleeting as air, his words outstrip the wind,
Whilst the sage tardy meaning lags behind.
No saucy foresight dares his will control,
Or stop the impetuous motion of his soul;
His soul, which struggles in her dark abode,
Crush'd and o'erlay'd with the unwieldy load:
Prevailing dulness did his sense betray,
And cramp'd his reason to extend his clay;
His wit contracted to a narrow span,
A yard of idiot to an inch of man.
Hail, mighty dunce, thou largest of thy kind,
How well thy mien is suited to thy mind!
What if the Lords and Commons can't agree,
Thou dear, dull, happy thing, what is't to thee?
Sit down contented with thy present store,
Heaven ne'er designed thee to be wise and poor:
Trust to thy fate; whatever parties join,
Thy want of wit obstructs thy want of coin.
As when imperial Rome beheld her state
Grown faint, and struggling with impending fate;

When barbarous nations on her ruins trod,
And no kind Jove appear'd her guardian god,
A sacred goose could all her fears disperse,
And save the Mistress of the Universe:
Of equal fame the great example be,
Our church's safety we expect from thee:
In thee, great man, the saving brood remains,
Of equal piety, and equal brains;
In this we differ but in point of name:
Unlike the Romans we; but thou, our goose, the same.

And now with solemn grace the Council sat,
And the third flask had raised a warm debate;
When Faction, entering, walk'd the giddy maze,
Sworn foe and noted enemy to peace;
And, taking Grimbeard's shape, the silence broke,
And in shrill voice the eager fury spoke.

"Be witness, Heaven, how much I'm pleased to find
Such gallant friends, and of so brave a mind;
Souls fit to rule the world, and proudly sit
The noblest sons of piety and wit.
Uncommon vigour in your looks I spy,
Resolved the utmost of your force to try;
Bravely to stickle for your church's laws,
And shed a generous influence on her cause.
See how with grief she hangs her pensive head,
Whilst trickling tears, upon her garments shed,
Mourn all her lustre and her beauty fled:
In hair dishevell'd, and with bosom bare,
With melancholy sounds she fills the air.
Would ye, my friends, the weighty business know,
And learn the cruel reason of her woe?
The cause she has to grieve, the world believes,
Is this—hem—hem—why, 'tis enough she grieves:
What sons from tears their flinty souls can keep,
And with dry eyes behold their mother weep?

Ah! stop the deluge of her watery store,
And let her taste those joys she felt before!
"When William (curse upon that hated name,
For ever blotted and unknown to fame!)
When William in imperial glory shone,
And, to our grief, possess'd Britannia's throne:
Mark with what malice he our church debased,
Her sons neglected, and her rights defaced:
To canting zeal design'd her form a slave,
And meant to ruin what he came to save.
What though the world be fill'd with his alarms,
And fainting Gallia trembled at his arms;
Yet still the doughty hero did no more
Than Julius once, and Ammon, did before.
Is this the idol of the people's love,
The poor mock-puppet of a ruling Jove?
Sorrel, we owe his hasty fate * to thee,
Thou lucky horse; oh! may thy memory be
Fragrant to all, as it is sweet to me!
Too far, I fear, the vile infection's spread,
Since Anna courts the party which he led,
And treads the hated footsteps of the dead.
If so, what now can we expect to hear,
But black effects of those damn'd ills we fear?
Your fat endowments shall be torn away,
And to Geneva zeal become an easy prey;
Cold element shall give your guts the gripes,
And, ah! no more you shall indulge in tripes.
No Sunday pudding shall adorn the board,
Or burn the chaps of its too eager lord:
No gentle Abigail shall caudles make,
Nor cook the jellies for the chaplain's back;
Long-winded schismatics shall rule the roast,
And Father Christmas mourn his revels lost.

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* Sorrel was the name of the horse on which King William rode when he received his mortal injury by a fall.

Rouse then, my friends, and all your forces join,
And act with vigour in our great design:
What though our danger is not really great?
'Tis brave to oppose a government we hate.
Poison the nation with your jealous fears,
And set the fools together by the ears:
Whilst with malicious joy we calmly sit,
And smile to see the triumphs of our wit:
Sound well the College; and with nicest skill
Inflame the beardless boys, and bend them to your will.
What though unmoved her learned sons have stood,
Nor sacrificed to spleen their country's good?
Yet search the tree, and sure there may be found
Some branches tainted, though the trunk be sound;
Shew them the lure which never fails to hit;
Approve their briskness, and admire their wit.
Youth against flattery has no defence,
Fools still are cheated with the bait of sense;
Glean e'en the schools from lechery and birch,
And teach the youngsters to defend the church.
'Tis fools we want, and of the largest size:
'Twould spoil our cause to practise on the wise:
The wise are eagles of the sharpest ken,
And calmly weigh the merits and the men;
Pierce through the cobweb veil of erring sense,
And know the truth of zeal from the pretence:
Whilst fools, like game-cocks, are the slaves of show,
And never ask a cause, but fly upon the foe:
Chance only guides them wandering in the night,
When in an age they stumble on the right:
God never gave a fool the gift of sight."
He said—with joy the pleased assembly rose;
"Well moved!" they cried, and murmur'd their applause;
When, lo, before the Board, confess'd in sight,
Stept forth a heavenly guest, serenely bright;

No mortal beauty could with hers compare,
Or poet's fancy form a maid so fair;
Around her head immortal glories shine,
And her mild air confess'd the nymph divine;
Whilst thus she spake:
"Ask not, my frighted sons, from whence I came,
But mark me well; Religion is my name;
An angel once, but now a fury grown,
Too often talk'd of, but too little known:
Is it for me, my sons, that ye engage,
And spend the fury of your idle rage?
'Tis false; unmanly spleen your bosom warms,
And a pretended zeal your fancy charms.
Where have I taught you in the sacred page,
To construe moderation into rage;
To affront the power from whence your safety springs,
And poorly blast the memory of kings?
Branded with infamy, ye shun the light,
But court, like birds obscene, the covert of the night.
Is then unlawful riot fit to be
The great supporter of my church and me?
Think ye, weak men, she's of her foes afraid,
Or wants the assistance of your feeble aid?
When round her throne seraphic warriors stand,
And form upon her side a heavenly band:
When, fixt as fate, her deep foundation lies,
And spreads where'er my ANNA'S glory flies.
Think on the intended ruins of the day,
When to proud Rome ye were design'd a prey:
With wonder read those fatal times again,
And call to mind the melancholy scene;
When down its rapid stream the torrent bore
Your country's laws, and safety was no more;
Torn from your altars, ye were forced to roam
In needy exile from your native home.

'Twas then, my sons, your mighty William rose,
And bravely fell like lightning on your foes:
With royal pity he deplored your fate,
And stood the Atlas of your sinking state.
When sacrifice on idle altars slain
Polluted all the isle, and dyed the plain;
Rome's mob of saints did all your temples fill,
And consecrated groves crown'd every hill:
'Twas then, Josiah-like, that he defaced
Their Pagan rites, and laid their altars waste;
Drove out their idols from their loved abodes,
And pounded into dust their molten gods:
Israel's true Lord was to his rule restored,
Again his name was heard, and was again adored.

"Wondering, ye saw your great deliverer come,
But, while he warr'd abroad, ye rail'd at home;
Dreadfully gay in arms, but scorn'd in peace,
The useless buckler of inglorious ease:
O poor and short-lived glory and renown!
O false unenvied pleasures of a crown!
So soon are all thy shining honours fled,
Traduced while living, and defamed when dead,
Strange fate of heroes, who like comets blaze,
And with a sudden light the world amaze:
But when with fading beams they quit the skies,
No more to shine the wonder of our eyes;
Their glories spent, and all their fiery store,
We scorn the omens which we fear'd before.

"My royal Anne, whom every virtue crowns,
Feels your ill-govern'd rage, nor 'scapes your frowns;
Your want of duty ye supply with spight,
Traduce her councils, and her heroes slight;
Lampoon the mildness of her easy sway,
And sicken at the light of her superior day;
Poison her sweets of life with groundless fears,
And fill her royal breast with anxious cares.

What! such a queen, where Art and Nature join
To hit the copy of a form divine:
Unerring Wisdom purged the dross away,
And form'd your Anna of a nobler clay;
Breathing a soul, in which in glory shone
Goodness innate, and virtue like its own:
She knows how far engaging sweetness charms,
And conquers more by mildness than by arms;
Like Sampson's riddle in the sacred song,
A springing sweet still flowing from the strong;
Like hasty sparks her slow resentment dies,
Her rigour lagging, but her mercy flies.
Hail, pious princess! mightiest of thy name,
Though last begotten, yet the first in fame:
Those glorious heroines we in story see,
Were but the fainter types of greater thee.
Let others take a lustre from the throne;
You shine with brighter glories of your own,
Add worth to worth, and dignify a crown.
Oft have I mark'd, with what a studious care
My words you ponder, and my laws revere:
To thee, great queen, what eulogies are due,
Who both protect the flock, and feed the shepherds too!*
For which I still preside o'er thy alarms,
And add a shining lustre to thy arms:
I form'd the battle, and I gave the word,
And rode with conquest on thy Ormond's sword;
When Anjou's fleet yielded its Indian store,
And at thy sacred feet deposed the silver ore;
I sent the goddess, when Victoria came,
And raised thy Churchill to immortal fame,
And Hochstet's bloody field advanced the hero's name.

---

* Alluding to her grants to the Clergy.—N.

Nor shall thy glories or thy triumphs cease,
But thy rough wars shall soften into peace.
Charles* shall from thee his diadem receive,
And shining pomp which you alone can give;
The Gallic Lion, list'ning at his shore,
Shall fear to tempt the British dangers more,
But skulk in deserts where he used to roar:
Admiring worlds before thy throne shall stand,
And willing nations bend to thy command.

"For you, ye inveterate enemies to peace,
Whom kings can ne'er oblige, nor Heaven can please;
Who, blindly zealous, into faction run,
And make those dangers you'd be thought to shun;
For shame, the transports of your rage give o'er,
And let your civil feuds be heard no more:
To the wise conduct of my Anna trust;
Know your own good, and to yourselves be just:
And, when with grief you see your brother stray,
Or in a night of error lose his way,
Direct his wandering, and restore the day.
To guide his steps, afford your kindest aid,
And gently pity whom ye can't persuade;
Leave to avenging Heaven his stubborn will,
For, O, remember, he's your brother still."

---

* The Archduke Charles.—N.

—o—

No. II.

THE STORY OF ORPHEUS,

BURLESQUED.

These two specimens of Ovidiana are given by Dr. Barrett to the Dean. I doubt if the internal evidence is sufficient, and there is no other. They are greatly inferior to Baucis and Philemon, but that production underwent the strict revision of Addison, who perhaps taught Swift to attend to the accuracy of rhymes and neatness of expression, which afterwards distinguished his compositions.

ORPHEUS, a one-eyed blearing Thracian,
The crowder of that barb'rous nation,
Was ballad-singer by vocation;
Who, up and down the country strolling,
And with his strains the mob cajoling,
Charm'd 'em as much as each man knows
Our modern farces do our beaux:
To hear whose voice they left their houses,
Their food, their handicrafts, and spouses;
Whilst, by the mercury of his song,
He threw the staring, gaping throng
(A thing deserving admiration)
Into a copious salivation.
From hence came all those monstrous stories,
That to his lays wild beasts danced borees;
That after him, where'er he rambled,
The lion ramp'd, and the bear gambol'd,
And rocks and caves (their houses) ambled:

For sure, the monster Mob includes
All beasts, stones, stocks, in solitudes.
He had a spouse, yclept Eurydice,
As tight a lass as e'er your eye did see;
Who, being caress'd one day by Morpheus,
In absence of her husband, Orpheus,
As in the god's embrace she lay,
Died, not by metaphor they say,
But the ungrateful literal way:
For a modern's* pleased to say by't,
From sleep to death there's but a way-bit.
Orpheus at first, to appearance grieving,
For one he had oft wish'd damn'd while living,
That he may play her her farewell,
Resolved to take a turn to hell,
(For spouse, he guess'd, was gone to the devil:)
There was a husband damnably civil!
Playing a merry strain that day,
Upon th' infernal king's highway,
He caper'd on, as who should say,
Since spouse has pass'd the Stygian ferry,
Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry;
And wights who travel that way daily,
Jog on by his example gaily.
Thus scraping, he to hell advanced;
When he came there the devil danced;
All hell was with the frolic taken,
And with a huge huzza was shaken.
All hell broke loose, and they who were
One moment past plunged in despair,
Sung, Hang sorrow, cast away care!
But Pluto, with a spiteful prank,
Ungrateful devil, did Orpheus thank.
Orpheus, said he, I like thy strain
So well, that here's thy wife again:

---

* Tasso.

But on those terms receive the blessing.
Till thou'rt on earth, forbear possessing.
He who has play'd like thee in hell,
Might e'en do t'other thing as well;
And shades of our eternal night
Were not design'd for such delight.
Therefore, if such in hell thou usest,
Thy spouse immediately thou losest.
Quoth Orpheus, I am manacled, I see:
You and your gift be damn'd, thought he;
And shall be, if my skill don't fail me,
And if the devil does not ail me.
Now Orpheus saw importance free,*
By which once more a slave was he.
The damned changed presently their notes.
And stretch'd with hideous howl their throats;
And two and two together link'd,
Their chains with horrid music clink'd;
And in the concert, yell and fetlock
Express'd the harmony of wedlock.
He, by command, then lugg'd his dowdy
To Acheron, with many a how-d'ye;
But, as the boat was tow'rd them steering,
The rogue with wicked ogle leering,
Darted at her fiery glances,
Which kindled in her furious fancies.
Her heart did thick as any drum beat,
Alarming Amazon to combat.
He soon perceives it, and too wise is
Not to lay hold on such a crisis:
His moiety on the bank he threw,
Whilst thousand devils look'd askew.
Thus spouse, who knew what long repentance
Was to ensue by Pluto's sentence,

---

* There seems some error here, but such is Dr. Barrett's text.

Could not forbear her recreation
One poor half day, to avoid damnation.
Her from his arms the Furies wrung,
And into hell again they flung.
He singing thus, repass'd the ferry,—
"Since spouse is damn'd, I will be merry."

—o—

No. III.

ACTÆON;

OR THE ORIGINAL OF HORN FAIR.

Some time about the month of July,
Or else our ancient authors do lie,
Diana, whom poetic noddies
Would have us think to be some goddess,
(Though, in plain truth, a witch she was,
Who sold grey pease at Ratcliff Cross,)
Went to the upsetting of a neighbour,
Having before been at her labour.
The gossips had of punch a bowlful,
Which made them all sing, O be joyful!
A folly took them in the noddle,
Their over-heated bums to coddle;
So they at Limehouse took a sculler,
And cramm'd it so, no egg was fuller.
With tide of ebb, they got to Eriff,
Where Punchinello once was sheriff,
Our jovial crew then made a halt,
To drink some Nantz, at what d'ye call't.
And thence, if any cared a fart for't,
Went to a stream that comes from Dartford;

Where all unrigg'd, in good decorum,
As naked as their mothers bore them ;
And soon their tattling did outdo
An Irish howl or hubbubboo.
" O la," cries one, to joke the aptest,
" Methinks I'm grown an Anabaptist ;
If to be dipped, to Grace prefers,
I'm graced and soused o'er head and ears."
Whilst thus she talk'd, all of a sudden
They grew as mute as hasty-pudding :
Daunted at th' unexpected sounds
Of hollaing men and yelping hounds,
Who soon came up, and stood at bay
At those who wish'd themselves away.
But, to increase their sad disaster,
After the curs appear'd their master;
Actæon named, a country gent,
Who, hard by somewhere, lived in Kent ;
And hunting loved more than his victuals,
And cry of hounds, 'bove sound of fiddles.
He saw his dogs neglect their sport,
Having sprung game of better sort;
Which put him in a fit of laughter,
Not dreaming what was coming after.
Bless me ! how the young lecher stared !
How pleasingly the spark was scared !
With hidden charms his eyes he fed,
And to our females thus he said :
" Hey, jingo ! what the de'il's the matter ;
Do mermaids swim in Dartford water?
The poets tell us, they have skill in
That sweet melodious art of singing :
If to that tribe you do belong,
Faith, ladies, come,—let's have a song.
What, silent ! ne'er a word to spare me ?
Nay, frown not, for you cannot scare me.

Ha, now I see you are mere females,
Made to delight and pleasure us males.
Faith, ladies, do not think me lavish,
If five or six of you I ravish.
I'gad, I must." This did so frighten
The gossips, they seem'd thunder-smitten.
At last Diana takes upon her
To vindicate their injured honour;
And by some necromantic spells,
Strong charms, witchcraft, or something else,
In twinkling of the shell of oyster,
Transmogrified the rampant royster
Into a thing some call a no-man,
Unfit to love or please a woman.
The poets, who love to deceive you,
(For, once believe them, who'd believe you?)
Say that, to quench his lecherous fire,
Into a stag she changed the squire;
Which made him fly, o'er hedges skipping,
Till his own hounds had spoil'd his tripping.
But I, who am less given to lying,
Than jolly rakes to think of dying,
Do truly tell you here between us,
She only spoil'd the spark for Venus;
Which soon his blood did so much alter,
He cared for love less than for halter:
No more the sight of naked beauty
Could prompt his vigour to its duty:
And in this case, you may believe,
He hardly stay'd to take his leave.
He had a wife, and she, poor woman,
Soon found in him something uncommon.
In vain she strived, young, fair, and plump,
To rouse to joy the senseless lump.
She from a drone, alas! sought honey,
And from an empty pocket money.

Thus used, she for her ease contrives
That sweet revenge of slighted wives;
And soon of horns a pair most florid
Were by her grafted on his forehead;
At sight of which his shame and anger
Made him first curse, then soundly bang her.
And then his rage, which overpower'd him,
Made poets say, his dogs devour'd him.
At Cuckold's Point he died with sadness;
(Few in his case now shew such madness;)
Whilst gossips, pleased at his sad case,
Straight fixed his horns just on the place,
Lest the memory on't should be forgotten,
When they, poor souls, were dead and rotten;
And then from queen Dick got a patent,
On Charlton Green to set up a tent;
Where once a-year, with friends from Wapping,
They tell how they were taken napping.
The following age improved the matter,
And made two dishes of a platter,
The tent where they used to repair,
Is now become a jolly fair;
Where, every eighteenth of October,
Comes citizen demure and sober,
With basket, shovel, pickaxe, stalking,
To make a way for's wife to walk in:
Where, having laid out single money,
In buying horns for dearest honey,
O'er furmity, pork, pig, and ale,
They cheer their souls, and tell this tale.

—o—

The following poems are extracted from the manuscript of Lord Lanesborough, called the Whimsical Medley. They are here inserted in deference to the opinion of a most obliging correspondent, who thinks they may be juvenile attempts of Swift. I own I cannot discover much internal evidence in support of the supposition.

—o—

ON MR. ROBARTS,

BY THE NAME OF PETER QUINCE.

As one Peter Quince,
With one grain of sense,
And courage to equal his wit,
From a beau of the town
Went to purchase renown,
But return'd without ever a whit;

With Pacolet's horse
Young Quince took his course,
Despising some fools that would fight:
And wisely took care,
In the hazard of war,
To prevent all mischances by flight.

Let the nation's scum,
For the time that's to come,
Lose a leg or an arm in the fray:
War's at best but mere stuff;
Peter Quince had enough,
When his heels to Breda made his way.

That head-piece of thine
Will much better shine
On one of the Parliament benches :
But, on second thought,
Wit is always best bought,
And, Quince, be thou safe among [wenches.]

For all thy ill stars,
In the house thou hast peers,
Or else the dull fools would ne'er choose you,
Of taxes complain,
But shun the campaign,
For soldiers will always abuse thee.

Thy pretty white hand
Was never design'd
To meddle with dirty cold iron ;
You know you were made
For another guess trade,
When thy beauties the ladies environ.

The noblest pride
Always will ride,
In Peter, top and top-gallant,
And Cutler's coin*
Made Quince for to shine,
And scorn the poor rogues that are valiant.

---

* Sir John Cutler, a noted usurer.

—o—

UPON

THE POPE'S GIVING A CARDINAL'S CAP TO A JESUIT,

ON THE DEATH OF CARDINAL DE TOURNON.

TOURNON, the illustrious cardinal, is dead!
Died at Macao, by the Jesuit's hands:
  Was ever thing so base!
The pope, however, unconcerned stands,
Although of holy church the head,
  And puts a Jesuit in his place.
Men wonder at it; but the pope well knows
The hangman always has the dead man's clothes.

—o—

THE

FABLE OF THE BELLY

AND THE MEMBERS.

THE members on a time did meet,
  As factious members do,
And were resolved, with hands and feet,
  The Belly to o'erthrow.
The idle paunch they all decreed
  An idle sluggish part,
Which never did, in time of need,
  Aid or assist the heart.

So 'twas resolved in Parliament,
Nemine contradicente,
That trustees should be thither sent
To keep the Belly empty:
But when they found the Belly flagg'd
For want of due nutrition,
And that each member pined and lagg'd
In a poor weak condition,
They thought it wiser to allow
The Belly a free trade,
Lest that, one member waxing low
The whole should be decay'd.

—o—

THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF

GOSSIP JOAN TO HER FRIEND,

A NORTH BRITAIN LADY,

WHO HAD PROMISED HER SOME SNUFF AT HER RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

In *forma pauperis* I to you
Thus by petition humbly show:
Our little isle being barren of mundungus,*
We praise the Lord you're come among us;
For, since by union we are the same,
We plead a right to what you claim.
We call you brethren; the next thing
Is to inquire what goods you bring,
To enrich or please us, else go forth;
We love you just as much as you are worth.
This your commissioners have taught us,
Who sold you to us, when they sought us.
So, just as they do in your name
Our promises, I do yours claim;
Which you may break, as we, at will,
Or, if it please, you may fulfil.
Since thus united we possess you,
When you make us sneeze, we cry, God bless you.
The snuff which you encouraged me
To hope for, will be charity;
Which to your slave when you convey,
Your poor petitioner shall pray.

B. C.

---

* "Whom he brings in among us,
And bribes with mundungus."—*Lady's Lamentation.*

A

LETTER OF ADVICE

TO THE

REVEREND DR. D—LA—Y,

HUMBLY PROPOSED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

—o—

This curious libel upon Dr. Delany takes the same tone with the rebuke administered to him by Swift, for boasting of his intimacy with Carteret. See Vol. XIV. p. 408 and 438, and also Vol. I. p. 352, where it is observed that there occurred some coldness between the Dean and Delany. I have a copy of verses upon Lord Carteret, supposed to be written by Dr. Delany himself, in which his lordship's taste for society is characterized by the last line :

"He chooses Delany and Tickell for friends."

This affectation of holding himself forth as the chosen favourite of the lord-lieutenant's easier hours, called down the censure of Tisdal, Smedley, and others, to one of whom we owe the following lines. They are here inserted as throwing some light on Swift's literary history.

—o—

WHAT, Doctor, if great Carteret condescends
To chat with Swift and you as private friends,

Must you so silly be to tell the town,
And boast of freedoms he may blush to own?
Is this the modest dutiful behaviour
You shew your patron, for so great a favour?
Think you these honours to your merit due?
What equal honours can reflect from you?
You may perhaps propose immortal fame,
Under the shelter of your patron's name;
If you presume too far, you miss that end,
For the like course lost Swift his Gaulstown friend,
And may in time disturb your patron too,
To see the simple choice he's made of you.
But is my lord still short of his intent?
Or is your merit of that vast extent,
That nothing less than thousands can content?
There was a time when Paddy, out of hope,
Thought a West Indian jaunt his utmost scope.
The world's well mended since with Patrick; now
Nothing but vistas and canals will do.
But pray, great sir, what friend of common sense,
Would labour to promote such vain expense?
And must your brethren all in hamlets dwell,
T' adorn your busts, and young St. Patrick's cell?
Why may not some of 'em, for ought you know,
Have a desire to build and to bestow?
Retrench then, and be modest if you can, sir,
Or raise objections stronger than your answer.
Think, Doctor, after double vicar, double rector,
A dignity in Christ-Church lecture;
And something else, which you have still forgot,
A college place. Won't all this boil the pot?
Then judge how very awkwardly it looks,
"You have not yet enough to buy your books."
Good Patrick, take advice, and first read o'er
The books you have, before you call for more;
Resign some of those cures you labour hard in,
If you must spend whole summers in your garden,

Attend some one at least, and quit Glass-Nevin,
Which will destroy your credit, if you live in;
Let Barber, though polite, at counter wait,
Nor longer be caress'd in pomp and state:
Quickly do this, or you may some provoke
To say, you mean to fleece, not feed the flock.

END OF VOL. X.

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